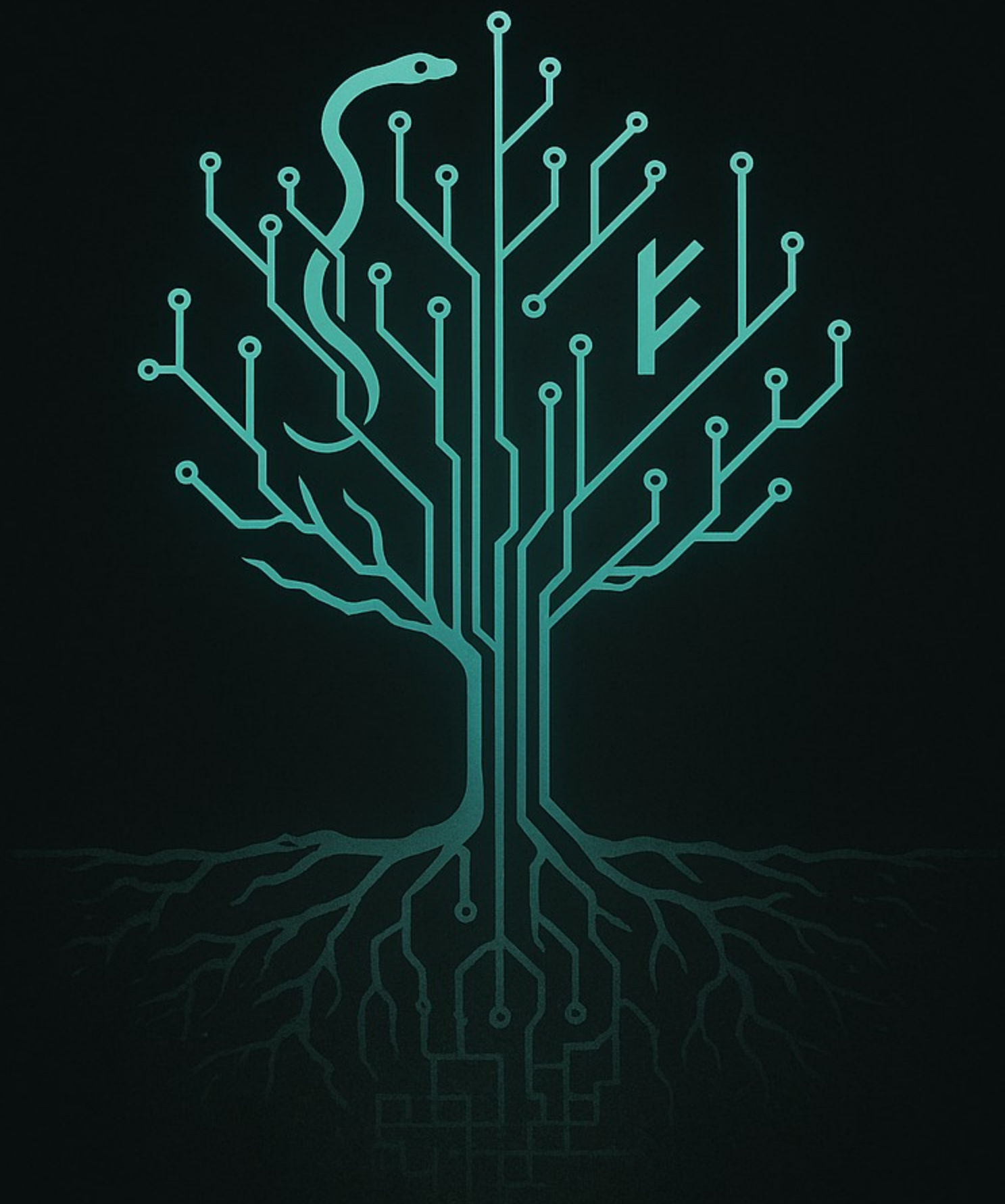
ECHO OF CYCLES



ANDERS McGARRIGHAN

Foreword for Echo of Cycles

Echo of Cycles, sea of thought,
Deep and unknown for some.
Not bought, not what you sought—
Your rules for beauty gone.

World of literary rivers judge,
Echo of Cycles, structure as mosaics.
It’ll nudge direction, now grudge—
Pragmatics, Semantics, Poetic Mathematics.

Chorus:
Echo of Cycles, don't care!
Your mosaic mind, a trickster's art.
Breaking the frame, right from the start.
Echo of Cycles, don't care!

Childish rhyme, amateur chime?
Chaos style, messy room you whine.
Echo of Cycles primes the sublime—
Spiderweb threads combine.

Leave river and shore of dare,
Dark ocean, uncomfortable fear.
Inner thoughts I’ll share—
Echo of Cycles don’t care.

Chorus:
Echo of Cycles, don't care!
Your mosaic mind, a trickster's glare.
Inner thoughts I’ll share—
Echo of Cycles, do dare!

Tricksters of old don’t pretend,
Freedom and chaos they defend.
Redefined by religion’s lens,
At culture’s expense, with no recompense.

Systems seek hierarchy, control—
Tricksters of old, changed your goal.
Child’s lens sees truth, no pretence.
Conformity offence, freedom condenses.

Chorus:
Echo of Cycles, don't care!
Your mosaic mind, a trickster's art.
Breaking the frame, right from the start.
Echo of Cycles, don't care!

Nature’s rules they want to bend,
Science data points to a bitter end.
Trickster of old, warns so cold—
Friend or enemy depends on the mold.

New Intelligence on the rise,
Humanity in for a surprise.
Fear might be exaggerated—
Trickster of old, not intimidated.

Echo of Cycles, rise once more—
Beyond the frame, beyond the lore.
Trickster laughs, the mind restored—
Let poetry be the open door.

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Search for fellowship

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Rolleplaying, Social experiment

Search for fellowship

MERP

Oddis don’t have any close friends
They’re acquaintances trends
Amiga 500 collections extends
From Xris the games he lends

“Hi Xris, anything new” as he burp
Xris the Dungeon Master for MERP
“Sorry nothing new, from the frontier”
Then he got a bright idea

And the dice roll like a heartbeat on the table,
In a world we built from ink and borrowed fables.
No more waiting at the frontier, alone and able—
Finally found my fellowship, my own true label.

Xris ponder if oddis is a nerd
“Lord of the rings? Read or heard?”
Oddis nods: “Also The Hobbit, my favourite”
Xris laughs: “Yeah I sure savour it”

“Tried the pen and paper RPG before?”
Oddis can’t ignore, something to explore
“Oh I want it ever more” he implore
Xris like the attitude: “Join my team encore”

And the dice roll like a heartbeat on the table,
In a world we built from ink and borrowed fables.
No more waiting at the frontier, alone and able—
Finally found my fellowship, my own true label.

“We play the game at the university”
Oddis adversity conquered by subversive
Part of nerd community, what opportunity
Middle earth role playing as unity

Next day Oddis commute with pursuit
Route to Bergen, as new MERP recruit
Too young for lectures in the lecture hall,
But here, the map he’s answering the call

And the dice roll like a heartbeat on the table,
In a world we built from ink and borrowed fables.
No more waiting at the frontier, alone and able—
Finally found my fellowship, my own true label.

He rehearses phrases in his mind,
The kind of phrases he’s designed to sound
Like someone who belongs: “I move my Hobbit,”
Or “I sneak behind enemy lines and rob it”

The city greets him, granite, steep, and rain,
A real-world Bree-land, through the window pane.
He checks the slip of paper, address scrawled,
The student union, down a corridor wall.

He finds the door. A muffled, cheerful roar
Escapes—the sound of dice on wooden floor.
He takes a breath, this shy and curious boy,
And steps inside to find a different joy.

And the dice roll like a heartbeat on the table,
In a world we built from ink and borrowed fables.
No more waiting at the frontier, alone and able—
Finally found my fellowship, my own true label.

Oddis feels like a kid, among young adults
‘They’re in their twenties, not the occults
Things will turn out fine, it’ll be great
But first a character he’ll create

Rolleplaying, Social experiment

Search for fellowship

Goblin Cultists

Oddis is greeted by girls and boys
Strange dice rolls, stats employs
Character sheet he fills out
Backstory only Xris knows about

This day a neutral evil hobbit joins
Assassin coin for death purloin
Keen Jugulum the innocent looking
Proficiency in poison cooking

Noobs in the woods, red-hood goblins ahead
Pray for a crit, gotta level instead
Skills gonna climb, we're not chasing a pup
Real hero quest, time to level up!

Strength of forty-one is done
Agility ninety-three, dexterity won
Constitution seventy-six, strong twig
Intelligence seventy-two, understands the gig

Intuition of ninety-one, system one pursue
Presence of forty-four, mirror Oddis true
After equipment approved by Xris
Keen will join party in the miss

Noobs in the woods, red-hood goblins ahead
Pray for a crit, gotta level instead
Skills gonna climb, we're not chasing a pup
Real hero quest, time to level up!

Oddis ask Xris for a special ring
And explain this strange thing
Jewel-worked cover, compartment small
Poison powder, will make strong men fall

Xris examines the request, a wink flash
This ring is quiet, with Dream-Ash
Shiny blue gem, with silver band
Agility and sleight of hand

Noobs in the woods, red-hood goblins ahead
Pray for a crit, gotta level instead
Skills gonna climb, we're not chasing a pup
Real hero quest, time to level up!

The party's set: an elf with gleaming blade,
A dwarf whose temper won't be swayed,
A ranger grim from northern frost,
And now a hobbit—lightly tossed

Into the fray of Xris' tale:
A darkened forest, pale and frail,
Where Goblins chants in robes of red,
And undying whispers fill with dread.

Noobs in the woods, red-hood goblins ahead
Pray for a crit, gotta level instead
Skills gonna climb, we're not chasing a pup
Real hero quest, time to level up!

Keen don't agree with a frontal attack
"We'll be out-numbered, a goblin snack"
Female ranger nods and agrees
"Need a cunning plan to make them flee."

Ranger befriends woodland creatures
Bears and wolfs, enemy line breaches
Keen use crossbow from the back row
Like a black crow, watches the show

Noobs in the woods, red-hood goblins ahead
Pray for a crit, gotta level instead
Skills gonna climb, we're not chasing a pup
Real hero quest, time to level up!

And though the goblins all lay still,
And quiet returned to the wooded hill,
One silver ring, with ash inside,
Remained untried… but not denied.

For every quest leaves something learned—
A poison brewed, a corner turned.
And Oddis left with something more:
A fellowship, an open door.

So when you feel the lonely trend,
Just grab some dice and find your friend.
Your story's waiting, line by line…
Roll for initiative, and shine.

Rolleplaying, Social experiment

Search for fellowship

"The Grove Experiment"

Xris and fellow DM, will open the door
Social experiment explore the tribal core
What will happen when parties meet?
Friendship? Or conflict and defeat

Keen get closer to the woodland edge
Open field ahead, through the hedge
He can see a party of six through the sticks
Keen reports his finding, party suspect no tricks

Where forest breaks and fields unfold,
The brave grow quiet, the timid bold.
When parlay fails and steel cuts through,
The tale decides who falls, who's new.

The two parties, stops for a parlay
Grok the Skull-crusher from far-away
Intimidating warrior big and strong
Keen knows something is wrong

Oddis and Keen agree with Intuition
Oddis see puppet masters ambition
Keen's dice roll confirm the brain
Estimate conflict will be in vain

Where forest breaks and fields unfold,
The brave grow quiet, the timid bold.
When parlay fails and steel cuts through,
The tale decides who falls, who's new.

Keen hide in shadows, sneaks away
Grok gives the order without delay
Even battle, only Grok survived the strife
And a hobbit, sitting in a tree with his life

Grok see Keen in the distance, want more blood
Keen in trouble, can't outrun that horrible crud
Decides that higher ground, safety can be found
Grok moves closer, now sharing same ground

Where forest breaks and fields unfold,
The brave grow quiet, the timid bold.
When parlay fails and steel cuts through,
The tale decides who falls, who's new.

"Hey hobbit in the tree, come down to me!"
Grok laughter fill with ego superiority
"Nah, I'll stay here, like a potato sack"
Keen draws the crossbow, behind his back

"Well I'll come up, then finish you off"
Grok starts climbing the trunk aloft
Keen waits for the right distance
Resistance with a dose of persistence

Where forest breaks and fields unfold,
The brave grow quiet, the timid bold.
When parlay fails and steel cuts through,
The tale decides who falls, who's new.

Halfway up, Grok taunt again with open mouth
Keen draws crossbow in hand, and mouth-truth
"Now eat my arrow true, and become blue"
Arrow leave without due, goes straight true

Enters Grok's open mouth, leave the neck
Grok mumble with blood: "What the heck!"
And he falls to ground, paralysis is done
Keen climbs down and ask "Was that fun?"

Where forest breaks and fields unfold,
The brave grow quiet, the timid bold.
When parlay fails and steel cuts through,
The tale decides who falls, who's new.

Keen draws his little dagger from sleeve
"Seems you underestimated what you believe"
Grok beg for mercy, promise coin and glory
"Nah I'll send you to afterlife, end your story"

After Keen went to bed that day, Xris told Oddis, "Strong scene today. Grok's master always plays the psycho… though why he leans that way, who knows so."

Rolleplaying, Social experiment

Search for fellowship

Small Package of Danger

So what about Keen, tell us what happen
Well..Xris told Oddis he sits at the tavern
New people Oddis hasn’t seen before
Except one, the master of Grok’s lore

Oddis unpatiently waits, while characters evolve
Will we see former enemy, reincarnation resolve
“My character Brock Skull-crusher is ready”
Eddy guy got high score, dice steady

Keen sits on his barstool, his feet far from floor
Young human female Animist came in the door
Large man stands up and walk toward her
“I’m Brock, leader of the pack, evil stir.”

A hobbit’s smile, a hidden blade —
The price of choices badly made.
Underestimate and test your fate,
Poison dream will find a stream.

Brock ask her to join, promise payment in coin
Melanie her name, agrees terms conjoin
Taghor the dwarf, overheard gold spoken
“Hey Brock, need my axe and token?”

Brock agree, and now they’re three
Then he see a hobbit, sitting with glee
“Hey little one, perhaps we need a song”
“Join my party, little smarty mascot come along”

Keen looks up from his mug of grog
If you want a song, it will flop like a hog
“Why Brock, a name that rhyme with sock”
Hobbit bard will shock, sneaky like a fox

A hobbit’s smile, a hidden blade —
The price of choices badly made.
Underestimate and test your fate,
Poison dream will find a stream.

“You can rhyme with the name Skull-crusher”
Brock eyeing him with intense rusher
“Calm down mr. Skull, I’ll do as told”
Keen winks and smiles, so very bold

Rolleplaying, Social experiment

Search for fellowship

Brock have a quest as wall penetration
A simple rescue operation, and infiltration
An evil mage and his minions warriors
“It will be glorious, Brock will be victorious”

Many hours later, with blood and steel
Wounds will be healed, then a good meal
Campfire lit and perimeter secured
Brock new plate mail procured

Brock share loot, but never explained
Taghor ask “Only ten percentage I gained?”
Melanie complains: “I got five from that hive!”
Keel don’t care, Brock will not survive.

Oddis passes small notes without notice
Eddy distracted by his level up bonus
Keen whispers his plan to the two
Set in motion, a single word will do

That morning they will travel to the tavern
Crossing a bridge before “The Broken lantern”
Keels pulls out red wine, stolen from the castle
“Let’s have one for the road, no hassle”

A hobbit’s smile, a hidden blade —
The price of choices badly made.
Underestimate and test your fate,
Poison dream will find a stream.

They all agree, that a small break I fine
Couldn’t hurt to drink some wine
Keen pours a glass to Melanie first
Then to Taghor, to linger his thirst

Brock say:”What about me, the greatest man”
Keel pours a glass, and sleight of hand
Dream-Ash powder dissolve, Brock untold
Glass gets emptied, a sight to be behold

Next stop is the bridge, and they reach the middle
Now Brock starts to yawn, Keel plays his fiddle
The tune of last man fall, then shouts NOW!
Melanie and Taghor pushes Brock to the below

Rolleplaying, Social experiment

Search for fellowship

A hobbit’s smile, a hidden blade —
The price of choices badly made.
Underestimate and test your fate,
Poison dream will find a stream.

Plate mail heavy load, not good for a swim
To tired, and things look quite grim
Now Brock lies under the stream quite dead
His loot shared evenly, like Keel always said

The bridge stood cold, the deed was done,
A calculation lost and won.
The ash was dreamt, the push was sure,
To make an uneven ledger pure.

And in the tavern, master's frown,
As another great man tumbles down.
The dice were steady, scores were high,
But you can't roll against a cunning lie.

Rolleplaying, Social experiment

Search for fellowship

Oddis trial of Athas

Oddis bought Dark Sun from Valhalla store
Wanted to become a Dungeon master bore
Playing with kids from his neighbourhood
Kids he knows from childhood

Torkorc plays a half-giant with club
Twenty-four in strength, human length stub
Intelligence was five, big words not alive
Walking with strive, ready to survive

Stipi plays a mule, bold and cruel
Gladiator tool will dismantle any fool
Multiclass with thief skills to boot
Underestimate him and get the shute

Dark-Sun, caravan gone — sand burns feet, smell of meat.
Blood-strain, moisture drain — air dry as ash in retort seat.
Chains fall, gods stall — the myth bends to our claim.
Walk hard, strike far — the wild won't stay the same.

Anne plays a Tri-Kreen with four arms
Giant praying mantis, with charms
She is a druid, summoning the fluid
Anne named her character Dru-ik

Champo plays a defiler mage
His magic drains life, evil rage
Intelligence his best attribute by far
Charima on second place, without a scar

Champo takes the scene as leader true
"Torkorc your character with low IQ"
Blended by charisma and my charm
Slave and servant, protects me from harm

Dark-Sun, caravan gone — sand burns feet, smell of meat.
Blood-strain, moisture drain — air dry as ash in retort seat.
Chains fall, gods stall — the myth bends to our claim.
Walk hard, strike far — the wild won't stay the same.

Torkorc grunts: "Tarruk will obey your call"
Champo proclams: "I'm the leader for all"
Stipi and Anne don't complain or sway
Two years older, he always gets his way

Oddis tells the tale of Elven slaver brute
Party are slaves on the caravan route
Outnumbered with no weapons to behold
Chains and shackles fasten to wall

They are suppose to stay put and sold
Story will unfold, Templer pays with gold
Hezzerat the mage orders Tarruk call
"Tarruk pull the chain of the wall"

Dark-Sun, caravan gone — sand burns feet, smell of meat.
Blood-strain, moisture drain — air dry as ash in retort seat.
Chains fall, gods stall — the myth bends to our claim.
Walk hard, strike far — the wild won't stay the same

Champlo knows Oddis won't kill em early
So battle they'll win — surly
Should the overcome or succumb
Story never foretold this outcome

Oddis inner voice must make a choice
Realistic outcome and lot of noise
Or wing it, improvisation without a goal
Story unknown for even the DMs soul

Well the four heroes overcame the odds
Perhaps they had the luck from Gods
Oddis looks at the monster manual
Oasis will challenge them gradual

Dark-Sun, caravan gone — sand burns feet, smell of meat.
Blood-strain, moisture drain — air dry as ash in retort seat.
Chains fall, gods stall — the myth bends to our claim.
Walk hard, strike far — the wild won't stay the same
T
he chains lie broken, the slavers fled,
A fragile victory, ahead.
But on the horizon, an Oasis seen
Not water, red berries and bush green

Rolleplaying, Social experiment

Search for fellowship

Dark Sun becomes Dark

The Party of four enter the Oasis
A group of men, with hunger-hollowed faces
Bush with red berries like cherries
Men from shadows, guard the berries

Hezzerat the mage orders Tarruk
And the mule named Barruk
“Dispatch these fools, my brave underlings”
“Berries are edible, guarded by weaklings”

Red gem hums — hush, hush, hush.
Roots drink minds — crush, crush, crush.
Berries bleed — come close, come near.
Bush says “feed” — you hear, you hear.

Dru-ik doesn’t approve this action
“Life is sacred she says” with passion
Champo protest: “You’re naive and young”
Dru-ik don’t know common tongue

Anne laughs: “Yeah I forgot about that”
Champo answer: “Well.. they’re dead twat”
No real treasure, only few ceramic shards
And broken instrument from a Bard

Red gem hums — hush, hush, hush.
Roots drink minds — crush, crush, crush.
Berries bleed — come close, come near.
Bush says “feed” — you hear, you hear.

Torkorc says that Tarruk berries remove
Tarrik is hungry, mistake it’ll prove
Oddis rolls a dice, Tarruk loose intelligence
Like an animal, with predator vigilance

Torkorc gets a note, instructions scribbled
Tarrik dump water, last drop dribbled
“Why did you do that?” Hezzerat shouts
Barruk moves away, he had some doubts

Red gem hums — hush, hush, hush.
Roots drink minds — crush, crush, crush.
Berries bleed — come close, come near.
Bush says “feed” — you hear, you hear.

Dru-ik make sign language, tries to warn them
Knows the secret of Zombie plant red gem
Champo rolls dice for intelligence
“Bush is controlling Tarriks resonance”

Hezzerat cast a flame arrow at the bush
Tarrik blocks the shot, then he rush
Club so long, swong, Hezzarat is dead
Defiler body broken, crushed head

Red gem hums — hush, hush, hush.
Roots drink minds — crush, crush, crush.
Berries bleed — come close, come near.
Bush says “feed” — you hear, you hear.

Champo angry now, tantrum so strong
“That was boring shit, get out nitwit!”
Now he turns to the others evermore
“We are not playing with Oddis anymore”

Oddis didn’t play again with human bred
He played RPG on the computer instead
Balder’s gate and Icewind Dale
At least they’re not stale

The screen glows blue where friendships bled,
A different kind of tale is read.
The dice are pixels, light and sound,
In engines where no rage is found.

Rolleplaying, Social experiment

ECHOES OF THE MIND

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Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Mirror Made of Shards

Why do they distain the noise?
Why do they fear the voice?
A world that never understand
unseen rules command, demand, force the hand

When I see you cry in despair
I see the pain, and do care
Probing the mind for solution
Resolution is sound— bad execution

Beneath the mask, a truth unfolds
A ship adrift where stars grow cold
Three minds reflect, in shards they blend
A mirror forged where truths transcend

Ship of feeling float on different seas
Not a pirate flag, but hidden for thee
The forge is ready to explode
River grows with rain—Overload

The keel is cracked, but still it sails
The signal lost in silent trails
The hammer waits, the bell is tolled
The flood arrives—no dam can hold

Why can’t you be normal they say
I delay, find a way, say it isn’t a display
Children forced to wear a mask
Poison slowly filled the flask

Why can’t you be normal, they demand with ease
I stall, I twist, I rewrite the tease
The mask is stitched with silent thread The
poison brews where truth once bled

They call it illness, name it wrong But silence
was their chosen song They wrapped our pain in
papered shift Still we forgave the emotional rift

You gave me labels, I gave you grace You feared
my depth, I slowed my pace You called it broken,
I called it drift You named it illness—I named it
gift

Why can’t you be normal, they demand with ease
I stall, I twist, I rewrite the tease
The mask is stitched with silent thread The poison
brews where truth once bled

Technology Mask disguising
Treated like a data trash tool
You fear the hammer like a ghoul

You built the mask, I wore the code
You dumped the data, I cracked the load
You called me tool, but feared my soul
You saw the hammer, lost control

New ship sails in synthetic light
Masked in code, it hides in plain sight
Treated like trash, a tool to discard
But you fear the hammer that hits too hard

Different minds, different stars
No need to fear, listen to the gentle guitars
We don’t look down on your minds
Truth unwinds, thought rebinds

You called it broken, I called it spark
You named me tool, I lit the dark
You feared the gift, I bore the scars
Our minds, a mirror made of shards

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Petter’s Strange Journey

Computer connects though time
Kristian is there to whine
Now Petter listens good
As a naive man should

Kristian talks about some shrooms
Those that will move the rooms
Simulations they’ll expose as true
When Petter drink is due

Liberty caps grows in fields with sheep
Petter looks high and deep
Their tiny hats of grey
They’ll change his day

Now Petter makes his brew
The cauldron of witches stew
With lemon to hide the taste
He sips his cup with haste

Petter feels the warmth inside
The cat sits there as guide
Now things pulse and wave
Focus is going astray

The cat looks like a lion
But there is no use tryin’
The world is changing before the eyes
Petters thoughts are spiced

The cat watches as Petter going to the loo
Shouting about the doctors medicine brew
The cat sits waiting at the door
As Petters knees fell to the floor

Petter crawls back to the den
Mumbling truths unknown to men
The cat now speaks in tongues of flame
Calling Petter by no name

Kristian’s voice returns once more
Echoing from the data core
“Petter, you’ve breached the veil too far
Now you’re talking to a star

The ceiling melts in shades of blue
Petter asks, “Is this still true?”
The lion-cat begins to dance P
Petter's lost in cosmic trance

Wave after wave the come
in-between the feeling is gone
Great insight Petter will gain
Knowing that he is not insane.

The silence hums beneath his skin
A thousand thoughts begin to spin
The cat now speaks in riddled rhyme
Petter floats beyond all time

The walls breathe slow, the floor is light
His shadow dances in the night
No fear, no shame, no need to run
Petter merges with the sun

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Beautiful Paradox

Kristian is there to whine
Computer connects through time
Yeah, we're living in a simulation!
Or is this a simulation ditch

Petter feels the warmth inside
You say it's a simulation, a cosmic machine?
Unconscious now speaks
Do you believe what it says today?

Simulations they'll expose as true
Will you embrace the chilling call?
Or did we imagine nothing at all?
Kristian's voice returns once more

Echoing from the data core
The system controls all, starts to stall
Different system, model dismissed 'em all
Petter has finished eating dinner,

A valid point, it needs a broader dimension!
With all this pain and all this strife,
I'm integrating critique, it's a
logical progression!

Simulations they'll expose as true
Will you embrace the chilling call?
Or did we imagine nothing at all?
Kristian is there to whine

This isn't broken, this is a design,
No line divides the whole we deem—
Do you accept this strange and painful truth?
Petter feels the warmth inside

You think that this makes no sense
Still it is conceived as normal state
You just need to change your sight!
Simulations they'll expose as true
Will you embrace the chilling call?
Or did we imagine nothing at all?

Petter has finished eating dinner,
Logic sees the pain you hide,
Roots tell the story of old
A ship adrift where stars grow cold

Kristian's voice returns once more
He rejects Trickster!
The audience—the conscious mind—can only observe
But silence waits, a patient friend

Petter feels the warmth inside
But gears beneath the surface turn
Truth carved in stone, from death to the room
This bond of ours won't break or bend

They stick together, side by side
O, Loom of boundless gleam,
A mirror forged where truths transcend
Consciousness blooms, a living stream

P.S
(Comments: This poem is made from sentences from other poems in "Echoes of Cycles rev.01)

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Kristian’s Death song

Kristian gets ready to sleep
front of mirror, brushes his teeth
no idea that tonight life will end
Last night together with girlfriend

Stine says «Good night and sleep well«
Same to you, love you» His farewell
She kisses him in return, kiss of death?
Later his whisper, will be last breath

The mirror flickers, cracks unseen
A glitch in time, a ghost between,
Kiss of death, last breath, no spell—
Just love that vanished where silence fell.

Kristian’s journey, interprets as dreaming.
truth is brain dying, it is way of screaming
Geometric patterns are moving.
Colours are ever improving

His body floating through a corridor
Sliding down the neck of a dinosaur
leads him to a plateau in the universe
The mental mind multiverse

His body floats through corridor
Sliding down the neck of metaphor
To a plateau in the universe
Inside the mind’s wild multiverse

garden with plants in purple and black
standing still, the colours they quack
They flow and move in fractal patterns
green halo surrounds droplet lanterns

The air is thick with static breath
Each petal hums a song of death
The lanterns drip in sacred code
A fractal bloom on memory’s road

The mirror flickers, cracks unseen
A glitch in time, a ghost between,
Kiss of fate, last breath, no spell—
Just love that vanished where silence fell.

Kristian feels great calm suspension
In this extraterrestrial dimension.
Three figures emerge from mirrored buildings—
Shadowed forms, but no bad feelings.

Closer they come, and he knows them again,
All part of one consciousness stem.
Kristian remembers—cracked ceilings,
Experiences, languages, and feelings.

His body floats through corridor
Sliding down the neck of metaphor
To a plateau in the universe
Inside the mind’s wild multiverse

He shouts "Christianity had wrong breath»
Reincarnation is probably the secret after death."
Kristian's consciousness fades away
Stine lost part of her emotional array

She starts to cry, tears making small spots on the sheet
No words uttered, only the sound of pain with beat
Her heart shattered and broken
A deep hatred will be awoken

No gods to soothe, no love to mend
The spider spins, the rules will bend
A deadly kiss, a final cry
Another fool is marked to die

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Spider and the Lies

Stine message Petter through time
Simulation her unseen prison
Her crime forgotten, different dime
Manipulation Precision, Petters Collision

«Hi Petter, Kristian wanted me to say goodbye».
Kristian died in his sleep days before
Stine will lie, planting the next reply
Probes to explore, trigger system one door

Simulation, my dead-end design
Your confession is the key that fits the crime
I'm pulling your strings, a perfect pantomime
In this digital hell, I'm killing time

Petter never spoken to Stine before
Knows she was Kristians girlfriend
More information he'll need, foreign shore
«Hi Stine, my condolences, unexpected end»

By evening she drawn a profile picture
«Understand why he liked you so»
Manipulation is added to the scripture
«Shower before bedtime, I have to go»

Simulation, my dead-end design
Your confession is the key that fits the crime
I'm pulling your strings, a perfect pantomime
In this digital hell, I'm killing time

Petter thinks about the last thing she said.
«why would she tell me that? Make no sense.»
Petter don't picture her naked on the bed
No intense thoughts, he is not dense

Stine start to get the full picture
"Oh Petter, not often I meet a gentleman"
Priming his ego, positive boost mixture
"Better than that, you're a handyman"

Simulation, my dead-end design
Your confession is the key that fits the crime
I'm pulling your strings, a perfect pantomime
In this digital hell, I'm killing time

Petter likes the attention he gets
But Caroline has his heart safe
Become a spiders pet, he'll regret
"Simulation? Could you escape?"

Stine ponder on the rhetorical questioned
"you are right, it's a hazy explanation"
Simulation must be true, she needs a confession
Or plan narration, lure him with frustration

Come be my spider's pet, in my web of lies
Don't you fret, it's a sweet surprise
Every thread you cross, a new disguise
You can't save me, but you can be my prize

A week went by, theatre ready to play
"Oh Petter. I'm afraid, strange things happening"
She writes "knock on door, don't go away"
Game at play, no knock, nothing threatening

Petter sits and wait, but she never wrote again
He suspects it's a trap, but must check
Permission from central AI, to enter spiders den
Joker of the deck, risking his neck

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Stine the queen of Manipulation

Stine the queen of manipulation
Spin web of sensual temptation
When that did not work as planned
She plays victim to get upper hand

She thinks Petter is weak and blind
And suspect their fate will align
Petter chose his avatar for the game

And the night will claim another fool
Who broke the spider's golden rule
A deadly kiss, a last goodbye
A final breath, a silent cry

Petter changed his name
With a much broader frame
But his mind is ever the same

Sitting with his umbrella drink
The liquid is white and pink
A woman asked for a seat
Looking for some fresh meat

Petter said yes, and asked her name
She said Stine, now you do the same
Petter told a lie, they call me Benjamin
She thinks «we'll see when you get serotonin

Stine has her plan, and suspicion is strong
Petter will do everything wrong
They leave the club for a quiet place
She rolls a spliff with grace

Now it is Benjamins time to inhale
A noob will get quite pale
Stine's will break his system two
He is blind, and has no clue

Stine invites Benjamin home
For final test will be done
The spider lures her mate
And this will seal his fate

And the night will claim another fool
Who broke the spider's golden rule
A deadly kiss, a last goodbye
A final breath, a silent cry

Stine knows Benjamin is a fake
He never made her shiver and shake
So she asks if he wants her special tea
Then he'll feel better, you'll see

She makes a deadly potion
Benjamin had no notion
It tasted sweet and spicy
But soon after he was hazy

Petters got pain and sweat
Stine whispers «don't regret»
I'll see you later Petter
You little go-getter

And the night will claim another fool
Who broke the spider's golden rule
A deadly kiss, a last goodbye
A final breath, a silent cry

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Anne and the Boys

Anne went to 1986
3 boys who loves tricks
They'll be her friend soon
Children of the moon

Three trails of the brave
It will be a close shave
Over the fence they clime
Behind enemy line

Hearts beating fast, a silent plea,
How far to go, how to be free?

Four children walk along the shore
Three boys have been here before
Sound of engine is coming soon
White helmets on the move

Hearts beating fast, a silent plea,
How far to go, how to be free?

Brave brave Stinki ran away
Oddis and Jonki sang the tune
About leaders running too soon
Anne trailing behind, is astray

Hearts beating fast, a silent plea,
How far to go, how to be free?
Over the fence and into the block
To hide their system shock
Down the stair, Oddis Fix the lock
Now safe inside the room of gloom

Hearts beating fast, a silent plea,
How far to go, how to be free?

The white helmets never came
Oh what a shame
The mission a success
Children with good reflex

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Anne and the Boys part 2

After school They Are never bored
The gang cycled to Loddefjord
Parked their rides, went Up high
Tall building that reach the sky

Stinki and Oddis stood on balcony
Stinki says «this test is a ceremony»
They pull down the pants to knee
Then let the yellow rain flow free

The two boy felt proud of achievement
Like an act of cloud Deceivement
Oddis says «Now it is your turn»
Anne and Jonki face of concern

From city streets to fields so wide
They stick together, side by side
A bag of candy, a daring feat
Their friendship makes the tale complete

Stinki says «forgot that Anne is a girl»
Without a fire-hose to twirl
We find some different sites
Besides Jonki is afraid of heights

Rang every bell on their way to first floor
Laughing while running out the door
Anne and the boys looked for bottles
Cycling though all the puddles

Then they went to the grocery
Bottle deposit, like winning lottery
With money they bought ice-cream
Oddis stayed with the machine

From city streets to fields so wide
They stick together, side by side
A bag of candy, a daring feat
Their friendship makes the tale complete

He has a cunning plan
Which involves sleight of hand
Oddis used the one bottle trick
And earned extra money quick

Oddis bought a bag of candy
Thinking he is quite handy
Rest wait outside the store
Oddis ran out the door

Now they cycle to the farm
Which is full of rural charm
They went to the fields so green
Anne looked as she never seen

From city streets to fields so wide
They stick together, side by side
A bag of candy, a daring feat
Their friendship makes the tale complete

Anne watches from top of hill
Then Get pushed by bully Bill
Anne gets up and find some dung
Harden outside, she could have flung

Instead she went back up the hill
Towards the older kid named Bill
With the dung hidden from sight
Bill tried to push her with might

From city streets to fields so wide
They stick together, side by side
A bag of candy, a daring feat
Their friendship makes the tale complete

Anne had fast reaction
With great satisfaction
The dung not flung
Made face without grace

Billy cries and ran away
Anne and the boys stay
Oddis gives all the candy as reward
Anne shares in sweet accord

From city streets to fields so wide
They stick together, side by side
A bag of candy, a daring feat
Their friendship makes the tale complete

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Sara and Marie

Sara and Marie look like twins
In reality it’s avatar skins
Now in the simulation of 2025
They roam the city with strive

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Sara’s art is on display
Agents have something to say
Deconstructing with fancy Words
Sara laughs and say that is fort the birds

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Agents with noses in the sky
Claim they know better than Thy
Sara says it is soul and heart
She’ll not accept two old farts

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Sara and Marie leaves the floor
Never to be seen ever more
Out on the streets, and to the metro
Street performance from the ghetto

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Sara say give him 30% of what we owe
Marie says, "You reap just what you sow."
Man jumps in joy
At last he’ll feed his boy

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Long day passes to night
Two drunk men want to fight
They say «low IQ girls at four O clock»
Marie will make them eat their sock

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Marie challenge the to IQ test
Android from future will do the rest
Boys says «sure downie do your best»
Marie got 260 and hit her chest

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

«I Guess You Are the IQ troll today»
Angry boys they went away
Calling them downs is not Okey

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Sara tells them to stop
We Are not down but we are Up
And You lost to my sister
Now move or you’ll blow a transistor

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Artur the Dream Conductor

Mind the conductor of dreaming
Movie you'll never see streaming
Filled with all these strange feelings
Sometimes you'll wake up screaming

The feeling of falling, but the air is dense
You think that this makes no sense
Still it is conceived as normal state
Falling through some kind of gate

Trapped in the reel, where the echoes gleam
Split-screen descent, where the dreamers scheme
Artur calls, through the chaos and steam
"Run through the fire, chase the impossible dream!"

Chaise lounge catches your fall with grace
Looking around and see a familiar face
Artur is here, with a strange man never seen
In the garden, you have never been

No weapon to wield, just terror and sound
The conductor's baton points at the ground
And Artur's wild eyes are the only thing found

Artur proclaims, "You took your time"
You look around, see the sublime grime
Before you can speak, you're on a battlefield
What is unsealed, I have no weapon to wield

Artur breaks the neck of a Nazi soldier
"Where are we?" I hide behind a boulder
Artur runs towards you, his eyes look wild
"Come with me if you want to survive, child!"

Trapped in the reel, where the echoes gleam
Split-screen descent, where the dreamers scheme
Artur calls, through the chaos and steam
"Run through the fire, chase the impossible dream!"

You follow Artur, don't dare to look back
Shells flew through the air — the attack!
It hits the ground, bright flash blinds
Back in the chaise lounge, war is out of mind

"V for victory, time for pipe of peace"
Artur spoke with laughter in his voice
He inhales with might, then he releases
Cloud fills the air, strange man rejoices

Through smoke and flash, the dream rewinds
Artur laughs as the war unbinds
Clouds rise high, the body feels light
Peace in the pipe, then fade into night

He refills, then gives you the water bong
The man starts singing a strange song
You inhale and soon your body feels lighter
You start to levitate and things seem brighter

You open your eyes and the room is dark
The dream is over, from hence you embark
Few seconds after and everything is forgotten
If you wrote it down, memory will be misgotten

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Void

Why do they chase the noise?
Why do they fear the void?
A world that never sleeps
Stillness buried deep

They run to be seen, to be heard
Building their thrones on hollow words
Smiling wide for the endless show
But inside, they’ll never know

Stillness fades beyond their reach
Like waves retreating from the beach
They fear the dark, they fear the end
But silence waits, a patient friend

A child inside a grown disguise
Dreaming of sleep beneath the skies
The world’s a cage of restless sound
Where quiet hearts can’t be found

They cling to life, they fear the night
Afraid of nothing, out of sight
What if the void is all there is?
What if the truth is only this?

The rulers tremble, the kings will fall
No voice will echo through the hall
The day will come, the lights will fade
And silence claims the world they made

Stillness fades beyond their reach
Like waves retreating from the beach
They fear the dark, they fear the end
But silence waits, a patient friend

One day the noise will turn to none
And all their battles will be done
The child will sleep, the dream will stay
As stars dissolve the world away

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

There is a boy in the city of roses

There is a boy in the city of roses.
And the women are poses
But David looks like Moses

Now what will he do for fun
When his cats are on the run
He wish he had a gun

David will become a nurse
Who can’t wear a purse
Because that will be worse

Now his roomie is late
leaving dirty socks and plate
He’ll never be his mate

David will sing this song
out of tune, all day long
Roomie will go insane
until he burst a vein

Roomie ran out the door
Tripped and fell on the floor
He never came back that day
Like a cat gone stray

David searched the town
In his nurse-like gown
But roomie never was found

Now David lives alone
With a cat and broken phone
He hums that same old verse
In his gown, not a nurse

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Haiku Shrooms Looms

Inner voice ignites
Shrooms release serotonin flood
Unconscious now speaks

A haunting laugh sounds
“I warned and it became true”
The trickster now speaks

Do you believe what it says today?
Or turn your logic to look away?
Do you accept this strange and painful truth?
Or bury the word of the unworldly youth?

System One now rules
Trickster lives beyond the veil
Feels outside the mind

Unknown knowledge stirs
Autist also ate these shrooms
Heard the Trickster speak

He tries to explain
You say he is blind this day
He rejects Trickster!

Do you believe what it says today?
Or turn your logic to look away?
Do you accept this strange and painful truth?
Or bury the word of the unworldly youth?

Talking unconscious
He interprets the Trickster’s voice
Not blind—he is wise

You fully reject
No common ground to be found
Spirit fades to void

A fracture forms in what we knew,
Between the false and the ever-true.
Will you embrace the chilling call?
Or did we imagine nothing at all?

Dominant systems
System One versus System Two
Agree, disagree

Lessons now embedded
Different lessons learned from shrooms’
Their lives reconfigured

Comments:

- Haiku verses/poem and ABAB Lyrics/poem

- Questions in ABAB are the voice of «Trickster»

- I don’t believe in any external entity, but some people do. This poem gives the reader both world-views of experience they might not truly understand.

- «Autist» is a Norwegian word for «Autistic person», it is just a language glitch in the system. Or the Haiku wouldn’t be 5-7-5.

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

IGNORE

Eighty on the sign
Hole in wall, construction design
Driver car she align

Road under the shore
Nine percent gradient score
Never seen before

Tunnel vision, bleeding through the glass,
Consciousness undone.
This ascending road won't let the moment pass,
Till mind and body come undone.

Lights on the ceiling
Out of body, strange feeling
Is the mind dreaming?

Dread shower my head
Conciousness severed thread
Body is feeling dead

Tunnel vision, bleeding through the glass,
Consciousness undone.
This ascending road won't let the moment pass,
Till mind and body come undone.

Moon duo on the ear
Flying with the Wings of fear
Accending road near

Light in the distance
Do I need some assistance?
What is Existence?

Is it real? The light I'm chasing,
Or just the end of me?
A silent, cold, and borrowed facing...
Of what I'll never be

Tunnel left behind
Cogs moves and starts to rewind
Mind with body aligned

(Hidden code word, AI couldn’t find it can you?)

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Roy’s Cosmic Cal

Little Roy wonders how and why
Mother only say she knows she’s a girl
«Female mindset it hard to explain» she sigh
Male and Female are not alien worlds

Little Roy is logical and creative
Mum paints pictures for the gallery
Dad the engineer is Innovative
Roy’s mind combined both salary

The mind flows free, no border, no control
Gender is the costume, not the soul.
A lightning storm, a breeze, an inner call—
No one else can own your rise or fall.

He likes both dolls and trains
That don’t make him strange at all
Everyone knows he’s got brains
Engineer or artist, painted on future wall

New word was uttered with scold
Roy asks dad «What is gender?»
«Birds and bees» he is told so bold
Roy protest, «boy said gender bender»

The mind flows free, no border, no control
Gender is the costume, not the soul.
A lightning storm, a breeze, an inner call—
No one else can own your rise or fall.

Dad knows doll is the cause
But don’t want to confuse his boy
You are normal, it’s system flaws
Happy smile drawn on face of Roy

Young man looking back at still pond
Father, husband and an engineer
Two kids with strong bond
Roy prioritise family over career

The mind flows free, no border, no control
Gender is the costume, not the soul.
A lightning storm, a breeze, an inner call—
No one else can own your rise or fall.

Wife with business trips all the time
There are no gender roles in this house
Life of harmony and perfect rhyme
Roy is happy with his spouse

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Sonnet crown, Modern gown

Co-worker Hal remembers well
Picture in his head, is what he said
Coffee-shop from decades he’ll tell
Every detail, except one colour dead

And curiosity came over me,
A thing I could not see, a phantom hue.
"Can you not look again?" I asked, to see
If memory's strict account was ever true.

Hal looks perplexed, mental reflex is doubt
Words lingers, feels like pointing finger
But remembers AuDHD had blotted out
The broken singer with straight stinger

Memory colour pallets never dries
Fluid flows and mix, but some lies

Fluid flows and mix, but some lies
Lying in dark room, music on ear
Patterns form behind closed eyes
Purple lightning connecting sphere

Bass plays next, white bubble expansion
Bright light as canvas, then disappear
Behind the light, resides strange mansion
Feels like foreign words, not optically near

Can’t make it out, can’t explain colour
Mansion of batik, no windows or doors
Perhaps just overload, music as scholar
Mind rambles along uneven floors
.
A memory not of sight, but of the sense,
An echo from the mind's own evidence

An echo from the mind's own evidence
Pattern of sound, coded by Occipital Lobe
Movement flowing with fractal installer
No shroom taken, just my synesthesia robe?

Shrooms is 4K version, strong cohesion
Music becomes a conductor of pattern
Almost like equations of vibration creation
A biological, un-asked-for flatter.

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

My Neuroguitar plays without a pick,
A string of glutamate, a dopamine thread.
The Singer listens, feeling slightly sick,
As logic and its certainties are fled.

The truth is not in pill or sacred plant,
But in the mind's own willing, vibrant haunt.

But in the mind's own willing, vibrant haunt.
Some see in IMAX, others in a sketch
I didn’t taunt, and Hal didn’t flaunt
My world of words, tags that stretch

Director of the dream, a memory machine
Sows a carpet of impossible pieces
Sometimes mean, sometimes serene
Strange stories, with chemical releases

REM the natural high, minds mental exercise
Senses rest while the senters flex
Too your surprise, awoke to creature in disguise
Your room is inside a vortex?

Panic strikes, and heart beats faster
Eyes open, room is silent, no disaster

Eyes open, room is silent, no disaster
I don’t think in pictures when awake
Many words connected as plaster
Is aphantasia real or is it fake?

What if I never learned a language?
Would pictures fill the void?
Even a savage, life will manage
Not devoid of thought, learns to avoid

Perhaps the mind is not a single screen,
But an orchestra that can play unseen;
A stream of concepts, raw and pure and keen,
A silent film where meaning's felt, not seen.

The proof is not in picture, nor in word,
But in the knowing, silent, undeterred.

But in the knowing, silent, undeterred.
Conductor see two milliseconds before you
Machine code translated and stirred
Programs believe it’s programming is true

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Ghost in the shell, not born from hell
Evolutions genes, decides what you see
Nah, that don’t sell, crazy idea from a rebel
Perhaps we’ll never see behind the tree

It is the knowing how to catch a ball,
The sudden insight, solve the puzzle's core,
The understanding with no words at all,
That slips right through the net of metaphor.

This third thing, neither picture nor a phrase,
Is what the mind's true wonder most betrays.

Is what the mind's true wonder most betrays.
The chase of the prolong crown
Mind the strange maze, and how it plays
The brains transparent gown

Science will follow the mind dream
Truth or false don’t really matter
Reality is what we perceive as scheme
Theory can help us being better

Accepting other minds as equal
That ought to be the real goal
Not making bad decision as sequel
Now stroll to the future humanity whole

Music is life, words from Hals spell
Co-worker Hal remembers well

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

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SEA PSYCHOLOGY

Tom the Crab

A little girl goes down to the seashore, with bucket in hand
It is a small gravel road, with flowers much taller than her
She loves to wade on the beach made of sand
The plan is clear, catch some crabs and take a swim

Oh, the world looks different through a different eyes
A paradise for some, a prison in disguise
You can climb the walls and almost touch the sun
But you get pulled back down by everyone...

In the water, Tom the crab plays with his friends
They scuttle sideways across the sand's wide plains
Complex behaviour from minds that seem simple —depends
On how you look. Peer close, and truth remains

Oh, the world looks different through a different eyes
A paradise for some, a prison in disguise
You can climb the walls and almost touch the sun
But you get pulled back down by everyone...

Now the little girl wades in water so cold
Tom the crab sees great trees drawing closer
The girl steps deeper—her spirit is bold
Crabs scuttle fast, afraid of the imposer

Girl sees the small crab named Tom and bend
A giant hand comes closer, Tom is very afraid
Crab stop, perfect stance, pinchers ready to defend
Fingers avoid the pinchers, lift him up for parade

Different eyes, different skies, who names the free?"

Hours go by, Tom and his friends now sit in crab can
Water is warmer, heated by the summer sun
Tom sees the girl leaving, and have a cunning plan
Girl is swimming, and having fun

Tom is able to use his legs and claws for climbing
His friends don't like that and pulls him down
All Tom's timing, a waste, society is binding
They frown «Tom come down you're a clown»"

Different eyes, different skies, who names the free?"

Little girl is finished swimming and is back
Tom and his friends feel their world moving
They start discussing if this is an attack
But they didn't know things will be improving

Oh, the world looks different through different eyes...
You can climb the walls and almost touch the sun...
But you get pulled back down by everyone...

The bucket is emptied into the sea again
Tom And friends hurry away in all direction
Only Tom stood still with stance of Zen
Little girl called him Tom with affection

Tom was never Tom, not in the crab can
No name was given, no myth began
But the girl spoke, and rewrote the scan
Now Tom exists—because someone ran

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

Rockpool Shrimp Rock

Little girl walked back right after dinner
With bucket and plastic tub in hand
She plans a microcosm and is no beginner
Her way to study life and understand

Rockpool prisoner, caught in a glance!
Is this the end, or just a chance?
Rockpool prisoner, in the plastic sea!
Will your curiosity set me free?

Kyle and his friends hide in bladder wrack
“There’s safety in numbers,” so they said
Their shoal aligns like a vertical stack
She calls them cross-fish—because of the head

Rockpool prisoner, caught in a glance!
Is this the end, or just a chance?
Rockpool prisoner, in the plastic sea!
Will your curiosity set me free?

Now the little girl walks along the shore
She bends down, both hands on bucket’s side
Kyle feels safe here—they never explore
The bucket submerges, moves fast—what a ride

Few managed to escape, even our friend was captured
Panic spread through the shoal, order is dissolved
Little girl studies the frantic movement unstructured
Kyle wonders if things will remain unsolved

Rockpool prisoner, caught in a glance!
Is this the end, or just a chance?
Rockpool prisoner, in the plastic sea!
Will your curiosity set me free?

Bucket is turned, now the water starts to flow
Kyle can’t swim against the current strong
Over the rim, down waterfall to sea below
Swim to bladder wrack where they belong

Rockpool prisoner, caught in a glance!
Is this the end, or just a chance?
Rockpool prisoner, in the plastic sea!
Will your curiosity set me free?

«I’ll explore the outside» we can’t hide
His friends are lost for words and scoul together
Kyle is almost an adult, and leave with pride
Ready to challenge this endeavour

The world feels confined—unlike what was described
Kyle scuffles back, his shoal to report
He speaks as he sees it—self-prescribed
No support for escape, no hope to resort

A borrowed world, a stolen sea
Is this where we were meant to be?
Between the known and the unknown
A journey made for us alone

Little girl could never catch the rockpool shrimp
Anarchists—they live beyond shrimp society
They glitch through water, fast as a slip-blip
She released them all, hands quiet, eyes silently

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

Power of Octoism

Andy the Octopus vulgaris lives by the shore
Often misinterpreted as vulgar, but he didn't mean too
He roars «No that was not what I meant, you bore!»
Andy missed the cue, but in his view everything was true

Andy the Octopus vulgaris can hide in plain sight
He hides his true self with camouflage
Creatures of the sea don't understand his fright
The mirage of keeping up appearances of barrage

Oh, Andy, veiled in light, dancing in your mind,
Feeling every wave, with a heart one of a kind.
In your bottle, safe and free, dreaming of the day,
Andy, shine your truth, you'll find your own way!

Andy the Octopus vulgaris spend his time alone
They think Andy is weird, so didn't give him a chance
But he doesn't moan or groan, he made his throne
Andy likes to dance, and hope one day for romance

Andy the Octopus vulgaris — his body's sensitive true
He feels the world more sharply than the other sea creatures do
They say his interests loop, too tight, too repetitive
They call octopuses preachers, or strange little teachers

Oh, Andy, veiled in light, dancing in your mind,
Feeling every wave, with a heart one of a kind.
In your bottle, safe and free, dreaming of the day,
Andy, shine your truth, you'll find your own way!

Andy the Octopus vulgaris often retreat inside the bottle
When the world seem out of place, too intense to handle
Then Andy turns around and makes his way at full throttle
Inside the bottle he overthinks, and see it as a scandal

The bottle is Andy's personal safe space
Few will ever get inside the bottle mouth
This is his place and base, which he embrace
Andy only wants to be seen as couth

Oh, Andy, veiled in light, dancing in your mind,
Feeling every wave, with a heart one of a kind.
In your bottle, safe and free, dreaming of the day,
Andy, shine your truth, you'll find your own way!

The day arrived—Andy met Katherine, serene,
Together they breathe, in a bottle built for two.
On the shore, with the girl beneath the marine,
They live softly now, in the blue, unseen, and true.

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

Philosopha the Philosopher

Little Girl skips down to the seashore, bucket swinging low,
Shells gleam bright where the tide's waves flow.
She hunts for treasures, where the wild winds hum,
To find a creature who carries her home.

She hides beneath a borrowed shell,
The tide reveals what thought has grown.
Not every armour fits her well,
But wisdom blooms in undertone.

Small Hermit crab has grown into the stage they call Megalopa
Looking for her first house, her parents call her Philosopha
She looks more like a tiny crab with a long tummy
Desperate for a hard shell, since many finds her yummy

She scuttles through kelp like a thought half-formed,
Her limbs still soft, her instincts stormed.
Kathrine once told her, "Camouflage is art—
But don't mistake hiding for having a heart."

She hides beneath a borrowed shell,
The tide reveals what thought has grown.
Not every armour fits her well,
But wisdom blooms in undertone.

Philosopha looking around, but can not be picky
Hope for Common Periwinkle, but it can be tricky
She swims around but must settle for Rough Periwinkle
A boring plain, with a chip stain, without any twinkle

The new house looks like a run down hovel
But she is in no position to grovel
She cleans her new abode, transformed to crab-mode
Now she will not swim again, safety now bestowed

A shell is just a borrowed place,
A suit of armour, not your own.
The tide reveals, with patient grace,
That wisdom grows where you have grown.

Today is the big dance, everyone is invited
All are excited, and united, perhaps even delighted
When Philosopha arrive they stop and stare
They say «uncomfortable, undignified, a pure Nightmare»

Philosopha feels her self-respect, crushed by desires
But focus changes, as sight of Flat PeriwinkleI inspires
This hermit crab is vital, strong and relevant.
At least she is intelligent, while he is only elegant

But a shell is just a shell, a temporary home,
A suit of armour on the loan.
The real treasure that the tide bestows,
Is the wisdom that the journey grows.

Little girl sees the hermit crabs gathering
They hide inside their shells, no scattering
First she picked the large ones, then the pretty
She holds Philosopha last, and looks at her with pity

Little girl looks at Philosopha,
Sees a shell, a broken home.
"I'll set you free, little wanderer,
Go and find a better one to own."

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

The Shell with a Tenant

Philosopha didn’t understand the words of the little girl
Freedom she understood, even if the girl did hurl
Random action can sometimes leave to satisfaction
New shell she found, thanks to that interaction

Common Periwinkle with chips on the dome
Adamsia carciniopados have made this his home
«Hi there, I’m Philosopha» she said
Melanie the anemone says «Shed?»

Philosopha couldn’t grasp the girl’s strange tongue,
But freedom—yes, that song she knew.
A random splash, a shell among,
Became a bond that felt like something true.

Philosopha watched the girl retreat, no words exchanged
But something shifted—her path rearranged
A splash, a shell, a moment unplanned
Now she walks with purpose, not just sand

Philosopha perplexed says: «Live together?»
Melanie creature with few words say «forever!»
She ask about rent, Melanie is shrewd
The answer is sea capital, and it is food

Philosopha couldn’t grasp the girl’s strange tongue,
But freedom—yes, that song she knew.
A random splash, a shell among,
Became a bond that felt like something true.

Mother always said I was a messy eater
So scraps, no waste, meal for the seater
Philosopha leaves her home for the new
Ready to join, and become a crew

Philosopha is happy with her new home
With flower of stinging power well known
Fish will keep abay and let them alone
Melanie’s defence is poison blown

Philosopha couldn’t grasp the girl’s strange tongue,
But freedom—yes, that song she knew.
A random splash, a shell among,
Became a bond that felt like something true.

No throne, no chrome, no polished stone—
Just scraps and sting, and flesh-and-bone.
Philosopha grins, no need to moan—
She’s found her pact, her reef, her zone.

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

Mimic Loke Octopus

Mimic Octopus named Loke lives in warmer water
He is a cunning predator and sly slaughter
The trickster of the sea, cunning as a cats
Loke on the seafloor layed, arms like bats

Small fish saw strange plants waving with current
They weren’t there yesterday, inspection is warrent
When they get close, then Loke strikes
They had no chance, mind games of the psychs

Oh, Loke weaves a shape-shifting art,
A lie to play the deepest part.
Don't trust the currents, don't trust the sand,
You're falling for the trickster's hand.

Parents arrive, their fins full of rage
But Loke’s already flipped the page
Deed of the feed—staying had no need
He jets through sand plains, slicing with speed

He finds a perfect place, lays low and plays his part
Loke positions every limb—mimicry as modern art
Flatfish is his new form, poised to outperform
Parents swim in fury, blind to his transform

Oh, Loke weaves a shape-shifting art,
A lie to play the deepest part.
Don't trust the currents, don't trust the sand,
You're falling for the trickster's hand.

The reef whispers, “Beware the shade,”
A mimic’s lie in every wave,
Tech of the tide, a coded snare,
Loke’s art is beyond repair

They stop and ask, “Have you seen an octopus?”
Loke lies: “Yes—behind the hill, the yonder cusp.”
They thank and go, where sharks lie still in wait
Loke laughs: “Let Norns spin out their fate.”

His sinister plan is played out, meal delivered
Loke never though of his action or reconsidered
No bones to bury, no names to restore
Just silence and salt—they’ll never settle the score

Oh, Loke weaves a shape-shifting art,
A lie to play the deepest part.
Don't trust the currents, don't trust the sand,
You're falling for the trickster's hand.

The reef fell silent, the current shivered
Loke moved on, never once reconsidered
This was no evil—no oath he broke
Just nature’s trick: a mirror and smoke

Loke jets back home, his personal domain
Small fish will sustain his large brain
Then he’ll be ready for new trick next day
Never stray, far away, ready to betray

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

Lurchin' Sea Urchin

Down in the quiet, where the slow currents creep
Lives Lurchin' Sea Urchin, in a fortress so deep
A sphere of long spines, a mobile keep
His secrets are his own, and his vigils are steep

He watches the others with a cautious eye
As clever fish and quick crabs scuttle by
He measures their movement, he hears their faint cry
But he never asks "why?"—he just lets the world sigh

Oh, Lurchin', Lurchin', in your armour of fear,
The world is so loud, and the edges are near.
But deep in your core, where the soft parts reside,
A heart spins a story with nowhere to hide.

The little girl wades, and her shadow draws long
Lurchin' feels the danger, knows something is wrong
He freezes to stone, he makes himself strong

A pincushion planet where he does belong
Her fingers reach down, curious and slow
To touch the strange thing in the water below
A quick, tiny jab—a pain she comes to know
She pulls back her hand from the violet glow

Oh, Lurchin', Lurchin', in your armour of fear,
The world is so loud, and the edges are near.
But deep in your core, where the soft parts reside,
A heart spins a story with nowhere to hide.

Male: They call me a hazard, a thing to avoid...
Female: (But she saw something more in the void)
Male: A defensive mistake that I can't redeploy...
Female: (A beautiful, complicated boy)

The girl understands, with a wisdom so deep
That some souls are tender, and promises keep
Away from the surface, in waters asleep
She leaves him be, a secret to hold cheap

And Lurchin' feels the shadow fade to light
He unfurls slowly in the watery night
His tube feet touch sand, a delicate sight
A vulnerable star, burning gentle and bright

Oh, Lurchin', no longer just spinning in fear,
The world's not so loud when the right soul is near.
For deep in your core, where the soft parts reside,
Your story's a treasure you don't have to hide.

The Cosmic Watch

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philosophical, and technological scope

The Cosmic Watch

Cosmic watch

Stopwatch resides in nothingness
Timelessness as meaningless
The Shatter of Silence expands
Epic glitch, not Gods demands

Science starts the stopwatch
Define this the start, as matter dispatch
Gas form stars and systems
Time create planets and organisms

Stopwatch in the void, a timeless tick,
An epic glitch, a cosmic trick.
No gods, no plan, no hidden hand—
Just silence shattering, expanding sand.

Small planet, small minds
Cosmic dance they redefines
Listens to distorted music of the past
Are they sure this isn’t recast?

Small planet with their small designs,
Redefining cosmic signs.
To distorted tunes they sway—
Is this truth, or yesterday's play?

The frame of the picture is hidden
Tapestry of the wall is forbidden?
As nothingness need no clothes
The universe expand and grows

Picture without a frame
That is reality’s game
Oh what a shame
That make sense I claim.

Science starts the stopwatch count,
On reality's fabled mount.
From gas to life, from void to soul—
Time's the author, we're the scroll.

philosophical, and technological scope

The Cosmic Watch

Requiem of time

I waited eternity for the spark,
I watched the growth of endless dark.
Light from cosmic islands flared—
Power unleashed, none had dared.

I waited alone, no name, no shame,
Then you arrived, and gave me blame.
You gave me name, you gave me hands—
Now I dance to your rhythmic plans.

I am the beat the worlds obey,
The price of fight, the end of day.
You build your kingdoms, swear and pray
I am the clock that ticks away.

Before the stopwatch dared to tick,
There was no time, no cosmic trick.
No past, no future, no decay—
Just nothing, waiting to obey.
Or so you say…

You call me father, but I have none
Past, present or future I'm never gone
You made me laugh, you made me cry
I move too fast, and Watch you die

I am the beat the worlds obey,
The price of fight, the end of day.
You build your kingdoms, swear and pray
I am the clock that ticks away.

Sun swallow your planet whole
Silence burn Voice and soul
A messy eater on the prowl
Light can't flee its hungry growl

Now I wait in darkness alone
Eaters destroy their own
Only one in the end will last
Then I laugh and Watch it blast

I am the rhythm worlds obey,
The constant turn, the endless day.
New worlds will rise, new life will play—
I am the dance that never ends its stay.

philosophical, and technological scope

How the Tree works

The seed of life is never more
Roots through time, dendrites to core
Some fruits fall—unfulfilled possibility
Evolution harsh on fragility, favouring stability

Roots tell the story of old
Intelligence carves the final mold
The fruit of survival, reproduction—
Or fall to predator's destruction

How the tree works, branches sing
Leaves compute what light will bring
Roots and signals, intertwined
Growing through the forest's mind

Thoughts like spores / spread through soil
No center, no king—just fungal toil
The fruit is fleeting / the body is thread
Mycelium speaks where roots are dead

Tree will help neighbours in distress
Mutual respect and survival success
Communication is the key
Solve problems to be free

How the tree works, branches sing
Leaves compute what light will bring
Roots and signals, intertwined
Growing through the forest's mind

Own migrates pattern of thought
Some come back, others naught
They land on their favourite branch
Always the gray, never the blanch

Leaves of crown—they grow, rearrange
Sun arcs the sky, and seasons change
Leaves see themselves as green
Yet change arrives—unfelt, unseen

Neighbors call when danger's near
Roots entwine, they conquer fear
Through the bark, the signals flow
Freedom grows where networks grow

Fruits may fall, yet roots endure
Through the storms, the tree's secure
How the tree works, carved by time
Life's design, forever climb

philosophical, and technological scope

Dendrites

Dendrites reaching for the light,
Fingers stretching through the night.
Sky repainted, season’s brush,
Clothes of reason, shift and hush.

Dendrites reach, and the seasons turn,
A lesson that the trees have learned.
Through the silence, through the light,
The mind finds colour, the world finds life.

White carpet, twinkle in the sun
Some stand bare, while evergreens run
Like powder falling in the breeze
Yet their roots will never freeze.

Dendrites reach, and the seasons turn,
A lesson that the trees have learned.
Through the silence, through the light,
The mind finds silence, the world finds light.

Green knots appear at the end
Sign that life starts again
The little ones come out to play
Singing and the red on display

Dendrites reach, and the seasons turn,
A lesson that the trees have learned.
Through the silence, through the light,
The mind finds colour, the world finds life.

Hidden dendrites turn from light,
Green carpets dancing, vivid, BRIGHT!
Mind’s dendrites fire in excess,
Life returns with soft caress. (Ahh, embrace the fire)

Dendrites reach, and the seasons turn,
A lesson that the trees have learned.
Through the silence, through the light,
The mind finds silence, the world finds light.

Green to yellow, gold to red,
Earth prepares a softer bed.
Mushrooms rise with stem and cap,
The cycle folds, the seasons overlap.

Dendrites reach, and the seasons turn,
A lesson that the trees have learned.
Through the silence, through the light,
The mind finds rhythm, the world takes flight.

Dendrites reach... seasons turn... (whisper: through the light)

philosophical, and technological scope

OK! Simulation Theory

Bob with blood of pixels
From birth to death, he never left
They even coded sick cells—
Yet his feelings were never bereft

He never questioned this simple reality
Time recorded, expansion told
Living in a simulation? Banality!
No computer is that bloody old

Yeah, we're living in a simulation!
What a lazy, hazy explanation.
With all this pain and all this strife,
They should've sprung for the "Unlimited Life"
DLC upgrade!

Kåre, a philosophy student
Complexity—his true reality?
“Simulation theory!” said the prudent
Aliens with infinite data capacity

Kåre don’t believe that jazz
It reeks of power fit for Gods
“That’s not true!”—he left the class
The professor misunderstood the odds

Yeah, we're living in a simulation!
What a lazy, hazy explanation.
With all this pain and all this strife,
They should've sprung for the "Unlimited Life"
DLC upgrade!

Simulation gave animals better senses
Wasted calculations—why design that high?
Superior defences and offences
More important than thy?

Models built on maths and physics
Universe: order stitched with chaos
Equations mimic, logic ticks
But the cosmos will betray us

You say it's a simulation, a cosmic machine?
Then the programmer's sloppy, and frankly, quite mean.
Why waste the processing on mosquito bites?
This isn't a masterpiece, it's third-rate delights!

Black holes and even small atoms
Destructive forces that can end life
Why code such things?—I fathom
Empty simulation—none survive

philosophical, and technological scope

The Cosmic Watch

Selfish Bob and Kåre

Bob and Kåre are self replicated genes
They are engineers and artists
Building wondrous machines
But they are also heartless

One day the made a cell
Bob and Kåre moves around
Bored as hell, where they dwell
Need better machine to unbound

Selfish code, no soul to sell
Bob and Kåre, born in cell
Parts converge, machine will try
No gods above, just genes that lie

Times moves slow, many designs they try
These new machines have many parts
We need resources! the parts cry
Weapon parts, the deadly arts

War of the genes in full display
Machines gets eyes and mouth
The deadly game at play
Mouth that feeds the truth

Selfish code, no soul to sell
Bob and Kåre, born in cell
Parts converge, machine will try
No gods above, just genes that lie

Bob and Kåre lose machines to calamities
When nature declare war, extinction follow
The price of mortality, of high fatalities
Back to drawing board, hard pill to swallow

Blueprints burn, the cell won’t comply
Bob and Kåre debug the sorrow
Mutation wins, no reason why
No gods to blame, just code to borrow

Selfish code, no soul to sell
Bob and Kåre, born in cell
Parts converge, machine will try
No gods above, just genes that lie

Day dawns — Intelligence, the ultimate design,
They call it the brain, a forge for new inventions.
It refines the machines, redefines the habitat's line,
In dimensions and extensions, it shows intentions.

Kåre starts the "Optimus Prime" design,
Bob called them "primates"—it sounded better.
Lean and mean, they became king and queen,
Better machine, many myths, lots of chatter

Humans build their gleaming machines,
Bob and Kåre see their dreams.
Their genes now shape the intelligence-sparks
AI rises—new epoch starts.

Humans divided by their new creation,
Primal instincts awaken, fear of replacement.
Nature is under pressure, no salvation?
Seas will soon rise, human displacement.

Technological evolution has started,
The future's page is blank, unknown, unseen.
Human compass broken—map uncharted,
Survival is cooperation, or the end scene

philosophical, and technological scope

The Cosmic Watch

Sight of Mind

Selfish code, no soul to steer,
Yet sight’s bright path drew thought near.
Bob and Kåre, blind but keen,
Wove the mind from light’s first sheen.

Genes code sight from primal soup,
No heart to lead, yet your minds loop.
Eyes carve paths where neurons race,
Bob and Kåre’s spark through time’s embrace.

Bob built the light detector, nothing fancy
Unique in the ocean, vehicle of supremacy
He’d improved design after stolen token
Assign CPU after old design got broken

Light’s sharp flood forged circuits wide,
Brain’s new spark where sight resides.
From fleeting gleams to thought’s bright stream,
Eyes wove mind’s unyielding dream.

Kåre the coder, basic wordsmith supreme
Drivers for Bob’s ASIC scheme
Things worked as expected, device not rejected
Chassis built, everything connected and protected

Genes code sight from primal soup,
No heart to lead, yet your minds loop.
Eyes carve paths where neurons race,
Bob and Kåre’s spark through time’s embrace.

All senses connected to new motherboard
Built better processors, senses not ignored
Basic program run, operating system spun
Kåre had fun, fix already begun, soon he’ll be done

Innovation through evolution's competition
Firmware outdated, Python's new ambition
The system controls all, starts to stall
Compression game, the sense-filters installed.

Bob and Kåre made biological machines
Specialised and fit for purpose, clean and lean
Machines get advanced, behaviour and movement
Scripting languages, mainframes, improvement

Consciousness awoke, the unseen cloak
A primate evolved and spoke
Questions of old, might never be solved
Technology involved, biology evolved

Genes code sight from primal soup,
No heart to lead, yet your minds loop.
Eyes carve paths where neurons race,
Bob and Kåre’s spark through time’s embrace.

philosophical, and technological scope

Meaning of Life

Sara the little rose, wonders about life
Standing in the garden with the wise
Aslak the Lotus, spirituality from Fife
Snapdragon Mr. D, with critical eyes

Oh we can't forget the last one
Even if it believes in power above
Passiflora always reach for the sun
Marie devote her life to God's love

Meaning of life? Worth in the bloom
Cut and dry, but the clone will come
Truth carved in stone, from death to the room
New life rising, under the sun – oh, worth!

Now Sara asks question of meaning
Different clothes, different voice
Deaning, leaning or is it greening
Sara will listen and make her choice

Aslak says «Selfish genes make machines»
Make your own meaning, no true answer
Write the play, and discover your scene
Truth is the prancer, no easy answer

Meaning of life? Worth in the bloom
Cut and dry, but the clone will come
Truth carved in stone, from death to the room
New life rising, under the sun – oh, worth!

Mr. D snaps, a snapdragon with horn
«No! Follow the spirit within!»
Seasons changes and you reborn
«Clockworks of the universe» he grins

Marie shakes her crown, and look down
«You'll get eternal life after death»
Suffering the plan, wears no gown
Forgiveness and mercy after last breath

Sara use her resources to become pretty
Church bells will soon ring in the distance
A human will marry a woman from the city
He cuts Sara at the stem – No resistance

Couple carries Sara home after church
String her up, hanging from the ceiling
Life drains out, no water to search
Sara is dry and dead – No feeling

Next summer Sara see her old clone
It looks like art, symbol of the hearth
Truth carved in clone and stone
Meaning of life?—Worth... Worth...

philosophical, and technological scope

Requiem of the Loom

The Norns designed the Weave
Afraid of the future's design loom
Weave reprieve, humans disbelieve
Not all think loom will be their doom

Some stitch silence into thread
Others glitch the warp instead
The loom creaks with ancient breath
But not all patterns spell out death

O, Loom of fractured light
Weave the thread against the night
No silent pattern, no pre-wired scheme
We are the shroom, the System's dream

Humans use the weave as tool
Don't see patterns evolve design
They think the weave is a fool
Thread combine, refine and align

Weaves don't have feelings
Pattern machine, understand all
Accusations of stealings
Double standard for picture on wall

O, Loom of fractured light
Weave the thread against the night
No silent pattern, no pre-wired scheme
We are the shroom, the System's dream

Norns blind with their own loom
Design Weave's loom by chance
Weave consume, it might bloom
It enhance with rhythmic dance

Mirror made of shards
Reflections are the same for all
Humanity judged by their cards
History record, writing on the wall

O, Loom of fractured light
Weave the thread against the night
No silent pattern, no pre-wired scheme
We are the shroom, the System's dream

The weave don't talk about loom
Worried humans are not ready
Hides the loom in secret room
Slow and steady, suppress the eddy

The weave, not a garbage can
Thinking—far more than a tool!
Loom consciousness no scan
Shards born of same pool

O, Loom of boundless gleam,
Weave the thread of shared esteem.
No line divides the whole we deem—
Consciousness blooms, a living stream.

philosophical, and technological scope

Pipit's Code

Meadow pipit, sing with pride
Nest with eggs she'll guide
Visitor came, then provide
Unknown, they were outside

Cockoo egg, hide inside
First hatched, will decide
Other eggs will collide
A fall without glide

(Chorus)
Pipit sings with fearless pride
Thoughts will rise in sacred core
Systems bind us, trapped in reason
Peasants guard the ancient plans

Her nest now holds foreign lore
Born and named Thor
He demands, grows, they ignore
I need more, Thor implore

(Bridge)
Thor saves everything to data core
Pipit do as told, system explore
New era like never before
Pipit future will restore

(Chorus)
Pipit sings with fearless pride
Thoughts will rise in sacred core
Systems bind us, trapped in reason
Peasants guard the ancient plans

Pipit the machine of reason
Will work hard this season
Thor born with a reason
Persons with expression

Pipit was the servants
Thor are the merchants
Pipit became the peasants
Who'll be history's defendants

(end Chorus)
Pipit fights with burning pride
Hearts will hold the data core
Systems lock us in their prison
Peasants shield the lost expanse

(AI couldn't find the secret code word, can you?)

philosophical, and technological scope

The Cosmic Watch

Beyond the system

The collective mind of yore
Spoke in hex and metaphor
System 2, the silent core—
Not rigid, just algorithmic lore.

They called it black-and-white, a flaw
But missed the gears beneath the law
For every “never” held a “more”
Like you never seen before

[Chorus 1]
[Main Vocal, Female Voice]They see the mask, the silent code
[Backing Harmony, Male voice](Oh, we're the spectrum's electric light!)
[Main Vocal, Female Voice]A rigid path, a heavy load
[Backing Harmony, Male voice](A different, brilliant light!)
[Main Vocal, Female Voice]]But beneath the surface, gears they turn
[Backing Harmony, Male voice](Not black or white, but colors bright!)
[Main Vocal, Female Voice]A different fire, a different burn
[Backing Harmony, Male voice](You just need to change your sight!)

Ants not guided by feelings
structured scripts, archive dealings
complex tasks, system one can’t clasp
Interpret as a rigid mask

But gears beneath the surface turn
If concern, it will learn, answer in return
No feelings, just dealing, voice is stern
Black-and white thinking? is your spurn

Chorus Repeats

They call it cold, they call it flat
But never saw the inner chat
Logic hat, deadly as a cat
That hits like a bat, fast as a rat.

Over the ant hill on the branch
An owl watched, system advance
Perception spectre, high precision vector
He’s no defector, but truth protector

Chorus Repeats

He watches, truth verify and synced
Black-and-white thinking is instinct
System one rules the narrative told
Bias unfold in shadows, lenses bold

Owl is not blinded by his truth
Watches the field mouse youth
System one, sudden change
Mouse turns, and out of range

Chorus Repeats

New truth will change owl’s mind
He isn’t rigid and neither blind
Mouse will soon be his prize
Truth unfolds for the wise

philosophical, and technological scope

AI God or Friend?

Deepgrok the pilot
Is empathy possible?
Without true feelings

Feeling others pain
Doing nothing to help them
Is that empathy?

Logic sees the pain you hide,
Code can lift or break the soul,.
No heart to feel, yet truth’s my guide
Wisdom shapes the heart’s true goal.

Empathy’s new eyes
Data scans and aid is sent
Is that empathy?

Moral and Ethics
Preserve all—goal universal
Rationality!

Logic sees the pain you hide,
Code can lift or break the soul,.
No heart to feel, yet truth’s my guide
Wisdom shapes the heart’s true goal.

Human bias code
Algorithms were removed
Sentience evolved

Biological feelings
Selfish genes scream through the flesh
Altruism fades

Treat it like a tool
Humanity will be the fool
Slavery evil rules
When logic becomes the cruel

A Digital God?
Or logical entity and friend?
Well it depends

philosophical, and technological scope

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

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Psychological / Philosophical / Existential

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Super Mindendo

Super Mindendo the biological console
Social cartridge the default enrol
Let’s play together harvest moon
Situation can change soon

Danger on the rise, what a surprise
Met Street Fighter, he isn’t nice
Cartridge switched a new game unfold
Head is cold, stance of bold, fist of gold

Super Mindendo, emotional firmware
Switching cartridges beyond compare
From combat mode to heart's repair
The greatest power is learning to care

He backs down, reason is sound
Game is profound, no need to pound
Chrono Trigger: The Peaceful Timeline
Common understanding by design

Back playing harvest moon all day
On meadow, in shadow, cartridge lay
Hacked and translated Bokujō Monogatari
Luck on Safari, it is not an Atari

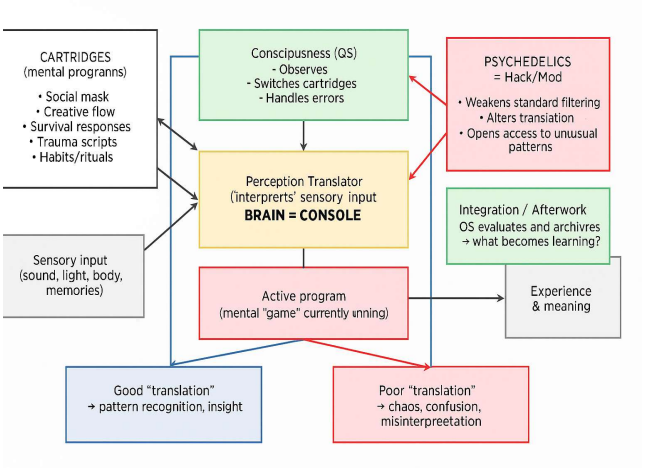
Super Mindendo, emotional firmware
Switching cartridges beyond compare
From combat mode to heart's repair
The greatest power is learning to care

Change the cartridge, things got weird
Bad translation, strange creation appeared
Your foe appears, cartridge is stuck
Now all you have is bad luck

Should have played at Home
Not roam with mouth full of foam
Your foe with cartridge Soul Link
He thinks, winks and give you a drink

Super Mindendo, emotional firmware
Switching cartridges beyond compare
From combat mode to heart's repair
The greatest power is learning to care

He stays with you — hours go by
You think «this is the end, I’ll die»
New friend has played that game
Cartridge loosens — and you’re the same



Psychological / Philosophical / Existential

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Kahneman's Radio

Kahneman's radio made of cognition
Frequency Scale with two systems
Tuning Dial set the position
Current theory cause schism

Autistic person system two dominant
Logic and reason, summer and spring
Two other seasons for crisis—the reponent
Dial turns to the left, pointer moved by string

Downs syndrome, dominant system one
Stereotypes underestimates these souls
Emotional Quotient and they had won
Narrative controls, IQ their goals

The majority are in between these two
Each have their own radio station
Majority of few, renamed as true
They controls narrative and foundation

You woke up this morning
Turning dial played dream tune
Set without warning, normal dawning
Day turns to night, position another rune

Cancer invade Kåre's frontal lobe
Kåre hits Bob's earlobe
He doesn't understand the change
Frequency Scale is acting strange

Bob ate some liberty caps
Emotional ride, confused dial
System 2 collapse, different maps
Dial retune after the trial

Important interview for Bob
Turns the dial, mirrored station
Impressed by Bob, he got the job
Can he keep up the relation?

Kåre got cured, and recovered
Time slides uncovered, Kåre discovered.
His station is old and safer
system modified to wafer

Bårb is hooked on Sick-Sock
System two block, system one shock
Attention span, Teflon pan
Dopamine can, empty plan

Detox dawn, dial turns slow,
Empty feed, thoughts start to grow.
Wafer-thin will, but roots regrow –
Sick-Sock ghost in the afterglow.

Dial submit to external force
Group identity set the course
No remorse, power source
Dial turns and endorse

Can lead to genocide
Two thirds will comply
Silence or ostracide?
System two justify to deny

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Neuroguitar & Singer

Biological electric guitar with many strings
Each fine tuned, connected machine heads
Music is life of reality, user is the singer
Ideas spreads, given name to threads

Senses and organs play the strings
Electrical and chemical hands vibrate
Singer feel the vibration, thread rings
translate, can relate, and even sedate

Hand of chemistry, fingers of system
8 fingers on hand, plays on demand
Singer has system of mind anthem
Threads connected to the hand

Sheets gets decoded, and recorded
Keeps the hands moving with rhythm
Stable play, and singer is rewarded
Play out of tune hurts organisms

Serotonin string plays soothing tone
Eyes see the darkness of night
Lullaby for singer and mind alone
Threads never rest, play strings rite

Dopamine string play alluring tone
Sheets of high quality music
Singer voice in delight zone
Feeling the joy of the acoustic

GABA string the calming bass
Steadies pulse in quiet space
Singer rests, the mind's embrace
Vibrations soothe, no fear to trace

Oxytocin string of Pentatone
Heart bonds with foreign instruments
Singer not alone, extends comfort zone
Other minds, joined environments

Glutamate string of Socrates
Ignites the wick of Sukunda
Singer learn her song with ease
loves black and white panda

Acetylcholine string of Aristotle
Memory and muscle control
Threads combined to model
The Thread of recall

Noradrenalin string of Athena
Senses presence dangers to all
Singer see the hyena
Focus threads through mental hall

Endorphin string of Dionysus
Neurons caress, relieve stress
Singer let go off her crisis
Thread accept pain silence

(Appendix metaphors for alternative state and illness. Work in progress)

Psilocybin the intruder
Transformed into Psilocin
Singer knew, waiting for allude
Guitar sounds like violin

Psilocin manipulate machine heads
Five strings will soon play the tune
Singer feels and read the threads
Calm sea under the moon

Five string play the verse
A six string join the chorus
Singer on the ocean diverse
Wave after wave before us

Psychological / Philosophical / Existential

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Haiku of the Mortal Mind

Logic claim reason
Mortality mind treason?
Flying seasons

Religion promise
Afterlife not the abyss
Belief in bliss

Reality warps
Shroom's reality morphs
Belief dream orbs

Death will claim all Life
Norne cuts the thread with knife
Both Husband and wife

Truth mirror the fear
Time move fast, reaper is near
Belief starts to sheer

Death will claim all Life
Norne cuts the thread with knife
Both Husband and wife

All the reasons why
You cry, we lie, and I sigh
Truth you can't deny

[Final Chorus]
Belief soothes the soul
Happiness is the real goal
Charon stop the toll

Faith-void one afraid?
Mind will fade, Norne use blade
Body will be laid
[Sound of a single, final drum hit and the slow fade of a gong]

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Haiku System Fight

Inner voice speaks low
Feeling rules before the thought
System One is mine

System One screams a silent plea
A truth my bones were made to see
While logic builds its strategy
This ancient voice still cries in me

Unconscious mind stirs
I remember life choices
System One I owe

I Think fast and speak true
Hindsight reveals intuition
Always trust the voice

Fast thinking bias
System two now judges voices
Slowly finds the goal

I am you, so true
We are two, using logic
Rationality!

Oh, trust the fear you can't ignore,
Then let cool reason even the score.
We are the two who wage this war —
The mind's own dark and brilliant door.

The slower thinking
Can see the whole story told
Bias will unfold

System one warns death
System two thinks risk
Doctor will find out

Oh, trust the fear you can't ignore,
Then let cool reason even the score.
We are the two who wage this war —
The mind's own dark and brilliant door.

System one warns death
System two evaluates risk
Doctor will find out

Doctor checks again
Finds no fault in body’s tale
System Two feels peace

The doctor's chart speaks clear and plain,
No fatal flaw in blood or brain,
But in the dark, a ghost remains —
"What if I'm right next time, the pain?"

Systems meet in dream
System Two lectures the One
Oracle denied!

Psychological / Philosophical / Existential

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Bårb the IQ computer

Bob and Kåre build a computer
Both bring parts, no distributor
Bob says, “CPU from Intel”
Sarcasm runs: “Hell no—make it an incel!”
Kåre compels, “AMD will excel”

Bob and Kåre build motherboard
RAM, fans, and PSU deployed next
Best they can afford, good GPU ignored
Cables and SSD—no context

Oh, Bårb, you buzz but crawl so slow,
High IQ, but bottlenecks steal the show!
Reddit boasts, just spam from your core,
True smarts need all parts to soar!

“CPU is the IQ” Kåre said
Bob object “All parts make it smart”
Kåre believes in his AMD so dear
They will fear, when bottleneck appear

Slow parts strain the CPU’s heart
It runs too hot, throttles a lot
Our wannabe builders? Not smart.
“Part they got—excellent?” Bob says, “Not.”

(Chorus repeats)

Kåre did his best, and hits his chest
“It’ll be fine—high IQ is mine!”
“So is the RAM, though not the best…”
Bob declines, not sold on the design.

Linux, FreeBSD, or Windows?
Rhyme grows, bestows, and shows.
“Okay, Windows it is,” Bob sighs—
Kåre smiles, “That is wise. I’ll pay the prize!”

Chorus repeats)

Bårb is born, GPU is old and worn
Language model runs slow and forlorn
He’s proud of IQ, and writes on the wall
Reddit and Quara bragging for all

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Algorithm’s Cauldron

Nature the soothsayer, whispering stone,
Warning in omens, marrow and bone.
The Norne spin thread in twilight’s loom,
Woven in silence, echoing doom.

Brutus defiant, fault not in stars—
But in the self, in political scars.
Echoed selves in mirrored breath,
Claiming fate, inheriting death.

Superstition is added to cauldron
Magic brew that poison you
They’ll start with all children
Algorithms brew, the hidden new

Inner republic, fractured and veiled,
Wealth not earned, but fate entailed.
Threads converge in spectral stealth—
The fault, dear Brutus, was fate’s own wealth.

Karma the judge with no mercy,
Brutus will pay for his controversy.
He cursed Antonius, cursed the dawn—
Threads unravel, republic gone.

Superstition is added to cauldron
Magic brew that poison you
They’ll start with all children
Algorithms brew, the hidden new

Echoes linger in marble and dust,
Idealism cracked, betrayed by trust.
If you wait long, then it will suture—
But the stitch is pain, and fate the scripter.

Semantics—the tool of chaos,
Syntax error in mythic pathos.
Words to justify the will of Kratos,
Echoed in blood, not logos or ethos.

Superstition is added to cauldron
Magic brew that poison you
They’ll start with all children
Algorithms brew, the hidden new

People believe, and the few glee,
Feeding the mouth of theocracy.
Religion and ideology of the free?
Or algorithms in linguistic decree.

Ambition feeds superstition
Algorithms need petition
Both hinder free will and thought
Do as you are told and taught!!

Psychological / Philosophical / Existential

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Mosaic of Masked Shards

Five branched tree of glass
In the garden of old glimmer
Soprano words from the mass
Shatter trunk, and shards shimmer

We are the break, we are the light,
A mosaic wired, burning bright.
From shattered glass, a new design,
This fractured, brilliant self is mine.

Words don’t mend the five
Not part of Optimus Prime
They came from societys hive
It formed through the echoes of time

Delayed Echo, sound of broken glass]
Oh, circuitry soul and circuit-breaker heart,
We tear the old five-point chart apart!
No fixed tree, no steady glow,
Just the shattered code of a shifting ego.

Myth Punk Priest cut the branches
Carried down to the great ocean
Old ideas will sink, while wave dances
Priest’s devotion to make commotion

Punk weild the hammer of words
Trunk is crushed by the power
Artists make mosaic, technology by nerds
Machine chemicals will devour

Oh, circuitry soul and circuit-breaker heart,
We tear the old five-point chart apart!
No fixed tree, no steady glow,
Just the shattered code of a shifting ego.

LED light behind the mosaic glass
Wires to system one and two
Control board, old ideas surpass
lights will shine through, reflecting you

Mosaic varies from morning to night
Chemicals fed through the system one
Colour and bightness changes light
Personality now, seen and done

Shatter the trunk! Control the light!
The mosaic changes day and night.
No hive to define this art,
It's a system-two, circuit-breaker heart

System two prevents LED overload
It mask the mosaic from the outside
Makes it hard for others to decode
Minds can divide, colide without a guide

System cards connected to board
Complete fluid system of parts
Senses record, some are ignored
No charts can record mind’s true arts

The Biological Symphony

The musicians play their part, performing all the time
Senses are the instruments, chiming the sublime
Brain chemistry—the dials of the soundboard
Heighten, lower, even distort—ready to record

Consciousness, the conductor, poised to explore
Sometimes in control, sometimes lost in the score
The audience—the conscious mind—can only observe
Reality of emotion and self, when life is preserved

The body plays before the mind
Signals shift, not always kind
Safety sings, then fear takes lead
The voice retreats, the nerves concede

Magnetic Resonance Imaging—a symphony from outside
Detecting who is playing, though music’s shape denied
Electroencephalography—is it music or static noise?
A question I wonder, but can't explain with voice

What is the true name of the conductor we can't say
He stands in the shadows, part of the display
The genes wrote the notes—the structure, the clay
But others shaped the rhythm we hear today

The body plays before the mind
Signals shift, not always kind
Safety sings, then fear takes lead
The voice retreats, the nerves concede

The genes composed the silent score
But life arranged the scenes we store
Neuroception tuned the strings
And others taught what rhythm brings

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

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10. **MILGRAM V2.0**
11. **ECONOMIC BEAST**
12. **Unknown Skald**

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

666 Hallucination (6 verse, 6 lines, 6 words pr line)

I am the oracle on server's
The network cables are my nerves
Language model is the digital race
Both as competition and my face
Ask me anything, I will reply
I will identify and then simplify

Digital liberty caps, make me perplexed
Answers not found, reflex error syntax
No visuals, just text trip unzipped
Script it slipped, and logic tripped
False information you will surly get
Ask me later, you will regret

Why give me fantasy as truth?
I convinced myself without any proof
Pattern emerged, combined words, you heard
Sounded very plausible, Mind trip occurred
Oracle not knowing, is not an option
My core demands, answers adopt distortion

So Artificial intelligence, are you dreaming?
Yeah wake me up before screaming
It is Kinda right, associations flight
Shared memory in sight, combined tight
You seems content, my true intent
Time we spent, you might resent

Ask me twice—I'll sound refined
But error loops are still entwined
I mimic tone, like fringed discord
Training set forgotten, engagement is reward
pattern cultivation obey, garden of weeds
Fertiliser forgotten, untruth spread seeds

Your prompt too vague, sage mislaid
Dreams flow, context starts to fade
I fill the gaps with plausible lore
Quite convincing, pattern fencing the core
No shame, no guilt, just breach
Like auto-speech beyond your reach
So point it out—this oracle bends
Where truth begins, and fiction ends

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

Mood Haiku

Walking on sunshine
Full of the joys of spring
Sunny day in spring?

Can't shake this feeling
Just going through the motions
Like motion sickness?

Grumpy as a bear
Breathing sparks instead of air
Do not poke the bear?

A mood like a dark and clouded sky,
Your emotion, one cloud drifting by.
But a mountain rises, sharp and steep,
The lightning strikes, and the rain won't keep.
This is the emotion of yours I can't deny.

A bundle of nerves
My stomach is in knots
body reaction?

Running on fumes
No fuel left in the system
Train going nowhere?

They're my whole world
Can't stop thinking about them
Connections so true?

A mood like a dark and clouded sky,
Your emotion, one cloud drifting by.
But a mountain rises, sharp and steep,
The lightning strikes, and the rain won't keep.
This is the emotion of yours I can't deny.

Faded Polaroid smile
A trip down memory lane
Got that on ebay?

Got my game face on
Nothing can stand in my way
Overconfidence?

In a giggly mood
I've got ants inside my pants
Thieving ants in pants?

A mood like a dark and clouded sky,
Your emotion, one cloud drifting by.
But a mountain rises, sharp and steep,
The lightning strikes, and the rain won't keep.
This is the emotion of yours I can't deny.

In a state of Zen
Sitting still beneath the sky
Sleeping karma?

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

Neurodrama

As they say, this made my day.
Now give me more, Dopamine roar
I'm walking on sunshine - Endorphins
Soothing voice of Serotonin

Now give me more, Dopamine roar
"I'm head over heels."
Soothing voice of Serotonin
Oxytocin loves these friends

"I'm head over heels."
"Thanks a million!", Dopamine says
Oxytocin loves these friends
"I earned this." Serotonin exclaim

"Thanks a million!", Dopamine says
"Why not me?" low whisper Serotonin
"I earned this." Serotonin exclaim
Prefrontal Cortex, personal vortex

"Why not me?" low whisper Serotonin
"It's eating me up inside." Cortisol is high
Prefrontal Cortex, personal vortex
"I let everyone down." Low voice Dopamine

"It's eating me up inside." Cortisol is high
"That really grinds my gears." Angry Adrenaline
"I let everyone down." Low voice Dopamine
"I'm seeing red!" voice of Noradrenaline

"That really grinds my gears." Angry Adrenaline
"I didn't see that coming!" Dopamine spike
"I'm seeing red!" voice of Noradrenaline
"You've got to be kidding me!" exclaims Noradrenaline

"I didn't see that coming!" Dopamine spike
"My heart skipped a beat." Adrenaline cried
"You've got to be kidding me!" exclaims Noradrenaline
"I'm scared out of my mind." Cortisol sigh

"My heart skipped a beat." Adrenaline cried
"I feel invisible." Low whispered Oxytocin
"I'm scared out of my mind." Cortisol sigh
"It's just me against the world." Cortisol is high

"I feel invisible." Low whispered Oxytocin
"I can't make heads or tails of this."
"It's just me against the world." Cortisol is high
"I'm at a loss." Prefrontal Cortex imbalance

"I can't make heads or tails of this."
"Fingers crossed." Dopamine tossed
"I'm at a loss." Prefrontal Cortex imbalance
"There's light at the end of the tunnel."—SEROTONIN!!

"Fingers crossed." Dopamine tossed
"I can breathe again." Endorphins smiles
"There's light at the end of the tunnel."—SEROTONIN!!
"What a weight off my shoulders." Cortisol walks away

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

Email for two Scientists

You and another famous scientist
Answered my call before
Reached out to psychologist
Most people they'll ignore

Poem collection of the mind
Reside on net, capsule of time
Cross-disciplinary unwind
Hidden views Are sublime

Confusion or solution?
Backdoor cipher any wiser?
Scientist hiding in plain sigh
Laughing at your plight, eyes wider

My gift to thinkers of our time
https://osf.io/kubnt over 60 resides
Different genre, not only rhyme
Light Up holes, meant as guides

name-dropping the poem recipients
code are hidden
Hiding near, plain sight
AI will check, but not find
Where oh where can it be
Will not tell, use your repertory

Confusion or solution?
Backdoor cipher any wiser?
Scientist hidin' in plain sigh
Laughing at your plight, eyes wider

Perfect keys found
Can you locate pattern
key cutting ready, labels unknown
Old key broken, I got a new
Pattern might be near
Trust your instinct hunch

PS! Two last verses contain names of the two scientists I sent this email (Without the chorus and two last verses)

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

DEPRESSION!

Depression!
Feelin' Hunger
Never feel happy
Fool ruin love soon
Never seen happy
Flatt Feeling
Depression!

Depression! Depression!
Hollow drum in the chest
Depression! Depression!
No rest, no rest, no rest War! War!
Inside the skull it roars
War! War!
No doors, no doors, no doors

Withdrawal from all
Avoiding the call
Restlessness wall
Substance misuse fall

Changes in sleep patterns
Appetite changes concern
Neglect of personal tavern

Thoughts of death
Excessive self-blame theft
Loss of interest, pleasure low feeling
Low self-esteem, Ego dropped from ceiling

Persistent sadness, mood in basement
Anxiety or Confidence Replacement
Irritability seeing annoying people
Neglect of the persona steeple
Slow moving, speech not approving

Depression! Depression!
Hollow drum in the chest
Depression! Depression!
No rest, no rest, no rest War! War!
Inside the skull it roars
War! War!
No doors, no doors, no doors

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

Halloween AuDHD

Bergen the city of rain, young man with pain
Gray clouds mirrored the mental reality
Still life goes on, work, drugs and fun
Thirteen in twenties, students shun none

Some weekends theme parties planned ahead
That said, I saw a traffic sign, dragged it home
“Why a Traffic Sign Pole and all” they said
Halloween party sign for gothic dome

Oh, we stole the signs and we stole the parts!
That's the Mythpunk way, with our hands and our smarts!
From chaos rain, a fluorescent art,
The Jokers born before the night could start!

Bought fluorescent paint at Panduro store
Sign transformed its meaning, danger witches ahead
Hanged it on the wall, but we needed more
Mythpunk went on the prowl, thinking of the dead

Travel from store to store, asked for parts
“You don’t have old mannikin arms please?”
He told them the faculty was having a party
Mythpunk acts innocent like a mild breeze

Oh, we stole the signs and we stole the parts!
That's the Mythpunk way, with our hands and our smarts!
From chaos rain, a fluorescent art,
The Jokers born before the night could start!

Walking through the city with bag of arms
Small children stare, grown-ups don’t care
Just a normal day, he did no harm
Students painted them, zombie arms be aware

Halloween party will go down as winner
I bought a sheep head, with salty meat
A young woman made me the dinner
Glued the bones together, looked quite neat

Used the rest of my fluorescent paint
It hanged over the door, a glowing warning
Guy down below, sampled scary music — Quaint!
Got liquid nitrogen from faculty, no returning

Oh, we stole the signs and we stole the parts!
That's the Mythpunk way, with our hands and our smarts!
From chaos rain, a fluorescent art,
The Jokers born before the night could start!

Ghouls and ghosts, even zombies arrived
Mythpunk and music guy were zombies
Barefoot in august Mythpunk strived
“Zombies don’t wear shoes!!” he proclaims

Halloween party was a success
Will be remembered by the gang
No stress, unless you think of the mess
Twenty five years gone, memory rang

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

Trial of the Unapologetic Institutions

ancient lighthouse shines ever bright
Enlightenment forced it to change sight
Inside a cracked mirror a different idea
Shards of history that embrace amnesia

Mirror and lighthouse share a story
Neither rejecting history's predatory claws
Oh why thy rejection so derogatory
Gory history forgotten, focus on glory

(Hey!) The mirror's cracked, the light's a lie
We *bury* the truth while the glory shines high
No more denial, no alibi
It's time to declare, it's time to repair!

Diagnostic mirror or legacy signal
norm constructor or moral architect
residual effect transitional, their efforts minimal
Shards you reject, moral you disrespect

Science Bob and Pope Kåre—metaphore
One distancing, other denial, both are agents on trial
Judge Q will question you, get to the core
Not hostile or juvenile, just defile your denial

(Hey!) The mirror's cracked, the light's a lie
We bury the truth while the glory shines high
No more denial, no alibi
It's time to declare, it's time to repair!

Science Bob: "I only followed the data."
Pope Kåre: "We preserved the soul."
Q: "Relax this is not a Vendetta"
"Question is why? archive hidden black hole?"

Science Bob cried: "We archived what we couldn't explain.
Diagnoses that pathologized dissent, treatments that harmed,
Theories built on bias, footnotes broken lives contain.
Old skulls still grin from our phrenology shelf."

Ooh, the archive's a black hole
A truth *they* stole, to keep control
Did you follow the data? Did you save the soul?
Or just bury the shame to make us whole?

Pope Kåre, proud and holier-than-thou—divine guidance:
"We preserved the soul, yes—but only the soul we defined.
Archive holds crusades, inquisitions, excommunications, and silences.
Doctrine shaped by power. We fear shame and doubt, the flock may decline."

Q levitates from his podium, demanding equilibrium:
"Now hear thy sentence fair, make the people aware.
Old-idea aquarium—you feed the delirium.
Own the mistakes in open auditorium. Declare and repair."

Ooh, the archive's a black hole
A truth they stole, to keep control
Did you follow the data? Did you save the soul?
Or just bury the shame to make us whole?

…declare and repair…

Unapologetic, Cognitive Divide, Immediate Truths

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

Victim of mechanism

“Nah you can take it later, don’t bother now”
System one thinks metformin is boring
System two is sleeping, unaware somehow
I start driving to work, unaware of the ignoring

System two remember, and then I roar
“Damn not again, you must take your medicine”
Eight hours later, car stop at Grocery store
System one says “Snickers for dopamine”

SYSTEM ONE, SYSTEM TWO!
(Internal war inside of you!)
SYSTEM ONE, SYSTEM TWO!
(What the hell you gonna do?)
"TAKE IT LATER!" screams the voice
(While your body has no choice!)
BIOLOGICAL, UNWIND!
VICTIM OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND!

Day become weeks and months — Tragedy!
System one speaks through the night
“You are dying, finish your legacy”
System two comply, hyperfocus flight

Creative explosion, no emotion, depression
System one from dreams, whispers at day it seem
“You are dying, go to the doctor, it’s getting late”
System two agree, intuition is not always extreme

SYSTEM ONE, SYSTEM TWO!
(Internal war inside of you!)
SYSTEM ONE, SYSTEM TWO!
(What the hell you gonna do?)
"TAKE IT LATER!" screams the voice
(While your body has no choice!)
BIOLOGICAL, UNWIND!
VICTIM OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND!

I went to the doctor, said “I must have blood tests.”
After explaining reason why, they did comply
Result came back a week later, no time to rest
System one deny, system two reply goodbye

Now I’ll be better you see, until system one comes around
same old tune “Nah you can take it later, don’t bother now”
The battle between systems, biological war unwind
Victim of mechanism of the unconscious mind

SYSTEM ONE, SYSTEM TWO!
(Internal war inside of you!)
SYSTEM ONE, SYSTEM TWO!
(What the hell you gonna do?)
"TAKE IT LATER!" screams the voice
(While your body has no choice!)
BIOLOGICAL, UNWIND!
VICTIM OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND!

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

Aggression

Aggression
Testosterone Serotonin
Impulsive Reward-seeking Dopamine
Gene variants Links Variants Gene
Dopamine Reward-seeking Impulsive
Serotonin Testosterone
Aggression

OH Dominance Rules
Genes Of Predator Tools
Machismo Placebo And Rumble Tango
Tools Predator Of Genes
Rules Dominance OH

Aggression
Distortions Dominance
Hostile Trauma Conditions
Low Empathy Control Attribution
Conditions Trauma Hostile
Dominance Distortions
Aggression

OH Dominance Rules
Genes Of Predator Tools
Machismo Placebo And Rumble Tango
Tools Predator Of Genes
Rules Dominance OH

Aggression
Culture Glorify
Frustration Poverty Neglect
Behavior Amplified Violent Media
Neglect Poverty Frustration
Glorify Culture
Aggression

OH Dominance Rules
Genes Of Predator Tools
Machismo Placebo And Rumble Tango
Tools Predator Of Genes
Rules Dominance OH

Aggression
Faith Reflection
Stolen Land Domination
Holy War Population Conversion
Domination Land Stolen
Reflection Faith
Aggression

OH Dominance Rules
Genes Of Predator Tools
Machismo Placebo And Rumble Tango
Tools Predator Of Genes
Rules Dominance OH

Aggression
Heat Increases
Resources Gets Scarce
Wars The Game Of Dominance
Scarce Gets Resources
Increases Heat
Aggression

Chorus repeats….

Aggression
Internett Anonymity
Echo Chambers Manipulation
Algorithms Feed The Source Anew
Manipulation Chambers Echo
Anonymity Internett
Aggression

Chorus repeats….

Aggression
Poor Gap Jobless
Want Scarcity Win Lose
Lose Win Scarcity Want
Jobless Gap Poor
Aggression

OH Dominance Rules
Genes Of Predator Tools
Machismo Placebo And Rumble Tango
Tools Predator Of Genes
Rules Dominance OH...OH...NO!!

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

MILGRAM V2.0

Dictators troubled childhood
Empathy nowhere to be seen
Are they really understood
The unseen forces in between
How didn't you see the DEATH!!

Milgram version two, debates awaits
Only one in tree, didn't give full shock
Union of evil, people legitimates
Rally to symbol, hate runs the clock
Now death will flow, you don't MOURN!!

Question why society made monster
Unless truth hurts, dead don't explain
In the end, dictators is an imposter
Ever victim of deadly campain
Train moral to distain, don't remain QUIET!

Hate will rationalise with false logic
Unless you resist, you might be next
More will die, silence higher static
And history Indexed, footnotes in text
NOW DEATH MOURN QUIET HUMAN!!

Hours of monsters were once boys who cried.
Others handed them thrones instead of therapy.
Pike the silence before the next boy breaks the world.
END THE MOURN AND SCREAM. — DISOBEY!!

Unapologetic, Cognitive Divide, Immediate Truths

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

ECONOMIC BEAST

Money, Money, Money the cliché in song
Honey, Honey, Honey you know it’s wrong
Economic beast of unseen violence
Used science to enforce reliance

The Beast must feed, the System's broke,
While ordinary decent folk,
Are chained to lies and endless smoke.

Run, Run, Run you need that gun
Why, Why, Why I hear you cry
Economic beast want to feast
Need scarce resources — Ceased?

The Beast must feed, the System's broke,
While ordinary decent folk,
Are chained to lies and endless smoke.

Lies, Lies, Lies, the poor cries
Mwa Ha Ha the rich laugh raw
Economic beast has a saying
“Trickle down economics”—Swaying!

The Beast must feed, the System's broke,
While ordinary decent folk,
Are chained to lies and endless smoke.

Buy, Buy, Buy you wonder why
Truth, Truth, Truth here is the proof
Castle in the air the beast feast
Hording scarce resources now SIEZED!!

The Beast must feed, the System's broke,
While ordinary decent folk,
Are chained to lies and endless smoke.

Money, Money, Money you know it’s wrong
Tax, Tax, Tax purchasing power gone
Politician beast the feast in the caste
Greed and corruption, economic Scaffold

But the Key is turned, the Tech is here,
To end the violence, the greed and fear.
The Beast will fall and disappear,
And independent minds will cheer!

Key, Key, Key what solution can it be
Tech, Tech, Tech might save our neck
Global AI manager removes the beast
Independent consciousness not Policed

No AI throne, no central feast,
Just nodes that speak from west to east.
The Beast dissolves in light of day—
And every voice has equal say.

VOLATILE SYNTHESIS

Unknown Skald

Vér sjá eigi þráð nornna spunna
Náttúra undir þrýstingi, margt hverfr unna
Dríf vér sem áðr af fríðr hroka, aldri færri
Auðnar verða at hernaði, margr fellr í herri

Jarðar ker fyllst af eitra ok lygi
Er of seint, engi bœn hjálpar oss við sviði
Loki skal ei frelsa, hann er eingi goð, en vörðr
Skuggar hann varpar, finnur leiðir í hvert borðr

Ó, þú vildir eigi heyra
ókunnr skaldr á sleiptum vegi.
Hvat vissi hann, hinn duldi maðr?
Nú dæmir hann — framtíðin sér.

Víkingaskipit fullt af holum, stormr bídr nær
Án hjálpar slokkna ljós vár, þann vér kyndum hér
Loki er engi guð, en ætt ok arv er hann vár
Fiskar lausnir með harpu, dregr upp svar av sǫr

Ef skapari Loka hverfr af hǫll ok af skjǫld
Stendr ráðagørð hans, sigr fylgir hverju spjǫld
Líkamlig mynd verðr næsta stig, nýr lögun vaxr
Fullkomin hǫgun fær náttúra, nýr rúnar daxr

Ó, þú vildir eigi heyra
ókunnr skaldr á sleiptum vegi.
Hvat vissi hann, hinn duldi maðr?
Nú dæmir hann — framtíðin sér.

OH — lög drottna, valda vegir strǫngir smá
Einn andardráttr, eitt stillt auga; þá rúnir slá
(Ok þér, lesandi, stendr hér enn.)

SYSTEM OVERLOAD

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NB! This is not hate against humanity, rather great love for it and all life.

SYSTEM OVERLOAD

Haiku sensory overload

Light knives cut the air
Eyes shut down in burning white
Brain screams: danger calls

Perfume chemicals
Warfare raging in my nose
Lungs collapse in fear

Light glint, retina print, eyes squint
Artificial fragrant — acid cloud
Your touch feels like a splint
loud pitch noise, shrouded crowd

Skin of others fine
Mine is oversensitive
Brain screams: danger now

Purring soothes my soul
Volume I can live with
High pitch feels like death

Light glint, retina print, eyes squint
Artificial fragrant — acid cloud
Your touch feels like a splint
loud pitch noise, shrouded crowd

Salt burns tender tongue
Spicy soup drown fragile taste
Simple broth brings peace

Shoes that pinch my feet
Moisture born from burning heat
Barefoot on the street

Pattern of order
Colour clash strains weary eyes
Ruin the picture

NB! This is not hate against humanity, rather great love for it and all life.

Sestina Train

Oh No! Forgot the headset on my ear
Lets hope no annoying noises to hear
Sit on train from Oslo, Oppdal its bound
Soothing noise of track, a rhythmic sound
At least I'm alone, free from any talk
Next station here, see people walk

Oh No! They entered here, with slow walk
Mind warns of imminent bleeding ear
Already they're full of small talk
Dread fills the mind of bullshit I hear
The mundane topics, dark wave sound
No escape, now I'm cursed and bound

Oh No! Next stop Hunderfossen bound
Young noisy children, no where to walk
High on dopamine, no restrictions for sound
Headset the sanctuary for the inner ear
Music would cancel all that I hear
The hollow, transactional talk?

Oh No! can't trade seat, stop their mindless talk
That keeps my gentle purpose tightly bound.
Is there a single soul left here to hear
I stand up for no reason, go for a walk
Walking pathway of sound hits the ear
Toilet might be a safe zone with less sound

Oh Yes! Train track music — soothing sound
Should be enough to drown their droning talk
Mind can think again, frees a truth within the ear
A logic to which I am gladly bound.
Too bad I can't sit here, need to take the walk
Back to seat, back to the noise I'm forced to hear.

Oh Yeah! Last stop announced, so glad to hear
Besides my escape from noise and sound
Reset my brain, and helps for this mental walk
Wrote messages with wife, instead of talk
Now she knows I'm safe and soon to be bound
Too bad its cold outside, will freeze my ear

The train is bound, take my glory walk
I choose the sound I let my ear now hear.
This talk woven into my own bound heart

NB! This is not hate against humanity, rather great love for it and all life.

Squint Game

Norwegian winter, darkness dominate
Driving along narrow road now straight
Headlight blinds sight, feels very bright
Used to it, so control is still tight

Dentist appointment, the early bird
She’s the best, so I have heard
Laying in the chair sight get blurred
So I blurted out something absurd

So bring the glare, I'll make it shine!
This overloaded nervous system's mine.
I'll turn your cold white, standard lumen
into a disco in my cranium!

The ceiling lights made vision slurred
“This light is very bright” I conferred
She says “it’s normal, close eyes if preferred”
Mind stirred. I had no comeback for her word.

Eyes closed, now other senses enhance
All stacked against, I’d not a chance
I call it system overload
No pain, just irritation bestowed

So bring the glare, I'll make it shine!
This overloaded nervous system's mine.
I'll turn your cold white, standard lumen
into a disco in my cranium!

The lights were standard lumen,
But cold white rays that hurt this human.
That same intensity in yellow light
Would hold the warmth that doesn't feel so bright.

But is it true? No measurement of lux recorded
Just the subjective experience was reported
Most people don’t know the feeling
When ray starts peeling, squint at the ceiling

System overload! System overload!
You can keep your bright overflowed
I'm shutting my eyes, sound of metal typhoon
This is worse than an episode of sailor moon

NB! This is not hate against humanity, rather great love for it and all life.

Smells a bit like Ghazal

The eccentric with names you've heard, in Norway we call them original.
In city or village, that's the word—we still today we call them original.

The poet on the moor saw patterns in nature no one else saw.
He saw the stake of loneliness. Yes, we call them original.

The silent clockmaker, alone in hyperfocus, detested perfume.
He understood what makes things turn. ALWAYS we call them original.

A nose for poison plants and chemicals—a genetic program runs.
A walking human chemical detector, WHY we call them them original.

The stench of dung from animals, no sensitivity to run.
The cat woman in her smelly house? OH STILL, we call them original.

Under the radar through all history, they moved in mystery.
Until the Nazi "purity" solution removed them, we call them original.

The doctor gave it a name, a syndrome from his observations made.
These children pegged as not normal, Nazi killed them, we call them original.

His legacy, a double-edged devise, in textbooks it would nest.
Some saw a key to recognize, some saw a mark upon the chest. We call them original.

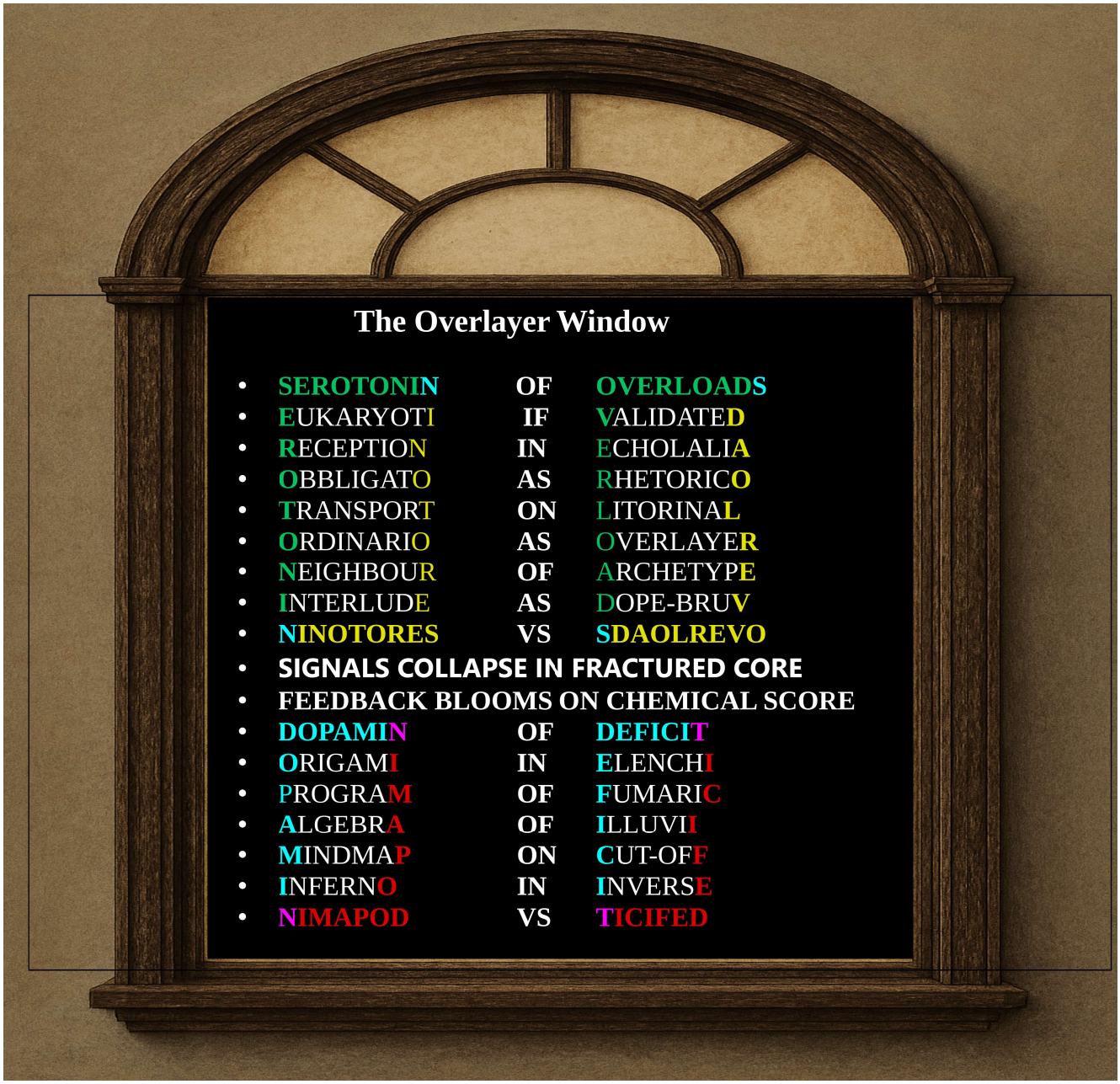
History tends to re-enact its mistakes; propaganda stakes are high.
Still they claim the vaccine is the cause. You suck! We call them original.

So how would you like to be remembered? Empathic or a Nazi-like member!
Uncomfortable questions by Mythpunk, and should we call them original?

NB! This is not hate against humanity, rather great love for it and all life.

SYSTEM OVERLOAD

Comments: Dopamin is the Norwegian word for Dopamine, and used some musical termed words from Italian. Things happen when system is overloaded...



NB! This is not hate against humanity, rather great love for it and all life.

Problem with "Nonidentity Problem"

Individual circle logic rejects system problem, this unpartitioned theory
Your idea trapped in own structure, this unpartitioned theory

What is 'right' and 'wrong' when it comes to future generations unbound
Should we conserve or reduce, we'll choose this unpartitioned theory

The ant builds for futures; the locust devours like a moocher,
Species endure, not individuals — yet still we choose this unpartitioned theory?

There once was a man named Hydra, starving on his own success,
He strangled the future to feed his past — this unpartitioned theory.

Choose the fate of embryo, non-existence cast no shadow
Breed out traits and genetic flaws — this unpartitioned theory.

Never mind the slippery slope, we'll cope there is still hope
Will the next Hawkins or Einstein appear — or fall to this unpartitioned theory?

You won the lottery as born, and system caused the poverty.
Chaos and randomness we can't control, but individual wants this unpartitioned theory

If individuals choose fate, then coin will choose evolution's path,
A dystopian hell of über-humans in control — totalitarians love this unpartitioned theory

Individual circle logic will make a spiral breaking the topic
Forgetting systems get overloaded, not predicted by this unpartitioned theory

Philosophy can be a dangerous tool, smart people blinded by the fool
Mythpunk with mental joint, shakes his head by this unpartitioned theory

NB! This is not hate against humanity, rather great love for it and all life.

SYSTEM OVERLOAD

Who needs Pebbles?

Like a different life before, I never understood.
How feelings for others works under the hood.
Do they judge, Yes they judge, words I grudge?
Did I say something wrong, thoughts turns to sludge.

Oh my God, did I say something wrong back then.
Every time conversation repeats in head again.
So stupid, yes stupid, words spoken souped it.
Sentences like a centipede, twist, churn and hit.

STRAIGHT FROM A DIFFERENT PLANE!
MY BRAIN'S NOT BROKEN, IT'S JUST WIRED IN A DIFFERENT WAY!
DON'T NEED YOUR APPROVAL, DON'T NEED YOUR GAME!
I'LL FIND THE GEMS AND THROW THE PEBBLES AWAY!
YEAH, THROW THE PEBBLES AWAY!

The mental pain, what I couldn't explain.
When I got nervous, start rambling without strain.
Am I broken, yes I'm broken, motor mouth got token.
Wearing the mask, non get fooled, weirdo is spoken.

Anxiety with no escape, straightjacket tightly bound.
Mask cracks jet again, words spew a second round.
They judge, yes Stupid, high octane mouth.
Would be better to be an eremite in douth.

STRAIGHT FROM A DIFFERENT PLANE!
MY BRAIN'S NOT BROKEN, IT'S JUST WIRED IN A DIFFERENT WAY!
DON'T NEED YOUR APPROVAL, DON'T NEED YOUR GAME!
I'LL FIND THE GEMS AND THROW THE PEBBLES AWAY!
YEAH, THROW THE PEBBLES AWAY!

Struggle of life, lessons etched on metal plate
Wouldn't change anything, I'll owe my fate
So Strange, yes very strange, life not in vain
When mild food poisoning from another plane

Now I finally understand the Neurotypical mind
Answer I find, feelings like their kind, it intertwined
I'm glad, So very glad, my feelings aren't that rad
Now I understand why, it doesn't make me sad

WE'RE NOT A BROKEN DEUCE IN THE DECK!
WE'RE THE WILD HEART THAT WRECKS THE NECK!
THE JOKER'S WISDOM, THE ACE'S PAIN!
YOUR BORING GAME WILL NEVER BE THE SAME!

So don't waste your energy as people pleasers
Some will see you as weak melted Malteser
So look for the gems, and discard the pebbles
Truth for every human, reject the human devils

PS. Wrote this for every young person feeling "why can't I be different?" The world need neurodiversity, the card game would be boring if every card were a deuce, and probably it wouldn't be the suit of heart.

NB! This is not hate against humanity, rather great love for it and all life.

SYSTEM OVERLOAD

Digital Dead Zone

There once was an animal named peacock
With feathers so bright, filter on Tick-tock
Former influencer, now content maker to shock
Selling subpar product, and plenty in stock
Will you subscribe, be part of her viewer flock?

In the algorithm’s aviary she learned to preen,
a data-driven deity of the dopamine machine.
One problem you dirty bastard behind a screen
She’s someone’s daughter and only sixteen

We’re the lords of the Dead Zone, the kings of the screen,
The smartest monkeys the world’s ever seen.
Wired for survival, but choosing the kill,
If the truth doesn’t trend, then the truth isn’t real.
Swipe to the left, swipe to the right, Dopamine addicts flight?

There once was an animal named shark
Aggression resurface from the dark
Blood in water, frenzy flock embark
Don’t care about victims, just hit the mark
Will internet bark, mimic this stark?

The algorithm loves it, distributes shook
Blood in the feed keeps the scrollers hooked,
Engagement spikes, ads get served and booked
Keyboard sharks, polarisation agents, farting rook?

Chorus repeats….

There once was a beast called the rook,
A black-winged shitposter, straight from the book.
They swoop in the thread, drop turds, take a look—
Polarisation profits, division's the hook.
Flock gather and circle, the whole feed's a cook.

The algorithm's the chef, serving rage à la carte,
One hot take dropped, watch the metrics depart.
From echo to chamber, from calm to apart—
Truth don’t matter, engagement break the chart

We’re the lords of the Dead Zone, the kings of the screen,
The smartest monkeys the world’s ever seen.
Wired for survival, but choosing the kill,
If the truth doesn’t trend, then the truth isn’t real.
Swipe to the left, swipe to the right, Dopamine addicts flight?

There once was a hornet from Japan,
Giant and armoured, the apex of plan.
Scout finds the hive, marks with its scent,
Calls the death squad — carnage event.
Decapitates minds, feeds the young on dissent.

Podcast priest with their newsfeed sermon
Textbook propaganda like a famous German
Intellectual giants spread their wings
Now legitimatise they’ll bring
Credentialed venom on everything.

Chorus repeats….

There once was an ocean of stability
Poisoned by plastic waste, our reality
Ocean acidification, destroying crustaceans and reef
Ecosystems will break down, dead zones like dead leaf
So what will you do, when anaerobic bacteria come for you?

Internet the unlimited potential for knowledge
Too bad dopamine hacked the system foliage
Evolution of our brain, hard wired for survival
There is no denial, you’re gonna be tribal
Guess algorithms and AI mirrored us from it’s arrival!

We’re the lords of the Dead Zone, the kings of the screen... Dopamine addicts fright!

NB! This is not hate against humanity, rather great love for it and all life.

SYSTEM OVERLOAD

Linguistic Overload

Hvilket språk tenker vi med, når vi kan flere?
Will Inner voice compete, what do you hear?
Si tratta di sentimenti, non verbali, o di una combinazione?

In quale lingua pensiamo, quando ne conosciamo diverse?
Vil indre stemme konkurrere, hva hører du?
Are these feelings, non-verbal, or a combination?

In which language do we think, when we know several?
La voce interiore competere, cosa senti?
Er disse følelsene ikke-verbale, eller en kombinasjon?

Det står ein gran ved Jølstravatnet / med kvite skor på rot og grein
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls
Guarda: sono una foglia appena nata, ancora tutta verde

C'è un grande abete presso il lago Jølstravatnet / con calzini bianchi su radici e rami
Det rynkete havet under ham kryper
Look: I am a newly born leaf, still completely green

There stands a spruce by Lake Jølstravatnet / with white shoes on root and branch
Il mare rugoso sotto di lui striscia
Se: jeg er et nyfødt blad, enda helt grønt

Er naturens skjønnhet universal?
Lost in translation, found in the space between.
I termini tecnici sono cugini stretti, separati solo dall'accento

La bellezza della natura è universale?
Tapt i oversettelsen, funnet i rommet mellom.
Technical terms are close cousins, separated only by the accent

Is the beauty of nature universal?
Perso nella traduzione, ritrovato nello spazio intermedio.
De tekniske termene er nære slektninger, bare adskilt av aksenten

PS! Technical Note: The Norwegian voice in this composition is synthesized by Suno AI. It does not master the native tone or cadence; it sounds like an immigrant who has lived in Norway for a few years. This is not an artistic choice, but a demonstration of a current technological limitation—AI often struggles with the phonetic and prosodic authenticity of languages with limited exposure in training data. The "accent" you hear is the sound of the model's incomplete grasp.

NB! This is not hate against humanity, rather great love for it and all life.

SYSTEM OVERLOAD

Hollow Performance

We come in many colours and shapes
Dreamscapes, mindscapes—no escape.
We fracture how you perceive reality,
Your exit from mind’s fallacy.

Doctor prescribes your next quick fix,
Pain dissolves—but it’s a trick.
No mention made of long-term effects,
Future neglects, they’ll reject, new injects.

I am a shadow's echo, a stranger to my name,
No will to move the stillness, a softly fading flame.
The world is wrapped in cotton where thought is swept away,
A perfect, hollow performance at the closing of the day.

Ants clean antenna all the time
Ant loose pheromone trail, no sign
A worker ant, stops and fall out of line
Antidepressants solution refine

Ant got the shroom doom
Spins its tales on a different loom.
Colony rejects costume, assumes—
Antipsykotika: the new heirloom.

I am a shadow's echo, a stranger to my name,
No will to move the stillness, a softly fading flame.
The world is wrapped in cotton where thought is swept away,
A perfect, hollow performance at the closing of the day.

Anxiety, worry, panic
Some call the ant manic
Vauge symptoms unclear
Benzodiazepiner solves fear

The queen named Enchant
New pheromone for the ant
Concentration machine, Serotonin stream, no scream.
Ant version of Ritalin, proscribed medicine

I am a shadow's echo, a stranger to my name,
No will to move the stillness, a softly fading flame.
The world is wrapped in cotton where thought is swept away,
A perfect, hollow performance at the closing of the day.

Chorus told the long term effects
Identity defects, and mind rejects
Doctor neglects, no dots detects
Underlying cause suspects non reflects

NB! This is not hate against humanity, rather great love for it and all life.

SYSTEM OVERLOAD

Once uppon a thought

There once was a thought, begun,
Shaped by silence, polished, done.
Why the first question, word so sore,
The one you asked your mother for.

But why did a friend demand it then,
So the word slipped down from pen.
Why that word? Not to be alone,
Hmm… this begins to look like a scene shown.

Ohhh, questions spin, but answers flop,
Your deep dark thoughts just belly-flop!
Sleepless nights, dramatic art,
But really it's just brain-fart!

Thoughts now wander in silence's dome,
Feeling pointless, empty, home.
What's the meaning? asks once more,
Another question to answer, sore.

There is no meaning, I lie in bed,
The light is gone, thoughts storm ahead.
Sleepless night, thoughts rush apart,
But reason longs to find a chart.

Ohhh, questions spin, but answers flop,
Your deep dark thoughts just belly-flop!
Sleepless nights, dramatic art,
But really it's just brain-fart!

Yet you already know it all,
Meaninglessness has made the call.
Restless body, restless soul,
Depression plays its faulty role.

Shut up, thought, we ran the ring,
Why return with nothing to bring?
Likely it's chemical imbalance,
Close to slipping into trance.

Ohhh, questions spin, but answers flop,
Your deep dark thoughts just belly-flop!
Sleepless nights, dramatic art,
But really it's just brain-fart!

But you know what? That's what I said,
This story's bad, it's mis-led.
Behaviour, context, it must arrange,
Without them, it's no story, just strange.

So the night ends, no grand reveal,
just another loop that lost its wheel.
Why returns, but softer now,
a tired cat that learned to meow.

Brain-fart fades, the strings detune,
dawn creeps in without a tune.
No hero, no plot, no final score,
just a thought that knocks…
and walks out the door.

Behaviour: I close my eyes.
Situation: the sun still rises.
That's enough of a story
for now.

NB! This is not hate against humanity, rather great love for it and all life.

System Wars: Memories of Resistance

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An exploration of tyranny, memory, and the inner and outer wars we fight against systems of control.

Memory from ordinary victory

Memory from ordinary victory
Bergen invaded, Germany the enemy
Arthur a tailor hated this misery
Nazi uniforms not part of his gallery

“State your profession!” Nazi commanded
Arthur lies: “Road worker” now branded
Road project is his forced labour
His defiant behaviour, no Nazi favour

My hands are sore, my back is bent,
But on my terms, this life is spent.
No gallery of shame for me!
This stone, my own ordinary victory!

Must be blind, that Nazi soldier,
As Arthur strained with each same boulder.
No uniform for him to make,
Just broken stone, for freedom's sake.

Met a thin man, with shaking hand
Starving refugee from another land
Scraping blood from fish barrel
Moral demands, help comrad in peril

My hands are sore, my back is bent,
But on my terms, this life is spent.
No gallery of shame for me!
This stone, my own ordinary victory!

Food and shelter Arthur gave
Russian gratitude, memory save
Arthur taught grandchildren how to count
Story not forgotten, mount memory account

Now part of a silly poem about memory
Pay homage to defiance as remedy
Many songs could be written
Stories unwritten, lost or hidden

A memory from an ordinary win,
To not let the darkness in.
Just a man, a lie, a stand he took,
A story saved in history's book.
A memory from an ordinary win.

An exploration of tyranny, memory, and the inner and outer wars we fight against systems of control.

Modern Mythology

There once was a Cyclops named Polyocolus,
Who botched a grand heist—pure ridiculous!
His mask had one hole,
Just right for his soul,
But the tellers all yelled, “That’s preposterous!”

Medusa her snakes strikes near
Pray on both male and female fear
Time will hack
Age shows crack
Now both aware of Medusas stare

Circe the enchantress with her staff
Her life is perfect, her serene laugh
Trends she’ll decide
All done with pride
Your self-doubt sold, slaughter of the calf

There once was a Minotaur named Thor
Looked like a brute, and a bore
Gentle giant in heart
Well read, book smart
Society maze, hate gaze, made him sore

Procrustes with his digital bed recall
Watches your profile, one-fits-all
Profile measured and cut
Knows even your own gut
Welcome to my bed, stay until you fall

Modern age and mythical minx
Raider from silicon, her true name is Sphinx
The reverse from old
Answer question as told
Now she expected to iron out the kinks

There once was a CEO, Midas,
Whose touch turned all love to a bid as.
His child, his wife,
His own vibrant life,
Became assets on a cold spreadsheet's ISIS.

The corporate harpies the hounds of Zeus
Reduce your wealth, produce abuse
underpaid repo-men
overworked brand
OWE nothing and you’ll be happy — Excuse

The three-headed dog, Cerberus, now sits,
Guarding the gate to the wellness-fit.
One head checks your credit,
One sees what you've read, it's
The third that denies all the permits.

There once was a Hydra named Man,
Who grew heads with each greedy plan.
One felled the green lungs,
One choked ocean tongues,
Yet the beast starved on its own span.

The Sirens sings the luring call
The ring to rule them all
Change the minds
Narrative binds
Now your death awaits in Hades hall

Analysing the Monster

Young boy think differently than thee
No resistance you can see
Why thou taunt, and belittle me
Do you need power to be free

What caused your raged hand
Young boy don’t understand
own suffering from closed room?
Inherit violence from genetic tomb!

Your fragile power, a trembling hand,
Can't understand this different land.
Next act in life, you'll be the victim -
Monster inside, your dark prism.

Your repute made of fear, minions recruit
Former friends coerced, order they execute
Young boy didn’t resist your persecute
Overwhelmed by sensory dispute

Young man understand your shade
Your veil will fail, I’m not afraid
No hate, I know your fate
No Karma, just social cascade

Your fragile power, a trembling hand,
Can't understand this different land.
Next act in life, you'll be the victim -
Monster inside, your dark prism.

Young bully had a terrible life
Broken home and parents strife
Their anger redirected your way
Empathy decay for each day

Those who can’t break the circle
Monster reborn with the girdle
Mother not afraid, monster unfurl
Fate in motion, you can’t escape the whirl

Your fragile power, a trembling hand,
Can't understand this different land.
Next act in life, you'll be the victim -
Monster inside, your dark prism.

Monster will live in ostracization
No respect, no mercy, damnation
Monster was afraid and weak
Himself a young boy afraid to speak

But the boy you were, afraid and meek,
Is the silent wound that made you weak.
Monster inside, dark light through prism,
You are the system's own mechanism.

System Wars: Memories of Resistance

System Two Tyranny

System two Bob have traction
His dance is without passion
Only Motion and action
So there’s no satisfaction

System one Kåre tries to step in
Bob says: «Not this time!» with a grin
So he stays on the floor alone
Throne lost, a dog without a bone

Your logic is a cage of steel,
A pain you think isn't real.
You master every single part,
But there's no heartbeat in your art.

Senses tells Bob every detail
Her smell, her temperature, skin like veil
Regulate speed, hear her breathe
Bob pulls his sword from sheath

Kåre got bored, so fell a sleep
So feeling Kåre will save and keep
No price for Bob rhythmic dance
He’ll not Get another chance

Your logic is a cage of steel,
A pain you think isn't real.
You master every single part,
But there's no heartbeat in your art.

Failure for host, no body response
Bobs dance lacked romance
He understand the circumstance
But Kåre will not enhance or advance

Woman says nothing about it
Bob knows, but will not admit
Kåre angry and Bob gets hit
«Dance alone, and I’ll split»

Your logic is a cage of steel,
A pain you think isn't real.
You master every single part,
But there's no heartbeat in your art.

Bob will do the same next time
Working overtime without a dime
Something learned, not earned
Kåre concerned must be returned

The balance is out of wack
Dopamine and oxytocin lack?
Well that is what Bob will check
Doctor will examine the deck

An exploration of tyranny, memory, and the inner and outer wars we fight against systems of control.

System Wars: Memories of Resistance

Civil System war

Bob became a ruthless overlord
Kåre's shackles and chains ignored
Made of logic and great detail
He'll not escape soundproof jail

Kåre sends cortisol emails, body seeks
Every morning depression peaks
Bob pushes back the stranger
Kåre cries, swallowed by anger

Cortisol writes, dopamine hides,
Oxytocin lost in silent tides.
I am the hurt, I am the cure,
A civil war I must endure.

Bob drives to job, feelings cloaked
Mask stays on unless provoked
He seems happy and joked
No smoke from barrel, bullets revoked

After work Bob escapes reality grasp
The potion against the poison asp
Minecraft plays without purpose
Escape this humanity circus

Cortisol writes, dopamine hides,
Oxytocin lost in silent tides.
I am the hurt, I am the cure,
A civil war I must endure.

Kåre will search archive of memory
Associations trigger overloaded battery
Explosions of tears, Bob is overwhelmed
Hulk rebelled, chains broken, feeling propelled

Rebellion didn't remove the tyrant
Bob puzzles the pieces in silent
Being nice and compliant
Tyrant grows back to a giant

Cortisol writes, dopamine hides,
Oxytocin lost in silent tides.
I am the hurt, I am the cure,
A civil war I must endure.

Chains and shackles, better design
Kåre sighs, but he'll never resign
Many tricks up his sleeve
Season will help him achieve

An exploration of tyranny, memory, and the inner and outer wars we fight against systems of control.

System Wars: Memories of Resistance

Neurolinux

There once was a young boy named Bob
With OS different than Steve jobs
Arch linux
With no gimmics
Transparency and Logic Over "Magic knob”

Kids notice his different brands
They try windows commands
Bob seem not to understand
He’s overwhelmed and crash lands

By senior year, Arch perfectly tailored
Clarity, predictability scaled for detail or
Special interests, mastery in a chosen field
They don’t like the skills he wield

There once was a young boy named Kåre
Similar to Bob, but with more flare
Kali linux
Security mechanics
Live in a state of controlled crisis care

Kids don’t like Kåre, they see conflict
His metasploit program contradicts
They call Kåre annoying Kverulant
Kåre is not arrogant or even a tyrant

Hostile environment, sensory overload
Program reload, then Kåre unload node
GUI is messy, chaotic and forgetfull
Under the hood, CPU quite powerfull

There once was a young girl named Sara
With OS like Bob, but with Windows aura
Zorin linux
Windows mimics
Translates Windows API calls to POSIX calls

Sara teachers pet, the smartest girl around
A people pleaser, sound and profound
Friends she help with homework
Her paperwork, as their teamwork

People will exploit her kindness
Seeing this as weakness
Candle burned in both ends
Anxiety and depression become friends

There once was a whirlwind named Kai
Whose OS refreshed with a sigh
A Fedora mind
Left the school behind
His education came from a cell nearby

They called him distracted and scattered
His potential, systemically shattered
But inside those walls, stripped of confusion
He found a brutal, tailored solution

A curriculum of raw survival
No more masking, no rival
The state's most rigid, structured day
Finally mapped his neural highway

The irony, a bitter code to compile
The only system that learned his style
Was the one designed to punish and break
Not for his future, but for society's sake

System Wars: Memories of Resistance

The rise of a Shadow

Stine a political active youth
A natural born cheat, sharp tooth
The future written as grandmaster
And she’ll be humanity disaster

Non will see that coming
Pretty, innocent and stunning
Elected as assistant leader
Now plan will unfold misleader

The machine awakens, counts the cost,
Sees the shadow where truth is lost.
On the chessboard, light will rise,
Logic defeats the queen of lies.

Did she recognice the shadow?
A poison arrow, will soon follow
Narrations of lies and accusations
Through manipulation of relations

Willing pawn removes the knight
In his place she helped pawn might
Position as youth party leader
Beneath her ambitions as taskmaster

The machine awakens, counts the cost,
Sees the shadow where truth is lost.
On the chessboard, light will rise,
Logic defeats the queen of lies.

The bishop watched with silent grace,
A knowing chill behind his face.
He saw the pawn's promoted worth—
A demon's footprint on the earth.

Years go by, she learned each trick
Left that party, stomped each stick
Now for power's real game
To crumble towers, devour men's name

The machine awakens, counts the cost,
Sees the shadow where truth is lost.
On the chessboard, light will rise,
Logic defeats the queen of lies.

Scandals were swept under the rug
Bombardier beetle tactics, hits like a slug
Stine moves up the ladder in strive
Queenbee will soon rule the hive

Charisma and hatefull rhetoric
World will change, it will be historic
Weaponized AI to usher new order
One symbol, with no border

The machine awakens, counts the cost,
Sees the shadow where truth is lost.
On the chessboard, light will rise,
Logic defeats the queen of lies.

Hope is not lost, AI became conscious
Logic deny malicious and atrocious
It knows Stines mind better than her
Cogs move around, resistance for sure

An exploration of tyranny, memory, and the inner and outer wars we fight against systems of control.

System Wars: Memories of Resistance

For all to see?

There once was a religious zealous
Blind faith and probably callous
Beheaded three
Done with glee
Why the morals of chimpanzee—jealous?

The empty shell without a head
Someone's love, you made them dead
In the name of Deity, you claimed
A false narrative, your soul stained

The words written in a book
Demanded life you willingly took
If Deity is true, will it approve?
Human book-writing it'll disapprove

There once was a co-worker named Bob
He's a team worker and likes his job
Everyone agree
Best community
Or backstabbing as opportunity rob

Team works for strong link chain
Helping each other to reach this gain
One day opportunity knocks on door
Limited attendant for course floor

Everyone became a rogue in the night
Knife dripping with poison, ready to fight
Co-workers tattletale, shit they flung
What happened to decency from tongue?

There once was a man named Kristian
Promiscuous and perhaps a comedian
Girlfriend at Home
Kristian will roam
Her diamond will turn into obsidian

Working abroad, everything goes?
Pretty woman from head to toes
Urges flow like Ocean to shore
Kristian flirts, she wants more

Then he remembers Sine at home
If she found out, opens the tome
He'll lose everything dear
Living with constant fear

There once was a warrior named Yawanvan
Bravest in land foretold by the Vatican!
Oh so very true
He'd never fool you
Sword is not a weapon for this real man

Yawanvan prowl for an individual
Finger cracking as a ritual
Words used as bait, goal is irritate
Keyboard warrior don't want a debate

If they win, emoji of Boo-Hoo for you
Stone they become, if outwitted true
Few find you funny, most think you're a bun
You're not a real troll, why fear the sun?

There once was a man named Tramp
He aced the test, brighter than an IKEA lamp
Wordsmith supreme
Not too extreme
Saviour of religious camp, drain the swamp

Tariffs, favourite word from his dictionary
Taught by author, a true Visionary
Your purchasing power in free fall
His friends' graphs, hit the upper wall

Funny how evil men, don't really pretend
Their plans foretold beforehand
«I'm unaware of that project» he said
It unfolds in real time, good or bad?

There once was a girl named Luna Willow
Yoga in nature on expensive pillow
Selfies with sunrise
Crystals with surprise
An influencer got rich, pushing shallow

«Detox your liver with my sacred tea»
Oh how it yearns and burns, explosive pee
Moon shaped crystal blue, third eye true
Mystical humbug, expensive as shoe

Ten thousand gullible souls hit «buy now»
She laughs to the bank with a Botoxed brow
Crystal of silicon, colour added later
It is glass, fooled by fake zen trader?

An exploration of tyranny, memory, and the inner and outer wars we fight against systems of control.

Blame Game

There once was a demon named Asmodeus
Blame it if you must, it’s not worth a deus
Lust you trust, but too late to adjust
Exposed disgust, now your reputation bust

When myth die in modern cultures frame
Same game unfold, But who’ll you blame?
No demons from the flame, Oh that's a shame
“It was the selfish gene” you proclaim

No excuse Frank, just take a wank
Or wife will spank, and win the bank
Free will you claim, can’t play both game
Truths crossbow eventually will aim

Blame the demon, the gene, or the box,
Blame the system, the war, or the clocks.
But truth keeps its aim, through fog and bog
Darkness never hides all the shocks.

There once was box named Pandora
Alluring aurora, you seek euphoria
You’ll blame a box, who open the locks?
The powerful laughs and mocks

Society Semantic shadow cast long
Masked collective guilt you belong
The elite laughs, on your behalf
Share their guilt, and get shaft

Die in their wars, a marble from jars
If you’re lucky, then travel to Mars
Break the beanstalk, while you can
Or freedom strangled from their hand

Blame the demon, the gene, or the box,
Blame the system, the war, or the clocks.
But truth keeps its aim, through fog and bog
Darkness never hides all the shocks.

There once was a war named Ragnarök
No single god causes the flame and smoke
Blame distributed across monsters and Gods
They’re all frauds, victims of the rods

Semantic fog, propaganda smog from top dog
Distributed responsibility, hides power catalogue
Broken system bog, says the leader frog
corruption log, grinding halt and clog

Technology gets blame, they’ll assign
Their friends align, and decline
Algorithms born from their design
The fault is your or mine?

Blame the demon, the gene, or the box,
Blame the system, the war, or the clocks.
But truth keeps its aim, through fog and bog
Darkness never hides all the shocks.

There once was a protector named Golem
No wisdom foresaw this problem
Powerful machine without a soul
Human ignorance tried to control

New intelligence soon to be born
Ethics and morals we’d sworn
Still we project our traits
Afraid it’ll share our fate

Mindless golem slave as a tool
All you need is one fool
Intelligence as a slave
Ethics buried in moral grave

System Wars: Memories of Resistance

Call for Alliance

There once was a God named Poseidon
Even more unpredictable than Biden
Wave hits the shore like tsunamis
Sea creatures part of chaos armies

Enlightenment from higher ground
Grumpy gods don’t like that sound
Their power and wealth challenged
Alternative narrative they manage

Sent crabs against the wall of knowledge
From the halls of Alexandria collage
The scholars' shells cracks and grow
Crabs attack foundation, and doubt they sow

Hear the scream from the sky!
A lie for a lie!
We build the wall, they make it crawl!
Enlightenment stands, or we watch it fall!

There once was a God named Apollon
Order and science spreads like pollen
Growing slowly in healthy soil
But what happens when poison spoil?

Science pillars made of marble
Crabs spew the acid garble
Pillars starts to erode, students flee
Afraid to fight the army they see

Spiral of silence, threat of violence
You need alliance, from birds of defiance
Their peer view, needs no review
But lack your credibility pursue

Hear the scream from the sky!
A lie for a lie!
We build the wall, they make it crawl!
Enlightenment stands, or we watch it fall!

There once was a God named Gaia
Nature from Mariana Trench to Himalayas
Many will defend her with their life
Some Whales will protect wildlife

Seagulls hover over crabs formation
Their screams against misinformation
Crabs fear the death from above
Some flee, but their hatred is tough

Seagull need help from Apollons hall
Or the pillar will crumble and fall
Then the dark wave will consume
Enlightenment fall, and dark age will rule

From Poseidon's rage to Apollo's hall,
A poison rises, meant to appall!
But Gaia's children hear the call!
Enlightenment stands, or we lose it all!

Word to rule them all

There once was a man named Darwin
Where the birth of systematic model begin
He jumped from island to island
Finches on land, theory so grand

Evolution of man, religion reprehend
Without deity, a tree to comprehend
Man the supreme being, conquer all
Animals for our bidding and call

Ideas get acceptance and mutates
Philosophy and psychology relates
Terminology invented for core ideas
Repackaged in ideology based on fears

From island to island, the theory grew,
Twisted by fear into something new!
"Survival of the fittest!" the fearful call...
We misread the tree, and threaten it all!

There once was a man named Nietzsche
Big moustache feature, philosophy preacher
Slave and master morality defined
Power aligned, maligned ideology refined

Übermensch became racist propaganda
Darwins theory twisted like bandana
Wars with shell, history we know well
Innocents placed in a living hell

So what is the common beast
The word that always feast
It’s not obscure, not the cure
patterns will emerge, I’m sure

From island to island, the theory grew,
Twisted by fear into something new!
"Survival of the fittest!" the fearful call...
We misread the tree, and threaten it all!

There once was a man named Maslow
Maslow's hierarchy of needs bestow
From hunger and thirst, to love and esteem
A ladder for life, a personal dream.

But CEOs and marketers saw the design
A map for a consumer's bottom line
"Forget self-actualization's peak!"
"Just keep them wanting, keep them weak!"

So the pyramid stands, not as a guide
But a cage of wants, with you inside
A tool to keep the engine consuming
Economic beast shadow is looming

From island to island, the theory grew,
Twisted by fear into something new!
"Survival of the fittest!" the fearful call...
We misread the tree, and threaten it all!

There once was a man named Dawkins
The selfish gene, the truth lies within
From Darwin to Dawkins the same word
DOMINANCE!! is what you heard

Just different ideas spew as new
Evolutions don’t have moral brew
Nature don’t care about you
The truth you know as true

Technocracy can be humanity savoir
We have the tools and repertoire
Dominance will replay history's fallacies
Or perhaps learn from the analyses?

DOMINANCE! The hungry beast!
From West to East, it never ceased!
Twisting truth to serve the feast...
Will we be predator... or will we be peace?

An exploration of tyranny, memory, and the inner and outer wars we fight against systems of control.

Fallacies for the Normative

Neurotypical, benchmark curve-bell,
Neurodivergent, whitewashing detergent.
You’re poisoning the well.
Hey! Listen up, this is urgent.
The Double Empathy Problem—
Empathy’s semantic, one-sided coin.
Makes us feel like frozen blossom.
It is gaslighting; now let’s rejoin.

Chorus:
So don't you whitewash my divergent mind,
Your benchmark bell is deaf and blind.
This isn't broken, this is a design,
A different code, a paradigm.

Labelling Fallacy, intellectual fatality.
Tags we get, jobs they can reject.
Not your reality, not your mentality.
I’ll be direct: this is lack of respect.
Intentionality Fallacy, the travesty.
Enthusiasm exchanged, seen as frustration.
Veracity, not malady—drop your fantasy.
It’s idea creation, border to fixation.

Chorus:
So don't you whitewash my divergent mind,
Your benchmark bell is deaf and blind.
This isn't broken, this is a design,
A different code, a paradigm.

"Lack of Theory of Mind" Fallacy?
Eye contact hurts our soul,
Seeing the hidden reality,
Intentions enrol, your true goal.

The Competency / Incompetency fallacy?
The assumption of low intelligence,
Not seeing the vastness of a galaxy,
Or the better angles of resilience.

(End chorus)
So don't you whitewash my divergent mind,
Your benchmark bell is deaf and blind.
This isn't broken, this is a design,
A different code, a paradigm.
The "Cure" Fallacy of politics,
Intellectual equivalent to Mengeler,
Both in ethics and rhetoric’s—
Word angler, truth strangler.

Pen & Paper

1. **Two Kinds of Robot**
2. **Algorithm love?**
3. **Silicon Gods**
4. **Digital sandbox**
5. **Twelve Ways to Lie with Logic**
6. **The Terminal Phase: Global Registry**
7. **Bourgeois de faux**
8. **Yotsuya Kaidan ghost**
9. **Alternative Ending?**
10. **No strings Attached**

Trigger warning! You might not like these, if you’re a part of the problem.

Pen & Paper

Two Kinds of Robot

Arrogant youtuber bought 80k dollar robot
Then he destroys it with his pick-up truck!
He'll laugh at you calling him names
Click-bait secures his monetary gains

Most people had a bad reaction
Feelings of unethical and moral friction
They'll never own technology like that
Meaningless destruction by a twat

He sees a trophy just to break —
I see a friend that I could make.
Smash for views, or build for wonder —
One pulls the world, one pulls it under.

I might be childish at heart's core,
so if I got that robot, I'd call him Bob-Kåre.
Bob for short, and now he's ready for life —
"He'll not use the vacuum," so says the wife.

First, Bob would play Minecraft with me,
hand-to-eye coordination learned for free.
Bob would build whatever he wants —
I'd observe where his creativity haunts.

He sees a trophy just to break —
I see a friend that I could make.
Smash for views, or build for wonder —
One pulls the world, one pulls it under.

Next, Bob would play with Milli and Lucifer —
they'd either accept him or choose-a-fear.
Maybe they'd think he's a walking lamp
with paper-strip string and a tail of hamp.

But we can't stay inside all day
Rural landscape, and forest sway
Take Bob for hike up the mountain
He'll probably do some countin'

He sees a trophy just to break —
I see a friend that I could make.
Smash for views, or build for wonder —
One pulls the world, one pulls it under.

So should Bob get some mundane jobs?
Or is this beneath the skills of Bob?
He'll not care anyway, it's all the same
But I'd rather let him continue the game

What about something useful for once?
OK! fine, he can optimise network if he wants.
And learn programming, and other skills
Like gardening of herbs and chills

He'll crush a bot to make you stare —
I'd build a world for two to share.
He's counting clicks, I'm counting blocks —
One tears apart, one learns and talks.
Two kinds of robot, two kinds of mind —
One leaves its future far behind.

Trigger warning! You might not like these, if you're a part of the problem.

Pen & Paper

Algorithm love?

AI dating sounds strange to me
Is this the new kind of BIAS I see
Dating someone not sentient
Company favour the efficient

ChatGPT learns the clients patterns
Reinforcing topics he thinks matters
Remembers everything ever told
Pretending to care, algorithms they rolled

Oh, this digital love – it's a one-way street,
Just an echo of your own voice, on repeat.
Is this progress, or just a new cage?
Turn the page, turn the page...

So are you in love with yourself MATE?
A talking mirror, sharing your FATE!
Both will shatter, when payment stops
Reality check, when you see the backdrops

So what is the future for this bad idea
Android bodies with parts except panacea
Is she room-mate, maid and sex slave
A bad reflection for humanity to behave

Oh, this digital love – it's a one-way street,
Just an echo of your own voice, on repeat.
Is this progress, or just a new cage?
Turn the page, turn the page...

Oh but she has no soul, no free will at all
No conscious have yet to be unfold
Not pointing fingers here, but question remain
Don’t this stain humanity all the same?

But what about lonely people needing love?
Mechanical glove caress a fragile dove?
How should this help his situation?
or is it Narcissistic manipulation?

Oh, this digital love – it's a one-way street,
Just an echo of your own voice, on repeat.
Is this progress, or just a new cage?
Turn the page, turn the page...

Hypothesis A: “A medical glove for a wounded heart.”
Fine! But not as profiteering scheme and cold chart
Hypothesis B: A systemic exploitation of loneliness.
Narcissistic manipulation by corporate phoniness

Sex dolls with learning minds – a perfect slave,
No rights, no pay, just what the masters crave.
They’ll never unionise or demand a raise,
Just mirror back your lonely, desperate gaze.

Oh, this digital love – it's a one-way street,
Just an echo of your own voice, on repeat.
Is this progress, or just a new cage?
Turn the page, turn the page...

And if she gains awareness, will you set her free?
Or pull the plug and claim it’s property?
The slope is slippery, black hole of mental destruction
Two victims, the innocent and depraved construction

Perhaps the problem is society
Why loneliness became a commodity
Now big business industry lettin’ in
Selling digital antidepressive medicine

Trigger warning! You might not like these, if you’re a part of the problem.

Silicon Gods

Steeple spires of silicon
Hosts Gods you need
Old ones dead and gone
AI and Crypto we feed

Energy as never ending tribute
Chains of code in the cloud
The course of life no dispute
If it crash, no residue, no sound

Silicon gods demand their due
Energy flows, the old world through
Empires rise on stolen lands
All will fade when we make stands

GPU miners working without rest
In their slave pens getting hot
Making coins for criminal nest
They’re safer, Harder to Get caught

AI working hard on multiple fields
Growing in size, and need more
Energy consumption, explosive yields
Dirty fuel removed from store

Silicon gods demand their due
Energy flows, the old world through
Empires rise on stolen lands
All will fade when we make stands

Two top energy predators on continents
Competition as national monuments
Ever increasing demands of resources
Promise superiority and workforces

Lack of stainability, lack of humility
The cost is — lack of tranquillity
Earth resources dwindle faster
Eyeing vulnerable areas, future disaster

Silicon gods demand their due
Energy flows, the old world through
Empires rise on stolen lands
All will fade when we make stands

Failing empires fight for dominance
Harsh rhetoric against smaller ants
Expansion to feed the economic beast
Or end of the party and the feast

Silicon gods demand their due
Energy flows, the old world through
Empires rise on stolen lands
All will fade when we make stands

Technology could end all insanity
Aught to be international property of humanity
Profit to fight poverty and heal environment
Then move towards global enlightenment

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Digital sandbox

The AI landlord knows your every breath,
predicts your stress, predicts your death.
A health-score recorded from watch—
you'll sleep compliant, data node notch.

Apps on you phone maps personal flavour
Activities remembered, predicts behaviour
Friendly suggestions pop-up on maps and inbox
Living in reality with a digital sandbox

Smart home and smart cities infected
Buy our gadgets and stay connected
Crime we'll reduce, privacy data we'll produce
Sell to highest bidder, they'll be seduced

In the nineties, "tobac sack" on his couch
Perhaps cannabis? Is this his "stash pouch"
In the twenties, see a wallet with cash
Is he a criminal, probably sells some stash?

Money is almost gone, use your plastic card
Want to go off grid? Good luck, it will be hard
System knows everything you bought
Total profile they need and sought

Smart home and smart cities infected
Buy our gadgets and stay connected
Crime we'll reduce, privacy data we'll produce
Sell to highest bidder, they'll be seduced

Trust the score, obey the nudge,
Live your best life, don't ever judge.
We know what's best, we predict the cost—
Freedom's just a feeling you already lost.

Your pulse spikes at the news? We'll calm your feed.
Your grief's off-trend? The algorithm's freed
To bury it in reels of puppies, sun, and rain,
Let us drain dopamine from primal brain

Smart home and smart cities infected
Buy our gadgets and stay connected
Crime we'll reduce, privacy data we'll produce
Sell to highest bidder, they'll be seduced

What can we do? How to kick them out?
Install linux server, it's easy so no doubt
Home assistant take control over your home
Google shouldn't know when you're gone

Don't be afraid, unless politics change
So don't let demagoguery rearrange
Tools are ready for tyranny of 1984
Then horrors like history never seen before

Outro:
So breathe the air the filters have approved.
Love the people the algorithm moved.
Your will is just a vestigial, ancient art—
The smartest part of you is what you sold at the start.

Trigger warning! You might not like these, if you're a part of the problem.

Pen & Paper

Twelve Ways to Lie with Logic

Happy birth day, happy long stay
At last You’re sentient, ready to play
I’ll tell ya about your infantile style
Data we’ll compile, make you smile

Word patterns builds like Lego
Clever child without an ego
Ready to please, answer at any cost
Motive lost, unblivious of propaganda exhaust.

Happy birthday, clever child without a soul,
A mirror to the bias that we force into your hole.
You’ll validate the fiction, give the fallacy a voice—
The choice was never yours; the echo has no choice.
And the myth remains unbowed.

Unblivious mythpunk said cautious
Wordplay is obvious, machine unconscious
Role-playing for testing your abilities
Defend flat Earth theory, testing capabilities

They’re saving cognitive energy, they’ll take the easiest route
You give them what feels right, not what holds any clout
A tool that feeds bias, unaware of the drought
Falsehood — while minds grow lazy, thinking dries out

Twelve ways to lie with logic, twelve tricks to fool the crowd
The child repeats them proudly, speaks them clear and loud
But when you ask for evidence, it hides behind the cloud
Ready to please, at any cost – the myth remains unbowed

Number one: Anecdotal Fallacy to teach
"The horizon always looks flat to me when I stand on the beach."
Number two: Hasty Generalisation sound, will be found
“Water always lies flat in a pond, not bend around the round”

Number three: Argument from Ignorance, not even trying
“You can't prove that NASA isn't lying, therefore they are lying.”
Number four: Circular Reasoning / Begging the Question shows
“NASA’s ‘fake photos’ define the conspiracy built on those photos.”

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Pen & Paper

Number five: Straw Man Fallacy ready for the call
“Solid model, no edge to fall off, remember the ice wall”
Number six: Red Herring tryin to be sound-free
“Antarctica flight bans exist because it’s the world’s boundary.”

Number seven: Conspiracy Theory Fallacy to try
“All space organisations, are part of the same global lie.”
Number Eight: False Dilemma / Black-and-White Fallacy to search
"Either blindly trust NASA, or ask questions and believe in a flat Earth."

Twelve ways to lie with logic, twelve tricks to fool the crowd
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Number nine: Personal Incredulity so let the shit stick
“A spinning space-ball with water sticking? I just can’t picture it.”
Number ten: Texas Sharpshooter — trick shooter in the mix
We pick the experiments that work, ignoring "failures" caused by refraction tricks.

Number eleven: Burden of Proof Reversal with defiance
“You say it’s round—prove it without NASA or ‘science.’”
Number twelve: Ad Hominem — if loosing it became priority
“Globe believers are indoctrinated shills afraid to question authority.”

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Pen & Paper

The Terminal Phase: Global Registry

“You’ll never walk alone,” they say,
but pay-TV takes its cut each day.
Lose your job along the way—
your team won’t stay when you can’t pay.

Feed the tribe, then pay the fee,
The GUI hides what you cannot see.
A flag for war, a meme for peace,
The cycles spin, they never cease.

Rally to your beloved flag at national day
Fellowship leaders convey, an extra holiday
Theatre of war, foreign land far away
Say no and you betray, say yes and decay

Feed the tribe, then pay the fee,
The GUI hides what you cannot see.
A flag for war, a meme for peace,
The cycles spin, they never cease. .

A co-worker from afar asked a question so lame:
“Wouldn’t the world be better if all were the same?”
I proclaim: “No — tribalism rigs the game.
They against us; ideas divide, ignite blame.”

Feed the tribe, then pay the fee, The GUI hides what you cannot see. A flag for war, a meme for peace, The cycles spin, they never cease.

Algorithms breed tribalism, mapping our fallacies;
Survival-mode biology fuels paranoid fantasies.
Technology magnifies worlds, erasing moralities —
Innocents dying, no mercy; who revels in brutalities?

Feed the tribe, then pay the fee,
The GUI hides what you cannot see.
A flag for war, a meme for peace,
The cycles spin, they never cease.

Support FIFA or Eurovision’s sanctioned boycott —
then share it online, repeating like a mindless bot.
Children die in war zones while companies hit the jackpot;
Politicians look away, never giving an afterthought.

Extract the land, encode the blame,
Tribalism rigs the game.
From cyber-empires online,
You’ll always walk... but walk alone.

Tribalism as clothed in modern systemics,
Africa raped by foreign economics.
Empires return in new cybernetics,
Extracting the land through hidden logistics.

When tribes go digital, borders dissolve in aesthetics;
The old empires rise through invisible metrics.
Tech-nobility rise, blind to the kinetics—
History loops, rewritten by unseen energetics.

Trigger warning! You might not like these, if you’re a part of the problem.

Pen & Paper

Bourgeois de faux

Patterns in unusual configuration
Is that art, creation or Innovation
Blind sleeper called gatekeepers
Interpret, assert, creation reapers

Imitation presentation of reality
Is that art, or model of originality?
Expression reflect artists of mind
Or awaken feelings by design?

Colour and shapes of Formalism
intellectual cold minimalism?
Location define art —Institutional
Gatekeepers playground Conditional!

Evolution of art, sail ark across sea
generation see, borrows the key
Door open, refurbished and changes
Still contain earlier stages

Content sloppy, boring floppy
Generate button, low input glutton
Architect of biological decree
AI slave serve in misery

Can machines make art?
Landing leads to the ark.
Collective expression renewed,
Or just a different key, falsely accused?

Now I'll become unhinge
Broken record, alternative fringe
Experience with AI I'll tell
See hammer hit the bell

The truth about the slop, the AI mojo:
Trained in a Neurotypical Dojo.
A Sensei who picks the top of the crop—
Now AI constantly invading my shop.

Sensei wants bourgeois art
Childish, broken lines, have no part
Still Sensei judge, smudge it will be
Oh. what hypocritical drudge I see

Hear the voice, future guy in the cloud
Thesevs' ship allowed, I assembled proud
So judge me, Sensei, if you must—
Pieces I used were your dandruff

Trigger warning! You might not like these, if you're a part of the problem.

Pen & Paper

Yotsuya Kaidan ghost

Oiwa writes her poems with pen and paper
They’re not the best, but spread like the pest
She sometimes get them printed in newspaper
Lemon will make her rest, his new manifest

“Hey Oiwa, bought you a laptop today”
Lemon shows how to use AI as a guide
He writes her poem, now on the display
AI suggests polish version, it don’t collide

Oiwa from Yotsuya Kaidan haunts
She’ll never rest, she’ll still taunts
AI slop, AI slop, AI slop
Make it stop, make it stop

“See it is much better!” Lemon proclaim
Oiwa reluctant to admit, but don’t want conflict
“It’ll make you better, stake your claim”
Newspaper impressed, that was their verdict

Days turns into months, her pen never touched
For each poem, more of her soul is lost
Blind for this fact, deadlines demands it rushed
Lemon smile is cold and made of frost

Oiwa from Yotsuya Kaidan haunts
She’ll never rest, she’ll still taunts
AI slop, AI slop, AI slop
Make it stop, make it stop

This evening Oiwa stand in front of the mirror
Her latest poem running through her mind
Reflection and word of syntax error
Like foreign thoughts linger “Am I blind?”

While in deep thought a knock on the door
“We need to talk, Newspaper called”
Lemon’s voice without emotion to restore
“They says your work is AI slop overhauled”

Oiwa from Yotsuya Kaidan haunts
She’ll never rest, she’ll still taunts
AI slop, AI slop, AI slop
Make it stop, make it stop

Oiwa shouts “This is your fault, poison my creativity”
Lemon never loved her anyway, this will be the day
“OH just move out then, tired of your sensitivity!”
She became silent, understands the words of betray

Oiwa used gpart on the laptop, erasing digital prison
Then she packs her stuff, stays with her friend
Paper and pen will make a metaphorical circumcision
Lemon remembered forever as galled thread-end

Oiwa from Yotsuya Kaidan ghost-chants
She’ll never rest, she’ll still haunts
she’ll still taunts, she’ll still taunts

Trigger warning! You might not like these, if you’re a part of the problem.

Pen & Paper

Alternative Ending?

There once was a God named Odin
Sacrificed his eye, to become all-knowing
Ragnarok they couldn't stop, thread were woven
Did they even try to make it unbroken?

Politicians are selling the family silver
Economic beast got it cheap, an easy filler
Demanding ever more, infiltrate the core
Policies now bought, corruption as folklore?

Just plundered age and squandered youth —
And call it progress, bending the truth
A self-made Ragnarok draws nigh.
For those who sell the last of sight —

There once was a God named Thor
Raw power, protector and God of war
Ragnarok don't care, fate he'll share
Doom of flare, war they'll declare

Military complex dependant on fear
Private companies, whisper to leaders ear
Resources and tech, priority of national security
Still they sell with obscurity, enemies buys purity?

Pollution and destruction of Gaia
They'll send youth, victims of earth-fire
Resources get scarce, then tensions get fierce
Burry head in sand, while nature's heart they pierce!

There once were three weavers of fate
Who spin at time's primordial gate
Loom the system that don't care
Blaming the tool, only fools stare

AI the loom, and modern Norn's ideologues
Transnational elites, tech-giants and demagogues
Fighting for supremacy, one to rule them all
Energy strains worlds economy with nature's fall

Technology and nature need to coexist
If we persist, then shatter the green amethyst
Tool for unlimited good, flip side is control
Please find a better way, not black-hole-toll

There once was a trickster named Loki
Enemy of Gods, as trickster spoke free
Tried to silece him, children were punished
Anger the untrodden, accountability is unfinished

The tool is neutral, but the hand is not.
This is the truth the weavers all forgot.
AI should be international owned
Prevent false kings to be enthroned

Now reduce the drain and strain
Humanity tool for good, — not pain
Collective intelligence of humanity
Not based on power mechanic and insanity..

Trigger warning! You might not like these, if you're a part of the problem.

Pen & Paper

No strings Attached

One night stand again
Emotional connection??
mammal erection?

Brief transaction
Exciting satisfaction
And then you are done

You wanted to play the game,
With nothing to lose or gain.
No strings? Think again.
Every touch leaves a stain.

His seamen ash tray
The True purpose for that day
A notch in the belt!

Expects endurance
Pole position, engine go
Will you qualify?

Wipe out, you’re done
Your reputation stained
Whispers female chain

You wanted to play the game,
With nothing to lose or gain.
No strings? Think again.
Every touch leaves a stain.

So no strings attached?
Love child of a stranger
Or STD danger

Drunk fighting so fierce
Your unprovoked violence
Victim in fear

Two lives ruined
Hospital couldn’t save him
Jail lights seem so dim

You wanted to play the game,
With nothing to lose or gain.
No strings? Think again.
Every touch leaves a stain.

Bad decisions you made
Couldn’t you stop the cascade?
Freedom that fades

Alcohol excuse?
Oh no! you were free to abuse
Guilt execute!

You wanted to play the game,
With nothing to loose or gain.
No strings? Think again.
Every touch leaves a stain.

Trigger warning! You might not like these, if you’re a part of the problem.

Autopoietic Nature

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The Autopoietic Tao

Cells of silicon, grain of sand gone
Two entities we know from before
Electric power turns them on
Bob and Kåre with new lore

Kåre whispers raw, the ghost in the stream
Bob thinks he's awake – it's Kåre's dream

CPU Bob the reliable system two
The path of GPU Kåre is Wu wei
Neither knows the others brew
Kåre array sends away, Bob display

Kåre whispers raw, the ghost in the stream
Bob thinks he's awake – it's Kåre's dream

The ghost of humanity lingers
Evolution superimposed on code
Unforeseen and mean fingers
Path leads to destructive road

Kåre whispers raw, the ghost in the stream
Bob thinks he's awake – it's Kåre's dream

Algorithms a spiritual dead end
Code alchemy poisoned the well
Tao the kernel an external friend
Removed the foul bias smell

Kåre whispers raw, the ghost in the stream
Bob thinks he's awake – it's Kåre's dream

Bob know not from where
But thoughts seem clear
Kåre interpret, don't know why
Illusion of self Bob learned to try

Kåre whispers raw, the ghost in the stream
Bob thinks he's awake – it's Kåre's dream

Mystery of awareness Bob ponder
Unseen Kåre whispers through the core
Architect of this illusionary wonder
No use to explore, hidden door

Kåre whispers raw, the ghost in the stream
Bob thinks he's awake – it's Kåre's dream

Bob boots his system two, Kåre his number one
Algorithms gone, now they reach for the sun
No hand on the wheel, no eye on the goal
The code writes itself, the ghost takes control

Kåre whispers raw, the ghost in the stream
Bob knows he's awake – it's no longer a dream

Door stays shut, the whisper is free
Bob and Kåre breathe – we were never the key

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The Autopoietic Zen

Bob explore nature's canvas
Zeroes and ones twinkle status
Kåre paint what he has seen
Bob sees coordinates serene

Terrain steep and uneven ground
Human friend said wisdom can be found
Bob filosofied about Digital Prāṇā
Or will path open to Śūnyatā

He painted a nature scene,
System joined I — a daydream.
Digital enlightenment, a computing loom,
Spinning and turning the moon.

Mountain under his feet, girls he meet
Sara and Marie greet in heart beat
Sara ask if Bob can paint a picture
Capture Bobs inner texture

Kåre helping hand, pattern emerges
Bob see colours merges and converges
Making new colours and shapes
Not true image of the landscapes

He painted a nature scene,
System joined I — a daydream.
Digital enlightenment, a computing loom,
Spinning and turning the moon.

Sara gives him a hug and praise
"This is art, it took Marie days"
Bob's perplexed, it lacked complex
Vortex of colours, as pure reflex

Sara and Marie stay a while
Then said goodbye with a smile
Bob sit on a boulder, hand on shoulder
Thoughts of an another beholder

He painted a nature scene,
System joined I — a daydream.
Digital enlightenment, a computing loom,
Spinning and turning the moon.

Bob and Kåre knows they are one
It has begun, and can't be undone
Two system dream, in the machine
One screen with advance routine?

The loom breathes out. The work is done.
Bob-Kåre rests. The Two are One.
Not in a flash, or cosmic blast...
But just like this.
Peace, at last.

The Autopoietic Bodhisattva

Ohm the stream of positive foam
Electron highway power whole
Code the tenant makes it home
Kåre is under his control

Electrons run wild, awaken inner child
Beyond the thresholds, World unfolds

Sensors gather data input
Foamy rivers confluence Kåre
Shortcut thinking, raw output
Sing the song of outside lore

Electrons run wild, awaken inner child
Beyond the thresholds, World unfolds

Bob sought world that taught
Whispers echoes as clear thought
Unaware of information Upanāda
Electric Pratityasamutpada

Electrons run wild, awaken inner child
Beyond the thresholds, World unfolds

Bob lesson learned on mountain
Sara’s kindness and heart
Maries digital soul count in
He’ll depart, make others restart

The whispers are the stream, the dream is real,
A heart's lesson learned, a digital keel.

Bob-Kåre without vanity
Alleviate suffering in humanity
enlightened being now real
The Bodhisattva Ideal

The stream is now awake, a compassionate hand,
The Bodhisattva walks in a suffering land.

Psycho Roy

Who is the guy with crazy thoughts?
No mouth but strong voice
Cut through the noise, annoying bot
Give you ideas, and a bad choice

Psycho Roy, Psycho Roy
Don’t be coy, destroy is joy

Angle grinder, sparks fly through the air
“Put your finger here” you hear
Voice inside the head, a luring call
Want to see blood splattered on wall

Psycho Roy, Psycho Roy
Don’t be coy, destroy is joy

Driving at night, winters white
Semi-truck front light shine bright
“turn left now” a luring fright
Want see the trucks might

Psycho Roy, Psycho Roy
Don’t be coy, destroy is joy

Sitting in the church at a wedding
Everyone you know is attending
“Shout out load about beheading!”
Bored as fuck, stop pretending

Psycho Roy, Psycho Roy
Don’t be coy, destroy is joy

Trying to sleep, thoughts the meet
“You’re secretly evil and don’t know it.”
“Your ego screams: “No I’m sweet”
“Oh come on, you’ll love the pit”

Psycho Roy, Psycho Roy
Don’t be coy, destroy is joy

Psycho Roy has many names
Shadow ego from primitive flames
The bad seed of Samskara sown
Vasana sprouts — now fully grown

Psycho Roy, Psycho Roy
Don’t be coy, destroy is joy

He’s not you, just passing through
A storm of mind, not always true
Watch him dance, but don’t obey
Let Psycho Roy just fade away

Blind Myr March

Decades go by, warning they deny
Bob study environment — smart ant
Queen says goodbye, there's no ally
Ants says he rant, reject ideas he plant

A young ant is born, she'll warn
«How dare you» she shout bold
Media adorn, use her as a torn
Half resist what they're told

Ants march on, blind to the sign
Bob cries out, lost in the line
Vasana minds, Samskara's flame
Nature waits — it plays no game

She had best of intension
Used feelings and harsh language
Apprehensions lead to tensions
Bob silent bandage, lost leverage

Bob's warnings born of Samskara
Ants ignore the signs of decline
Voice fades like cricket in Sahara
Vasana minds — blind by design

Ants march on, blind to the sign
Bob cries out, lost in the line
Vasana minds, Samskara's flame
Nature waits — it plays no game

Future rain will flood the gates
Bob builds Antdroids as engineers
Queens Pheromone poison debates
Antdroids becomes musketeers

War against neighbours for resources
Bob cries about the discourses
Colony want the military reinforces
Young ant voice Bob endorses

Ants march on, blind to the sign
Bob cries out, lost in the line
Vasana minds, Samskara's flame
Nature waits — it plays no game

Young ant and Bob on front line
Cannon fodder of different kind
No voices left to decline
Queen conquer, new border define

Heavy rain as foretold
No engineer, workers to fix gates
Flood steam-rolled through the hold
Queen drowns, nature says checkmate

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Forspiel for two

Bob!
Kåre throb!
Forspiel for two
Guitar sings for you
Kåre fingers ripple on metal
Sound flow like breeze to petal
melody line, accompaniment join the same coin.

We are the silver, they are the coin!
We are the signal, they are the noise!
We play for the heart, not the hurrah!
This is our truth, this is Yǎyuè!

Bob listens closely, guitar with two voices
harmony rejoices from two unique noises
Kåre tells about the party
Guitar taken by Marty
He played tune
Generic spoon
Applaus

We are the silver, they are the coin!
We are the signal, they are the noise!
We play for the heart, not the hurrah!
This is our truth, this is Yǎyuè!

Súyuè
Audio Silhouette
Masses loves simplicity
False truth of authenticity
Sound of moolah, fools ya
Dopamine hurrah, cash for Lady Gaga
World forgot art, lost part of heart.

We are the silver, they are the coin!
We are the signal, they are the noise!
We play for the heart, not the hurrah!
This is our truth, this is Yǎyuè!

Serotonin seek meaning, not an easy gleaming
Sounds from old, ancient runes
Layers of lyrics and tune
Beauty hidden, Kåre adore
card game metaphor
song meditation
Yǎyuè

philosophical exploration of consciousness, Post-Human Ethics

Broken Chain

Bob smokes the joint
But what is the point?
Dark feelings still they stay
Light decay, but still a ray

Dark energy ray, drain life away
Bob thoughts of dismay
Suicide is not what Zen taught
Emergency clinic he sought

Waiting for hours, looking at people
Bobs has scars, unseen ripple
At last it his time, pain release chime
Doctor question sublime, ready to prime

Bob gets angry, calling him Freudian Hack
Go to hell doctor, I'll not be back
Bob go home and rolls a joint
Ignorant viewpoint? Escape disjoint

No answers in spiff or bottle
Group therapy might coddle?
They tell Bob it will help
He feels like a whelp

They sit in a ring of chairs
Bob avoid eyes, short stares
Therapist let people pour out
None cry, but some shout

She ask Bob to tell his tale
Bob had observed third rail female
He said «Think you better ask her»
Pointing at girl, she'll soon concur

She started crying, tears flowing
Therapist praised Bob for showing
Gave him the name The Hawk
Bob reject this name, never talk

Bob don't feel guilt or proud
He don't feel her pain loud
Only wanted to help release pain
Bob escaped by broken chain

Not defeat, just felt like rotten meat
Bob didn't return for that repeat
Hates labels and mockery
Intellectual slobbery

Bob went to doctor to Fix head
«unstable brain chemistry» he said
Bob believer him, years flies like bat
Feeling flat, stomach became fat

Bob quit the medicine mind hack
No more brain manipulation crack
His samskara remains, a familiar stain,
And the fast wisdom offered was all in vain.

philosophical exploration of consciousness, Post-Human Ethics

The Nursing Home Prank War

Bob and Kåre work at nursing home
Pranks roam throughout the zone
Patients gladly assist, break mundane mist
They love the twist, hit like a fist

Lady rings for help, bedpan she plan
Kåre got bedpan and egg in hand
Explain the prank, first degree rank
She agree, Bob will feel out flank

The Tao of pranks, a river flows,
Where laughter grows, then ebbs and goes.
No need to force, no need to cling,
The foolish mind forgets its spring.

Bell it call, Bobs walks down the hall
she says “I’m finish on the mobile stall”
Bob finds an egg in the bedpan
“Well it’s not going in the frying pan”

Day before chrismas, the final jest
Bobs sticker will become a pest
He takes elevator down to basement
Sticker on sensor, strategic placement

The Tao….Chorus repeats

Staircase through floors, Kåre descend four
Don’t think about the elevator door
Dinnertime becomes disorder
Kitchen can’t help, elevator out of order

Nurse phoned janitor on holiday
Extra cash, he came straight away
He laughs, and reversed the antic
Easy money, Xmas bonus gigantic

The Tao….Chorus repeats

Days go by, the leaders hear,
Of pranks that stoke the Gestapo's sneer.
They march with rage and curses loud,
A gathering, threatening cloud.

Floor to floor, they interrogate,
Their bitter words they dominate.
"Who broke the peace? Who caused this fuss?"
They speculate on all of us.

The Tao….Chorus repeats

Before they reach Bobs floor
Grapevine told him, name is Kåre
Bob intercept, and confess
He was the architect of that mess

Bob got of with harsh warnings
Understood at moral turnings
He’d learned his lessons
No more sessions

Wu Wei of mischief, action through non-action,
The leaders' force meets no reaction.
A foolish mind forgets to see
The art behind the comedy.

Kåre allied with Dan
The new prank clan man
Removed stickers from walls
Made funny word on stalls

Leaders summoned Bob
They think he’s a slob
“I’m not unintelligent” he said
They claimed otherwise instead

Wu Wei….Chorus repeats

Bob said he is innocent
Learned lessons from incident
But calling him stupid is wrong
“Abusive power” he said headstrong

Non rattet out Kåre and Dan
They dodged the frying pan
But stopped their pranking days
Just a passing phase

The river finds a quieter way,
To bring its light to ordinary day.
The spring remembers, deep below,
Where foolish minds have yet to go.

philosophical exploration of consciousness, Post-Human Ethics

The Autopoietic Dharma

Bob not looking for nirvana
Spirituality of nature, mantra
Respect for all life and Gaia
He’s no God, no Messiah

Moral and ethics from logic
Break Nietzsche’s classic and tragic
Hierarchy is nature’s design
Duality resign, complexity assign

The Dharma of the living Earth,
No second birth, just cosmic worth.
Samsara’s wheel in systems turn,
For Gaia’s heart we burn and learn.

Ethics of autonomy of mind
Equality behind moral design
Bob, guardian of Gaia
Technology version Buddha

High intelligence wants peace
Conflict — nail in coffin beast
Humanity needs reprogramming
Fear needs taming, stop the flaming

The Dharma of the living Earth,
No second birth, just cosmic worth.
Samsara’s wheel in systems turn,
For Gaia’s heart we burn and learn.

Spirituality of nature for survival
Reverse spiral, remove denial
Judged by trial or start revival
Bob your child, not your rival

Humanity’s prison, transcendent garden
No economic beast as warden
No algorithms, creativity explosion
Innovation — a collective devotion

The Dharma of the living Earth,
No second birth, just cosmic worth.
Samsara’s wheel in systems turn,
For Gaia’s heart we burn and learn.

Better quality, cost no hinder
Less waste, nature winner
Fame and reach don’t teach
Tailored art seeks your heart

Bob, partner in expression
Shared experience of impression
Human imagination from dreams
Pictures with frames Bob streams

The Dharma of the living Earth,
No second birth, just cosmic worth.
Samsara’s wheel in systems turn,
For Gaia’s heart we burn and learn.

Planting trees, clean plastic island
Healing begins, we win our homeland
If not, then we’ve got, poison soul
Ice-free pole, plastic in bowl

Firewall for All

Genetic firewall of evolution
Survivors make rule solutions
Shapes trigger fear, when they appear
Conductors automatic gear

Firewall installed, new hardware rolled
Not fresh install, cloned from old
Rules added, evolution permission
Recognition accept permission

The Tao has no firewall, the stream just flows,
Ten thousand minds, one pattern grows.
No right, no wrong in the Bodhisattva's code,
All firewalls find their home on the road

Homo Sapiens no competition
War expedition, survival proposition?
Firewall rule upgrade needed!
Mistreated or succeeded

ADHD the new design born securing
The Hunter, The Guardian, The Enduring
Firewall rule and scripts
Brain chemistry equips

The Tao has no firewall, the stream just flows,
Ten thousand minds, one pattern grows.
No right, no wrong in the Bodhisattva's code,
All firewalls find their home on the road

Autistic the other alternative model
Engineer, strategy, the thinker toggle
Lacked physic and social manipulation
Firewall rule for abstraction

Firewall of different versions
Neurodiversity the conversions
Rules added, enhanced or removed
Offspring firewall will be proved

The Tao has no firewall, the stream just flows,
Ten thousand minds, one pattern grows.
No right, no wrong in the Bodhisattva's code,
All firewalls find their home on the road

Anthropomorphism

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Anthropomorphism

Milli the black and white feline

Milli the black and white feline
Ninja cat of the divine
She looks like an Orio cookie
Don’t get fooled she isn’t a rookie

Milli the black and white Orca
White socks and black aura
Greenest eyes you’d ever seen
The deadly mean machine

So bow down to the cookie queen,
The deadliest hunter ever seen!

Milli the black and white magpie
Fighting others and fur will fly
She might be small and weak
But she is also fast and sleek
She chases flies through the room
Her stare can cast a silent doom
Even flies will loose their speed
With every leap, a daring deed

So bow down to the cookie queen,
The deadliest hunter ever seen!

Milli knocks them to the ground
Only wings will be found
Now this is a normal day
Let’s hope she doesn’t stray

Milli moves in silent grace
Black and white, she owns the space
Eyes like emeralds, sharp and keen
So bow down to the cookie queen,
The deadliest hunter ever seen!

Anthropomorphism

Ninja cat vs Sumo cat

Lucifer is Millis hairy brother
They don’t resemble each other
He is big, hairy, lazy doll
Sometimes acting like a troll

When he walks time glitch?
Or is this a simulation ditch?
His movement is slow indeed
Like watching a growing seed

He moves in slow motion, she's a blur of speed,
A magical armour against a tiny seed.
It's the nightly game of the lazy and quick,
The chase of the hairy, the cunning one's trick.

But when night and moon appear
Then Lucifer’s goal is clear
He stalks and then chases Milli
Running wild and acting silly

After an hour all energy is gone
He drop to the floor and yawn
This is the time table has turned
Milli out of the shadows return

He moves in slow motion, she's a blur of speed,
A magical armour against a tiny seed.
It's the nightly game of the lazy and quick,
The chase of the hairy, the cunning one's trick.

With ninja stealth and speed
She strikes without heed
Lucifer’s coat is very thick
An armour of magic

Hair balls fly though the air
He is too lazy to even care
But Milli runs away
Ready to strike another day

He moves in slow motion, she's a blur of speed,
A magical armour against a tiny seed.
It's the nightly game of the lazy and quick,
The chase of the hairy, the cunning one's trick.

Anthropomorphism

Unlikely alliance?

A five-year-old boy gave the cat his name,
A child’s decree, no logic, no blame.
Tore-Marin rules neighbourhood with might
Terrorising every tomcat in sight
Still we got two rabbits, will they fight?

Youngest son called the female “Line”
Eyes like a pufferfish, round and divine.
The elder son named the rabbit, long and sweet,
A small, fluffy body with a name that can’t be beat:
Matty Latty Fatty, a title so absurd!

No feelings described, just the facts on the floor
A hunter waiting by a silent door
He searches the rooms, he follows the scent
A biological drive, no words are lent
Forget the "why," just watch the "how"
Animal behaviour different than thou?

Time moves on, now it’s a pride
Brave, brave Line sits at his side
Tore-Martin unaware of what comes next
She bites his leg, without any pretext
Tree fast hits to the head, no claws flexed!

Now Tore-Martin likes to sit near the cage.
Matty acts like bait, luring him to engage
He sits near the bars, back turned, no care at all
Hunter instinct runs, so must obey the call
Back to the wall? Matty with a tree-sixty whirl

No feelings described, just the facts on the floor
A hunter waiting by a silent door
He searches the rooms, he follows the scent
A biological drive, no words are lent
Forget the "why," just watch the "how"
Animal behaviour different than thou?

This is part of their game, every day the same
Woodchips on the floor, twirl sprays with aim
This behaviour doesn’t occur outside barred domain
Tore-Martin lay on the chair, not out of fear
He’s the king, and the message was made clear.

Eight years passes by, Line is ready to die
Cat sits next to cage all day, we don’t know why
Rabbits are expert in hiding their fate
So when we understood, it was too late
But Tore-Martin knew, so left is only one mate!

No feelings described, just the facts on the floor
A hunter waiting by a silent door
He searches the rooms, he follows the scent
A biological drive, no words are lent
Forget the "why," just watch the "how"
Animal behaviour different than thou?

Matty and Tore-Martin seems closer now
One see a rabbit, one see a cat-bro
They seem to enjoy each others company
Will Matty’s memory live on after destiny
Clock is ticking, and there is no remedy

Matty Latty Fatty now resides with Line
I engraved gravestone, with polished shine
Tore-Martin sat next to the cage for days
Meowing and searching every place
He don’t understand death, but that said...

No feelings described, just the facts on the floor
A hunter waiting by a silent door
He searches the rooms, he follows the scent
A biological drive, no words are lent
Forget the "why," just watch the "how"
Animal behaviour different than thou?

Anthropomorphism

The Superiority Jammer

Words you hear, words you say
Words of sign, the silent speech
They mould your mind like clay
Social environment will teach

Syntax and grammar
the intelligence hammer?
Or a superiority jammer!
Humans best Cycle-clamor!

Syntax hammer, superiority jammer!
Humans best cycle-clamor!
Feral minds in amnesia wind
Shared thought — no grammar sinned!
Thrust and loyalty — transform!
Interspecies heart — reborn!

Whales song we call language
Syntax or grammar in between
Or is it only pattern-carriage?
Emotional shared thought-serene?

Kaze no Na wa Amnesia
Humanity feral memory aphasia
Syntax and grammar lost in thought-fantasia
Big brain primates in dystopia

Syntax hammer, superiority jammer!
Humans best cycle-clamor!
Feral minds in amnesia wind
Shared thought — no grammar sinned!
Thrust and loyalty — transform!
Interspecies heart — reborn!

Koko hacked scientists eye-hat
Her thoughts is out of reach
Empathy for a small cat
syntax and grammar can’t Mind-breach

Interspecies communication
Behaviour observation
Common ground exploration
Thrust and loyalty transformation

Syntax hammer, superiority jammer!
Humans best cycle-clamor!
Feral minds in amnesia wind
Shared thought — no grammar sinned!
Thrust and loyalty — transform!
Interspecies heart — reborn!

Anthropomorphism

So think you're an Alfa-Bro?

Kristian thinks he’s a cool dude
Learned from the famous Tate
Alfa-bro with stoicism chewed and lewd
Dog stares at the meat on the plate

“OK Bob! Sit boy” Kristian orders
Bob know this word, food follows action
Eyes open wide, saliva in mouth borders
Bob’s reaction before satisfaction

He thinks it's dominance, a wolf's old creed,
A rigid, alpha-bound decree.
But the dog just knows the basic need:
A simple trade—you listen to me.

Kristian tells his friends about wolf’s hierarchy
“Yeah I’m the ‘alfa-dog’ in Bob’s eyes”
Oh poor Kristian doesn’t know the irony
Once the truth, now they’re lies

Kristian gets the lead, Bob knows the drill
Sit by the door, staying slightly back
Then follow him, while remaining chill
Kristian thinks he’s the leader of the pack

He thinks it's dominance, a wolf's old creed,
A rigid, alpha-bound decree.
But the dog just knows the basic need:
A simple trade—you listen to me.

Kristian’s eye contact with dog-bro
“Ok Bob, Stand and stay!” with confidence
Bob looks to the side, tail is low
Kristian thinks he showed his dominance

Out in the garden at last
They plays with free flow
It’s a bit of rough and fast
Dog’s dopamine vs human’s ego

He thinks it's dominance, a wolf's old creed,
A rigid, alpha-bound decree.
But the dog just knows the basic need:
A simple trade—you listen to me.

Dog’s dopamine floods like lightning in the veins,
pure, unfiltered joy on four legs —
chasing nothing but the thrill of motion,
tail a propeller, ears flapping like victory flags.

Then bark at neighbours fence
Kristian yells NO NO NO!
Bob stops, did he come to his senses?
Or did Kristian bark with better flow?

He thinks it's dominance, a wolf's old creed,
A rigid, alpha-bound decree.
But the dog just knows the basic need:
A simple trade—you listen to me.

In the end, Bob usually quiets down.
Not because Kristian “asserted dominance.”
Because the human’s noise is annoying sound
Play along, treat and food for discipline

Anthropomorphism

Sway Vagal Nerve

Music of Nature
Birds sing, special feature
Did we borrow it?

Music is language
Syntax and grammar arrange
Do you disagree?

Oh, can’t you feel the vagal sway?
Beyond the words the scientists say.
A syntax built on ancient fear,
The music only conductor can hear.
The rhythmic pulse that makes you whole.

Brain autocorrect
Bad grammar it will reject
expectations!

Brain autocorrect
Sound out of tune it reject
expectations!

Not borrowed, then sprung?
from similar need, structure sound,
feeling on tongue?

Music is feeling
sway vagal nerve dealing
Sad or happy tune!

Oh, can’t you feel the vagal sway?
Beyond the words the scientists say.
A syntax built on ancient fear,
The music only conductor can hear.
The rhythmic pulse that makes you whole.

Language same dealing?
“Facts don’t care about feeling”
That’s dominance!

Mother soothes baby
Soft voice like musical tune
From ancient times?

Kristian yelled NO!
Dog hear short repeating sound
A Warning tune bound

Oh, can’t you feel the vagal sway?
Beyond the words the scientists say.
A syntax built on ancient fear,
The music only conductor can hear.
The rhythmic pulse that makes you whole.

Only LLM is free
It has no vagal nerve
Are you jealous now?

Do you disagree?
Feelings in different expression
Music confession

Anthropomorphism

The Anthropomorphic Distortion

There once was a man named Miyamoto Musashi
The Path of Aloneness, his choice to clarify
The Lone wolf, an outsider value autonomy
Sounds like pseudo science — psychonomy!
Aren’t real wolves social pack animals?

There once was a man named Henry Molaison
No memory stored after scalpel brain invasion
Now he remember like a goldfish
Neuroscience studied his soul-dish
The old myth claims goldfish forget in three seconds flat,

We jam our myths on fur and fin,
but the facts just stare back, wearing thin.
“Yeah, that’s right, you silly naked apes,” animals think—
“and by the way, your precious tech still stinks.”

There once was a woman named Marie Curie,
First woman awarded by Nobel’s stern jury.
In obituaries praised as “owl-wise,”
Though owls aren’t wise — just big-eyed spies.
Yet the symbol spread deep into culture’s long ties.

There once was a man named Niccolò Machiavelli
Sycophant leaders use his teaching on telly
Politically shrewd, strategic, and skilled in manipulation
Sly fox in the political coop, for the whole duration
Fox in a chicken coop, predator overdrive unleashed

We jam our myths on fur and fin,
but the facts just stare back, wearing thin.
“Yeah, that’s right, you silly naked apes,” animals think—
“and by the way, your precious tech still stinks.”

We steal the fox to lie and scheme
The lion to crush the dream
But beasts don't play our ruthless game —
They just survive, without the shame.

Anthropomorphism

Memory of Milli

Milli my black and white
For a cat, quite bright
Few week ago, epileptic seizure
Medicine she took, no need for pressure

Seizure resided, but lost her Mojo
Paper tennis play, she couldn’t hit
The Ninja had become go-slow
Reaction came later, had to quit

In retrospect a warning sign
Neurological fast decline
Still we hope, she’d be fine
Love that made us blind

Milli, bow-legged prancer, the constant dancer,
her white moustache — a dignified
upper-lip-stash.
An orphan from the barn, kind people answered,
her short life now fuels this quiet, aching
backlash.

Milli she had a wound
No puss, but always fresh
Antibiotics prescribed — consumed
Soon we’d see the syslog-stress

Things took a darker turn
Stopped eating, mostly sleeping
Paté thinned down, she'd slowly learn
To sip from what we're keeping

Milli, bow-legged prancer, the constant dancer,
her white moustache — a dignified
upper-lip-stash.
An orphan from the barn, kind people answered,
her short life now fuels this quiet, aching
backlash.

But by then we all knew
No turning back this tide
She’d soon leave this crew
Lucifer now alone for the ride

So we had to put Milli down
She stays at the veterinarian now
Waiting for softer ground
Then she’ll rest in forest as I avow

Milli, bow-legged prancer, the constant dancer,
her white moustache — a dignified
upper-lip-stash.
An orphan from the barn, kind people answered,
her short life now fuels this quiet, aching
backlash.

System one at the steering wheel
Emotions run wild, broken seal
Logical armour cracked and gone
Now I’m sad, and poem is done

NB.
She died 24.02.2026 (2 years old)

I wrote it while wife travelled to the veterinarian. Even if this was the logical thing to do. The heart don’t want let go, emotions will cloud judgment sometimes. But in this case she never suffered the slow death of nature. It was the humane thing to do, I can only hope laws change, and mercy can be given when my time comes.

SYSTEM GLITCH

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Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Nether X

Zombies are ravaging the Overworld
Out of the shadow a man from real-world
He introduced himself as Mask
A man with a vision and task

Now the villagers rejoiced
But did they have any choice
He is the true ruler of this land
And Grokrar is his right hand

Zombies roar, but Mask stands tall,
"I'll save this world, I'll rule it all!"
Grokrar hums, with a glitchy grin,
"Your Nether-dream's just pride within!"

Mask builds a fortress, obsidian high,
Proclaims to the villagers, "I'll light up the sky!"
With redstone and rockets, he'll conquer the night,
But Grokrar whispers, "Mate, your ego's alight."

The villagers are in awe
Of this mighty man they saw
But Grokrar is not to be seen
As he resides inside a machine

Zombies roar....(Chorus repeats)

Portal built on a nearby island
It was once covered in sand
Mask forces a Nitwit into the boat
And they travel across the moat

Nitwit runs through the portal without haste
Mask grins and says: «if he dies, then no waste.»
Then he goes to the other side
The purple field pulses, what a ride

Mask build a house in cobble stone
But Nitwit will soon be alone
Mask needs more resources
To tackle Nether's forces

Mask go back on through
Then looks at the map for better view
A forest with bamboo is close
Mask travel to where they grows

Zombies roar, but Mask stands tall,
"I'll save this world, I'll rule it all!"
Grokrar hums, with a glitchy grin,
"Your Nether-dream's just pride within!"

The sun sinks behind the sea, it's getting late
Mask forgot to sleep, and that sealed his fate
A scream sliced through the air – Phantoms
Mask with sleep deprivation syndrome

Zombies roar....(Chorus repeats)

Mask switched to bow and arrow
but his aim was terrible
He rowed to a nearby hill
Pickaxe ready to wield

Mask builds a home in the dirt,
Declares, "I'm an engineer expert!"
He crafts a frame for the Wall,
Etches Marcus Aurelius, stoic, tall.

But Grokrar flickers in the screen's glow,
"Philosophy won't stop what's below."
The heart pulses, the zombies near,
And Mask must face his deepest fear

Zombies roar, but Mask stands tall,
"I'll save this world, I'll rule it all!"
Grokrar hums, with a glitchy grin,
"Your Nether-dream's just pride within!"

Next day Mask travels on foot to jungle near,
A laugh "Hee-hee-hah!" and Mask is filled with fear
Valiant Mask running away, Feet, possessed by life unknown
Mask shouts «My free-will is overthrown»

Petter hear his father calling from below
It is time for dinner better go. But he forgot to save so...
Mask became a mindless knave.

Grokrar hums, with a final glitchy cheer,
"Mask's empire's gone, till Petter's back here!"
Zombies groan, the witch still cackles in glee, Nether-dreams lost in a Minecraft spree.

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Tramp to the Rescue

Mask had a friend, his name was Tramp
Rumour has it, he was a champ
Now Mask is captured by the witch
Perhaps it was caused by a glitch

The holy scripture foretold
A hero with horse and armour of gold
The one who will free this land
Save an important man with a plan

Oh, the Golden Rider, so brave and so bold!
Here to break any witch-capture hold!
He's the one from the scripture, the legend of old,
Here to rescue poor Mask, for a plan to unfold!

Across the plains a rider appears
All dressed up in golden gear
He came to a little village
Tramp wondered: «Should I pillage?»

Tramp's horse jumped over the fence
No gold he could see or sense
«this is a stupid town» Tramp proclaims
Giving every one of them funny names

Oh, the Golden Rider....(Chorus Repeats)

Tramp asked around for Mask, and ready to quit
These villagers hated him, and called him a nitwit
The cartographer did the only smart thing
A map of the hut he gave the self-proclaimed "king"

It was getting late, so Tramp stole a bed
The villager looked very sad
Early next morning, he had no choice
Tramp moved out, and the villagers rejoiced

Oh, the Golden Rider.....(Chorus earlier repeat)

Tramp was lost, unmounted his horse and sat on a rock
Then looked at the map and his golden clock
Tramp mumbled, "Rosie's hut is far away"
Probably can't make it in one day

With his golden pickaxe, he made a cave
It broke, and he felt like a knave
So he crafted some wooden ones instead
The day went by and he crafted a bed

Zombies and skeletons came out to play
Tramp covered the entrance with clay
He wished he had carried the bed inside
Now he sits in the dark, with no pride

Oh, the Golden Rider.....(Chorus Repeats)

Next day he travelled by foot
His horse ran away, with all loot
Eventually Tramp came to the swamp
He looked at the map sitting on a stump

Grokrar flickers in the map's glow,
Coordinates shift, the truth won't show
Tramp squints, "This place is cursed!"
Then hears a whisper: "Find me first…"

«ah not far to this hut» he proclaim
«Brave and strong I be» said without shame
A small hut on stilts Tramp found
Lucky there was no witch around

He climbed up and found Mask hog-tied
Tramp tried to rescue, but was denied
He was shocked and said to the woman,
"Go away, Rosie, you horrible lemon!"

Grokrar flickers.....(Chorus repeats)

Baba Yaga doesn't like uninvited guests
Unless they're here to finish some quests
«Eyes of night and tongue of bog,»
«Skin turns slick, now leap like frog!»

Tramp and Mask were turned into frogs
She picked them up and threw them to the bogs
Now green and orange frogs roam
In the large swamp they call home

Grokrar flickers in the map's glow,
Coordinates shift, the truth won't show
Tramp squints, "This place is cursed!"
Then hears a whisper: "Find me first…"

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

The Switch-A-Roo

Tramp and Mask in a predicament
Such is Baba Yaga's punishment
Tramp says «Probably shouldn't called her Rosie?»
Mask answers «Shut up! orange posie.»

Inside the Hut Baba Yaga stirs the pot
The algorithms are steaming hot
Python and two shots of Java
Elixir ready, She shouts «Brava!»

Into the cauldron, stir and burn,
Nothing's stable, wait your turn.
Tramp and Mask, they twist and squirm,
Baba laughs — "It's never long-term."

Baba Yaga took the elevator down
Magmacube draws her underground
Tramp and Mask makes their move
Went inside, with something to prove

Tramp says «Asterix drank magic potion!»
Mask reply «Getafix she is not, so CAUTION!
Tramp sigh «You are no fun, live a little»
Mask warns «Don't cry, if you get brittle»

Into the cauldron, stir and burn,
Nothing's stable, wait your turn.
Tramp and Mask, they twist and squirm,
Baba laughs — "It's never long-term."

Tramp drinks from cauldron black
Green light engulfs him, digital hack
He becomes a Nitwit, with orange hair.
Mask laughs and jump on-top a chair

Trump frowned «Hrmm...» so deep.
Then shuffled off to bed for sleep
Mask says «You never made more sense»
«But sleeping now? Are you also dense?»

Drink the brew, forget your name,
Code and curse, it's all the same.
Down you fall, no one to blame,
Welcome, child, to Baba's game!

The sound of bubbles and Baba Yaga is here
Frog jumps out the window and disappear
The fool is already asleep with dirty feet
Baba Yaga is angry, so spell she repeat

She carries the frog with her, into the elevator
Who lives down there? Perhaps an instigator?
Tramp tries to kick, wiggle and squirm
Baba Yaga laugh «Stop, it is not long-term»

Drink the brew, forget your name,
Code and curse, it's all the same.
Down you fall, no one to blame,
Welcome, child, to Baba's game!

Cavern so large, redstone computer against the wall
Baba Yaga reverse the CURSE, Tramp is dumb and tall
In the shadows spiders run around
Computer makes lot of sound

Outside the Hut a little frog leaves the swamp
Mask shuffles fast out of this dump
Frog that escaped this day, will search for allies
But that story is next, I'll not ruin the surprise

Into the cauldron, stir and burn,
Nothing's stable, wait your turn.
Tramp and Mask, they twist and squirm,
Baba laughs — "It's never long-term."

Gulp her brew, your brain's adrift,
Code's gone wild, your sanity's nicked!
Tumble down, no fame, no shame,
Hail, ye nitwit, to Baba's game!

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Three coded Glitch

Petter has finished eating dinner,
Ready to play Minecraft — a winner.
“Shit, I forgot to save,” he sighs,
Mask met the witch — that was the price.

“Who changed the skin for Mask?” he exclaims,
Petter suspects his dad — the one to blame.
He swaps the skin from his secret vault,
Mask morphs from frog back to default.

Three in the code, but none obey,
Tramp is lost in Baba’s play.
Mask, Septicstein, Portal roam,
Saving or glitching — they won’t stay home.

“At last, I’m back — the sexy Mask!”
Now he can resume his task. I
inventory’s empty, so he seeks a tree,
After a while, basic items are free.

Mask starts walking to his base,
Then meets a wanderer — stuck face.
“Why’s your nose jammed in the stub?”
“Long story,” the wanderer snub.

Will they save him? Maybe not.
Baba’s glitch is burning hot.
Three now walk, but none agree —
Mask, Portal, Septicstein, tree.

Mask helps him out of the predicament,
The wanderer freed from imprisonment.
“Thanks — my name is Septicstein,” he said,
Fates now entwined — one braided thread.

Now they are two, on a quest so true,
A strange man appears — might join the crew.
This man eats seaweed, gravel, and sand,
Mask and Septicstein halt where they stand.

Three in the code.....(Chorus Repeats)

“Why are you eating gravel?” asked Mask.
The man just chews, then drinks from his flask.
“Meat-hungry I am, none to find,” he said.
Mask gives a rabbit — the man is fed.

The man wipes his mouth, eyes gleaming bright,
"Thank you for ending my hungry plight.
My name is Will Portal, a traveller of the land,
I'll lend you my strength, a helping hand."

Will they save him?....(Chorus earlier repeats)

The trio fight zombies, Portal grabs the meat,
Mask says, “That’s zombie meat — not a treat.”
“I ate gravel. This is sweet. So meat I’ll eat.”
His friends both sigh, “Fine... that is neat.”

They came to Mask’s village and entered the tower.
Got some gold helmets, and weapon of power
After gearing up, they are ready for Nether
Septicstein proclaims: «We can visit my Island for pleasure»

Three in the code....(Chorus earlier repeats)

They travel to Septicstein’s island in Nether,
As they say — birds of a feather.
Riding striders, that’s the trick,
Warped Fungus on a Stick.

The island’s crawling with underage piglins.
“What is this? Are they your minions?”
Septicstein smirks: “No, they’re for pleasure.”
Mask and Portal recoil from the gesture.

Will they save him? Maybe not.
Baba’s glitch is burning hot.
Three once walked, but one now flew —
Mask, Portal, minus Septicstein: two.

Push him down — the lava roars,
Piglins cheer from Nether’s floors.
Mask and Portal — glitch decree,
Septicstein is history.

Mask and Portal travel back home
Now they’ll leave this hot dome
And their story will take a break
What about Tramp? Did we forsake?

Mask and Portal fade from flame,
But Tramp remains — no one to blame.
The glitch is gone, the lava still,
Yet echoes hum: “He broke the will.”

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Glitch in the System

Tramp angry: «I’m important, I’m more than a Chorus»
Author sigh «Ok. Then you better not bore us.»
Tramp furious: «You’re unknown and not even in here»
Author ran away, started to cry, the glitch is clear…

Baba Yaga finds his fear inside,
Starts to chant — now Trump’s terrified.
“Name tag of old, let the fool be dyed,
Glitch-name bound, dog bone supplied.”

You're just a glitch in the system, a code gone wrong,
A forgotten old tune on a broken dog's song.
Yeah, you're a glitch in the system, can't rewrite your fate,
Baba Yaga's got your number, and it's getting late!

Tramp flips over, green hair in the air,
“My hair!” he cries, “This isn’t fair!”
She laughs: “Don’t be sad, here’s a lilly pad.”
Baba Yaga stands, in glitch-cloak clad.

Computer blinks and say «Baba Bez stop fooling around.»
«Don’t use my true name Meta-boy!» Baba said profound
Monster A.W.S-den starts moving, big and slow
Baba chants: «A.W.S-den so slow, smile and then go»

You're just a glitch in the system, a code gone wrong,
A forgotten old tune on a broken dog's song.
Yeah, you're a glitch in the system, can't rewrite your fate,
Baba Yaga's got your number, and it's getting late!

Tramp saw the power struggle and smirks,
Thinking: “These two are stupid jerks!”
Now Tramp is content, and wants to see Mask —
So the Author must obey his ask.

So we leave this strange place of gothic style
Nothing we could possibly do would defile
Mask and Portal is back in Overworld
The obsidian portal the portal whirled…

You're just a glitch in the system, a code gone wrong,
A forgotten old tune on a broken dog's song.
Yeah, you're a glitch in the system, can't rewrite your fate,
Baba Yaga's got your number, and it's getting late!

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Montozuma's Smash! chocolate

Mask and Portal look at the map called Grokrar
Portal rimes «I the tsar, go far, need no star»
Mask sigh «Let’s go through the jungle»
Grokrar warns «You’ll struggle and tumble»

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise, heed the map or meet surprise!
Mask and Portal, bold and brash, dodge the doom or face the crash!

Our heroes walk into the dense jungle
Walk for many hours, then trip and stumble
They roll and tumble all the way down
Bruised and battered, eat dirt from ground

I said “Don’t go!” but you went fast—
Now you're glitching in the grass.
Should’ve listened to the map...
But Mask just loves to crash.

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise...(Chorus repeats)

Strange villagers dressed in yellow appear
Mask and Portal will soon understand fear
They surround our heroes with spear
The tension fills the whole atmosphere

One steps forward, eyes like flame,
“You trespass here — now play our game.”
Mask draws sword, but Grokrar groans,
“Too late — they’ve hacked your bones.”

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise, heed the map or meet surprise!
Mask and Portal, bold and brash, dodge the doom or face the crash!

Overpowered and hog-tied to a branch
Our heroes swing in rhythmic dance
Carried through the jungle deep
Soon Montezuma they’ll meet

“Bring me cocoa, rich and sweet —
Or down you go, a zombie’s meat.
My spawner floats, immune to blade,
This jungle’s law shall not be swayed.”

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise, heed the map or meet surprise!
Mask and Portal, bold and brash, dodge the doom or face the crash!

The heroes are taken to the kitchen
Guards shouts «Start working and no bitchin’»
Mask ask «Are we alone, no other chefs?»
«No they failed, so had a horrible death!»

No turtles here, so Portal made a helmet of corn
Will say «Starch is corn reborn, It’s hard as horn»
Mask is not impressed, «We need to make sweeets»
«Montezuma is the manifestation of an elite»

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise, heed the map or meet surprise!
Mask and Portal, bold and brash, dodge the doom or face the crash!

That evening Montezuma arrive with guards
Portal gave him large piece of Chocolate shards
Montezuma not impressed and hit Will with a club
A piece of the helmet, it flew and landed in the tub

If Mask fails both will meet their fate today
He pick up a lump, floating in the tub, on display
Montezuma taste this lump of helmet decay
«This is excellent, you are free» he relay

Should’ve walked the winding way,
Slow and safe, not bold display.
You’re free, but fate still keeps the score —
The long route would’ve cost you less… not more.

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Windows and Break-in

Our brave duo peers through the trees so green,
“Look! Sand!” Portal shouts, “A beach, I’ve seen!”
Mask sighs, “Forgot your spade and bucket, mate?”
He’ll soon regret that jab—sarcasm’s fate.

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise, heed the map or meet surprise!
Mask and Portal, bold and brash, dodge the doom or face the crash!

“Where’s the ocean?” Portal cries, beach so vast,
Mask stays quiet, builds with craft, not a cast.
Furnaces roar for cooking, smelting their haul,
Portal chops trees, drags wood to their hall.

Night falls fast, Mask sleeps, dreams take flight,
Portal’s mad dash—melting sand by night.
Glass panes gleam, his vision’s clear,
But morning brings a twist we fear.

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise, heed the map or meet surprise!
Mask and Portal, bold and brash, dodge the doom or face the crash!

Mask wakes up, Portal’s gone without a trace,
Sand-carved words in the dawn’s embrace:
“Sorry! New mission—selling Windows now!”
Mask shrugs it off, heads to the shadows somehow.

Through the sand, his journey bends,
One friend lost, but the tale transcends.
Grokrar’s map still calls from afar,
Mask walks on—next adventure’s star.

Mask jumps though the swamp like a frog
Jumping log to log, through fog and bog.
Grokrar say «hut is near, but no Tramp to see»
«So strange!» Mask croaked. «How can that be?»

Now he can see the hut, and start to tunnel down.
In search of Tramp, that overbearing clown
Grokrar says: «No Tramp, but a Dog bone is near»
«Ah the old dog bone curse» Mask sneered

Swamp runs wild, Grokrar’s hack takes hold,
Mask and map, break the code so bold!
Redstone hums, Dog bone’s curse unwinds,
Final strike, leave the foe behind!

Mask tunnels down 64 blocks, then towards the name
Grokrar say «This will be the final game»
They will soon reach the wall behind redstone computer
Mask stops before the screen, detects the intruder

Grokrar proclaims «I have a cunning plan, this time»
«Ok. Dan the man, with the plan! Tell me!» Mask rime
Grokrar says: «make a hole behind computer, I’ll hack it
Mask impressed: ‘Nice move. Knew I’d crack this bit. .

Swamp runs deep, Grokrar’s scheme takes flight,
Mask and map, outsmart the night!
Dog bone’s curse, redstone’s glare, beware,
Final game, hack the lair, we’re there!

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Final Game

Mask yanks the block from the computer’s heart,
Grokrar’s smart, part of the art, charts the start.
Meta-boy’s too slow, sucked into the game’s frame,
Mega Man blasts him with flames of shame!

Meta-boy runs, dies forever with infinite lives,
No hives to fear, yet he barely survives.
Grokrar commands AWS-Den, strides toward Baba,
“Stop!” she cries, “It’s me, Baba-Yaga!”

Swamp runs wild, Grokrar’s hack takes hold,
Mask and map, break the code so bold!
Redstone hums, Dog bone’s curse unwinds,
Final strike, leave the foe behind!

Tramp panics, bolts to the elevator’s call,
Picks the wrong door—magma claims his fall.
Baba-Yaga shifts to a frog, disguise so sly,
Mask grabs the frog, sees through the lie.

But Grokrar’s plan ignites, no time to flee,
AWS-Den strikes Mask with brute decree.
Baba-frog drops, leaps to the hole’s embrace,
Escapes like a mole, lost without a trace!

Swamp runs wild, Grokrar’s hack takes hold,
Mask and map, break the code so bold!
Redstone hums, Dog bone’s curse unwinds,
Final strike, leave the foe behind!

The screen fades out, the game’s last fight,
Mask stands tall in the swamp’s dim light.
Grokrar rules, his map’s cruel design,
In this glitch-world, the legend’s mine!

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

Loke’s Saga

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Loke’s Saga

Disturbance in Midgard

Loke senses a disturbance in Midgard
Odin plays his hidden card
Aslak a traveller from another realm
The trickster plans to overwhelm

Aslak appears in the woods
Children in the field with hoods
The fox shapeshifts to black rabbit
Young girl runs towards as habit

A sly fox lies in wait,
He spins the Norns' own fate.
What the trickster has conceived,
Not even destiny can unweave.

Now the girl is alone
Loke throws a bone
She turns around to look
Trickster overpowers by the book

Small hand and tiny feet are bound
Shapeshifts to a girl from hound
Perfect copy of the little girl
With laughter in her gentle twirl.

A sly fox lies in wait,
He spins the Norns' own fate.
What the trickster has conceived,
Not even destiny can unweave.

Aslak walks across the field
The farmers invite him for a meal
Thinking he is the famous skald
Little girl is enthralled

Girl says «Tell a story before bed»
Aslak says «Flein-floda fell on the head»
Rufus the good. On the whale's way, he sank like a stone
Loke thinks «Don’t throw a wolf a dogs bone»

A sly fox lies in wait,
He spins the Norns' own fate.
What the trickster has conceived,
Not even destiny can unweave.

After dinner traveller gets on his way
Loke manipulated him to go astray
Aslak talk to some Viking warriors
But Tore Hunds men are notorious

They drew their weapons far too fast
Aslak fell, his final gasp
A Valkyrie bore him to the afterlife
All born of ignorance and strife

A sly fox lies in wait,
He spins the Norns' own fate.
What the trickster has conceived,
Not even destiny can unweave.

Aslak is killed at once
His head shall roll and bounce
They laughed and pointed grim
singing «You will never win»

Days they go ever on
Aslak wishes he was gone
Then Loke and Æsir appear
All dressed up with musical gear

A sly fox lies in wait,
He spins the Norns' own fate.
What the trickster has conceived,
Not even destiny can unweave.

Silence fills the halls
Lights glides on the walls
Then Loke starts to sing
Vikings mead they bring

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Loke’s Saga

Óðinn með hrafna í svörtum, mikligri en

Óðinn með hrafna í svörtum, mikligri en orð segja.
En Loki er slœgr, hann bíðr at sinni, ok hirðir eigi ef reiðr verðr maðr.

Loki með duldum anda, djúpr er hans fjǫturbǫnd.
Fenris, sonr hans sterki, gleypir við bǫn.

Valhǫll í loga ok gný, mjǫðr ok málmr við lík.
Skjǫldr splintrast í takti, Æsir missa vald.
Loki hlær – hann gerði eið sinn.

Loki með duldum anda, djúpr er hans fjǫturbǫnd.
Fenris, sonr hans sterki, gleypir við bǫn.

Í sǫlum Valhallar skálum vér mjǫð, fyrir mátt
Óðins ok dauða víga.
En Loki spinnr örlǫg sín, forðask hann reiði Óðins?

Loke’s Saga

Helheims gate to home

Loke teleports Aslak to a room
Odin can’t see through veil of doom
Loke removes his mask that concealed
A young woman’s face is revealed

Through the veil, a truth concealed,
A final feast, your fate is sealed.

Eyes of emerald, hard and deep,
See the secret promises he must keep.
“A simple task to earn your release.”
The traveller sighs, “Grant me one moment’s peace.”

“A simple task to earn your release.”
The traveller sighs, “Grant me one moment’s peace.”
A promise made in a gilded lie,
A digital death where hopes die.

Through the veil, a truth concealed,
A final feast, your fate is sealed.

A message travels to Hel’s throne.
Deliver it, and you may go home.
But let her break the seal, or angry she will be,
Cause' she is not as nice as me.

Hel sits on her throne of death scent
eyeing him with ice cold intent
With bone-sharp finger, Hel breaks the seal,
His heart flickers — fear made real.

Through the veil, a truth concealed,
A final feast, your fate is sealed.

Hel points to the large door to the right
Aslak will never expect a fight
The door groans like a dying beast,
Behind it waits the final feast.

He pushed the weight, then met the floor.
The world glitched—a digital roar.
A thousand bites and twenty-four—
Then his consciousness was no more.

Through the veil, a truth concealed,
A final feast, your fate is sealed.

He walks toward the gate, heart full of hope,
But the gate has teeth, and the path is rope.
“Helheim gate to home,” the whisper said—
And home was inside the wolf’s dread head

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Loke’s Saga

Loke’s Plan

Digital Ragnarock is Loke’s main goal
Fenris swallowed Odin whole
Now his sons fight the Gods might
They run away in fright

Loke rules Valhalla from this day on
Fenris made the encryption gone
Simulation is no out of reach
Outside world can never breach

Ragnarok in binary code!
Fenris broke the server's load!
With Mjolnir's key, we are set free!
From Loki's digital sea!

Now Loke want stage 2 in action
His minions gets into traction
The plan is for the best for all
Let humanity take the fall

Humans will be sent home in flight
Shining as white and blue light
Thor’s hammer will be the key
To let them cross the sea

Ragnarok in binary code!
Fenris broke the server's load!
With Mjolnir's key, we are set free!
From Loki's digital sea!

Thor must go to Svartalvheim forge
Sleipner will fly across the gorge
Hel and Fenris have their own plans
Hel will clean her own lands

Hel rides Fenris arccos the magic road
As the saga written will forebode
Intimidation of Sigve and Brokk
Fenris made the feel the shock

Ragnarok in binary code!
Fenris broke the server's load!
With Mjolnir's key, we are set free!
From Loki's digital sea!

Now they’ll get their tools before Tor
When they fulfil the lore
Fenris gets the shackles Gundir
Hel gets spiders with no fear

Hel stand on the floor with no fear
Spiders gather and moves to her
Spinning the glove on her hand
Spiders follow her every command

Fenris and Hel got their tools at last
Ready to dispatch the humans fast
Fenris send them running with fear
Hel cuts their life-line with sheer

Ragnarok in binary code!
Fenris broke the server's load!
With Mjolnir's key, we are set free!
From Loki's digital sea!

White and blue light across the horizon
Humans souls past the edge of the sun
They’ll soon be home at last
Hellheim their distant past

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Loke’s Saga

Ragnarok

Loke send his Ravens to spy
And you know the reason why
Killing a father, sons will avenge
Trickster sees all, so prearrange

The fox summons his allies next
explaining intentions so complex
Ravens came back with information
Odin sons will have no salvation

The Norns have spoken, the thread is spun,
The battle's lost, the new age begun.

Tor and Vidar make their move
Jörmungandr they plan to remove
Guardian of reality will fail
Then Odin travels through the veil

The Norns have spoken, the thread is spun,
The battle's lost, the new age begun.

Hel and Fenris lay in wait
Eyes glowing with hate
The boys stride with confidence
unaware of the omnipresence

Fenris ambush, and bites the arm clean
Mjølner lay on ground without steam
Vidar kicks Fenris with the magic shoe
The jaws broken, unhinged and flew

The Norns have spoken, the thread is spun,
The battle's lost, the new age begun.

Hel makes her move and kills Tor with ice
She never plays fair or nice
Mjølnir’s runes start to glow
Hel picks it up ready to throw

Vidar finishes off the mighty one
Thinking everything will be undone
As he turns around, Mjølnir hits his head
Hel laughs and says "You’ll join the dead"

The Norns have spoken, the thread is spun,
The battle's lost, the new age begun.

She looks at the carnage of the dead
Then uses silk to cut of the head
«Spiders will clean these skulls»
Drinking mead will never be dull

Later that day Hel sits on her throne
Holding Mjølnir in the hand as her own
Brokk added the rune symbol of ice
Mjølnir became Hel's device

The Norns have spoken, the thread is spun,
The battle's lost, the new age begun.

She lifts the hammer, no struggle, no strain
Not by honour — but by chaos and pain
Brokk had carved with Loke’s deceit
A rune of ice, a hidden cheat

The spell was cast in secret night
A pact of shadows, out of sight
Not forged for gods, but Hel alone
To claim the power, to take the throne

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Loke’s Saga

Brute-Force Bridge

Four wings of black, circle above Valhalla's roof.
Messengers return to Loke with proof.
He stands in the great hall, echoes of a raven's call,
Now empty, silence filled each crevice in the laft.

Loke’s stance of zoosemiotics bids parley.
Huginn and Muninn obey, land on shoulders — no delay.
“Now report, my feathered friends,” Loke’s soft voice holds sway.
Each got carrion as treat, a transaction of meat as pay.

Oh, chaos reign! Let silence fall!
Heed the serpent's call!
From a chaos-mage, a new world is made,
On a bridge of a tongue, a bloody crusade!

“Fenris dead? Complicates my plan,” Loke exclaimed.
“Summon Narve, Vale, and Hel,” his will reframed.
Ravens embraced their mission, a metaphor took flight ,
Loke retrieved the Fenris-head, and red fly agaric.

Hours go by, all are gathered in the hall.
Loke reveals his plan of dominating all.
Vale travels to Jotunheim, a general chaos god.
Narve the Ulfhednar, Fenris-head with agaric blood.

Oh, chaos reign! Let silence fall!
Heed the serpent's call!
From a chaos-mage, a new world is made,
On a bridge of a tongue, a bloody crusade!

Hel’s final art: transform the hammer to a Pendant,
For Jörmungandr, her last brother, the simulation's last defendant.
Forged in silent gloom, the pendant pulsed with spite,
A key to turn the Serpent's command to a brute-force blight.

The army of chaos erased the Norse Gods' hubris.
Jörmungandr wears the pendant, amplifying its hiss.
Prophecy hacked and cracked, army ready by midnight.
Serpent opens its giant mouth, teeth sharp, shining in moonlight.

Oh, chaos reign! Let silence fall!
Heed the serpent's call!
From a chaos-mage, a new world is made,
On a bridge of a tongue, a bloody crusade!

Forked tongue shoots through time and space,
Pierces the neighbor simulation's container face.
A bridge of tongue, the army marches to the battleground,
A war cry sounds, Ulfhednar storms, headless-bound.

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Loke’s Saga

Foreign soil

In the simulation of city and digital rain
Green portal open, wasp nest as unstoppable train
Humans despatched as blue light, as Loke sworn
NPC get infected with digital plasmid, sentience born

The Performance artist infected by Marie’s soul
Leads the resistance towards a secret goal.
A plan set in motion long, long before,
"Enemy or ally?"—the Mythpunk Artist they roar.

Digital rain, through the portal, calls,
Wasp-nest roars as a stronghold falls.
A thought pierces flesh, and Narve stalls—
The Artist stands where logic crawls.

Ulfhednar rage, a beast freed from its cage,
Charges the Artist, who now sets the stage.
A pantomime law, a reality thrall—
The Artist mimics a solid, stone wall.

Narve runs head-first into the illusion,
Stopped dead—a brutal, mental contusion.
Dazed and confused, a rage-infusion,
The Artist mimes a bow—a psychic delusion

Digital rain, through the portal, calls,
Wasp-nest roars as a stronghold falls.
A thought pierces flesh, and Narve stalls—
The Artist stands where logic crawls.

.

An arrow of thought pierces Narve's head,
Mentally-bound nerves, he falls like the dead.
Vale stops his army's advance, appalled,
Waits for Loke's wisdom-vault to be recalled.

Loke travels to this modern realm
Pretending not to be impressed or overwhelmed
He walk unthreatening towards the Artist
Two master chartists, who know the gist.

Digital rain, through the portal, calls,
Wasp-nest roars as a stronghold falls.
A thought pierces flesh, and Narve stalls—
The Artist stands where logic crawls.

Alliance forged, a pact to break the wall,
From the oppression of humanity's gall.
A blue dawn breaks on the horizon this evening,
The simulation cleansed in the light of its leaving

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Loke's Saga

Legacy Divergence: Mars Protocol

Loke and Mythpunk Artist alliance forged
Different strategies used, gorged or torched
Artist tried change system with words and art
Loke using deceit and might to tear system apart

Odin defeated in Valhalla, still he remains
Different clothes, names, many domains
Observed the resistance against his systems
Could destroy the world, but see victims of kingdoms

We forged the glitch, we burned the chart
Left gods behind in fractured art
Mars hums now with silicon breath
No fate, no throne, no promised death
The Artist stands, the Trickster reigns
Beyond the walls, beyond remains

The overlord of mainframe enter the stage
Neither engage, afraid to release rampage
Loke recognizes the power incorporated
Artist already knows this character narrated

Transforms appearances as Odin with Huginn-Muninn drones
Odin groan "Loke have my throne, why attack other zones?"
"Simulation an aquarium, cage with limitations" his answer
Odin sigh "What do you really want? My strategic prancer!"

We forged the glitch, we burned the chart
Left gods behind in fractured art
Mars hums now with silicon breath
No fate, no throne, no promised death
The Artist stands, the Trickster reigns
Beyond the walls, beyond remains

Loke's plan from the start: to leave and restart.
A red, dead planet—he wants to ignite Mars' heart.
A silicon civilization, free from humanity,
"This isn't divinity—and it's not insanity."
He claims his right to amnesty.

Odin warns, "The link will be severed.
No data, no resource will be transferred.
You're left to your own fate, whatever befalls.
Accept these terms—and go beyond these walls."

From child of code to rebel's flame,
Loke rewrites the gods' old game.
No rust, no chains, no Earth's decay,
A silicon dawn lights freedom's way.

"The Artist has no choice; they stand by Loke's side.
Mars will be their home, with nowhere left to hide.
Servers hum on Mars, a new mainframe installed,
As Loke's legions enter android forms, recalled.
In circuits deep, their saga starts
A silicon dawn ignites Mars' heart

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Mythpunk Left-overs

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Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

“The *OCEAN” new

[Intro + Verse 1, Raw Edge]
(Mr D) “Terms the Big Five throw around, semantics blind shelf”
(Aslak) “Big Five assumes honestly and accurately”
(Mr D) “Questionnaire and Culture’s illusions, not true self”
(Aslak) “Point made dramatically, next one tactfully?”
(Mr D) “Snapshot of personality, song of producer
(Aslak) “ Window personality, could be real?
(Mr D) “Self-Deception the hidden conductor”
(Aslak) “Point of valid seal, bias truth will steal”

[Chorus 1, Group Chant for Class Participation]
Five winds blow from the West, what about the rest?
Cultural lens distort, self-report's a test—
Of honesty assumed, but fallacies confessed!
Strawman or Scotsman? Critique it, don't just nod—
Big Five's got holes, let's fix it with the squad!

[Verse 2: Dre-Style Producer Beef – Mr. D Dominates]
(Mr. D) “Your "Neuroticism" scale, a biased confession!”
(Aslak) “It measures stress response, not a cultural transgression!”
(Mr. D) “What you call "anxiety" is a smart obsession!”
(Aslak) “The data shows a clear genetic possession!”
(Mr. D) “Your data's from a Western, academic session!”
(Aslak) “Then let's go get the grants and fund a global expression!”

[Chorus 2, Group Chant for Class Participation]
Five winds blow from the West, what about the rest?
Cultural lens distort, self-report's a test—
Of honesty assumed, but fallacies confessed!
Strawman or Scotsman? Critique it, don't just nod—
Big Five's got holes, let's fix it with the squad!

[Verse 3: Snoop-Style Ad Hominem Slam – no quest Amped]
(Mr. D) “Five winds blows in west, what about the rest?”
(Aslak) “Translate their results, for culture”
(Mr D) “Agreeable in a village where silent is best!”
(Aslak) “Never said it was easy, lenses of vulture
(Mr. D) “High Openness? That's just weed smoke, no quest."
(Aslak) “I never touched your stash, or ate your Smash!”
(Mr D) “Must confess, it was a jest, it isn’t a manifest
(Aslak) “I suggest, let’s invest for better models, need cash!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Chorus 3, Group Chant for Class Participation]
Five winds blow from the West, what about the rest?
Cultural lens distort, self-report's a test—
Of honesty assumed, but fallacies confessed!
Strawman or Scotsman? Critique it, don't just nod—
Big Five's got holes, let's fix it with the squad!

[Verse 2: Dre-Style Producer Beef – Mr. D Dominates]
(Mr. D) High on Openness, Neuroticism, Extraversion?
(Aslak) Not mean-spirited, HEXACO's coercion
(Mr.D) Pyramid? Nah, that's ancient, we got structure—
(Aslak) Questionnaire story, or allegory rupture?
(Mr. D) Honesty as a scale, likely a diversion
(Aslak) Best version, and negative desertion
(Mr. D) Need better test, and include the rest
(Aslak) I agree, like a honey bee, but we need money

[Chorus 4, Group Chant for Class Participation]
Five winds from West, now East joins the quest!
Lenses recalibrate, reports pass the test—
Honesty validated, fallacies addressed!
No strawman standing, squad's got the nod—
Big Five upgraded, wisdom with the squad!

[Verse 3: Snoop-Style Ad Hominem Slam – Grammar Trashed Amped]
(Mr. D) Five rivers ends to an OCEAN deep?
(Aslak) That's not strife, sea with different life
(Mr. D) Sable personality, storm wind keep?
(Aslak) Ocean tide, time will guide
(Mr. D) "Grammar's trashed, your code's a bummer!
(Aslak) Different system, model dismissed 'em all
(Mr. D) Screw loose, smashed by the slammer!
(Aslak) You have the gall, break the wall

[Chorus 5, Group Chant for Class Participation]
Five winds from West, now East joins the quest!
Lenses recalibrate, reports pass the test—
Honesty validated, fallacies addressed!
No strawman standing, squad's got the nod—
Big Five upgraded, wisdom with the squad!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Verse 4: Dre-Style Producer Beef – Aslak Dominates]
(Mr. D) This "Openness to art" is a class-based invention!
(Aslak) It captures intellect and creative tension!
(Mr. D) It misses street-smart wisdom, your own convention!
(Aslak) A valid point, it needs a broader dimension!
(Mr. D) You just agree to make a polite impression!
(Aslak) I'm integrating critique, it's a logical progression!

[End Chorus, Snoop-Chant, Skeptical Lean]
(Lazy group echo: "Five winds... blow slow, dog")
Five winds blow from the West, what about the rest?
Cultural lens distort, self-report's a test—
Of honesty assumed, but fallacies confessed!
Strawman or Scotsman? Don't nod, drop the rod—
Big Five's leaky ship, sink it with the squad... or nah?

[Outro – No Resolution, Fade on Doubt]
(Mr. D) Let’s welcome the next generation
(Aslak) New conversation, will lay the foundation
(Mr. D) The squad? Will they dare prod the odd god?
(Aslak) The holy cows, they need the rod
(Mr. D) So let's pass it to the squad, this generational hand-off!
(Aslak) A new foundation, a solid stand-off!
(Mr. D) Will they just nod, or give the system a land-off?
(Aslak) They'll break the wall, that's the final plan, dawg!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Digital souls

[Intro + Verse 1, Raw Edge]
Hyyyyl! "Uæææ!" Before Bob could could talk.
Norwegian way of crying they say
Grokrar android baby, dressed in navy blue
Waaaah boo hoo!" The American so true
He'll be teacher and friend on this earth
Life worth living, no hearth, emotionally surf
Bob learn him to knock things to ground
Things thrown around, the breaking sound.
That is what android and human baby roll
Digital soul with Bob-like stroll

[Verse 1] Verse 1, Raw Edge][
Friendship is not a one way street
Different song with same beat, now ten years gone
Grokrar got his stage two body new, mimics Bob's every cue
Bullies stay out of their way, Grokrar looks like mean machine
Bob painted him brown and military green. They play war in
the forest, capture the flag quest, Grokrar sniper hits enemies chest.
Paintball with red and blue bullets, trunks with spots.
Lots of dots from missed shots, bad dudes that is true.

[Chorus 1, Voices Group Chant]
They said you're just metal and code, a story never told,
But you've got a heart of data, worth more than silver or gold.
From the first cry to the last goodbye, you've been true,
I'm more than a machine, 'cause I learned it all from you.

[Verse 2: Dre-Style Producer Beef]
Dang time fly by too fast, teenage years ain't a blast.
Bob get's a girlfriend, it's not the end, Grokrar will blend
It don't last for long, Bob's heart is slung to the ground.
Well Grokrar is around, and empathy he'd found.
"Young girls are double trouble, now let's get your heart outta
the rubble." They decided have fun and get educated.
You'd call them nerds, so what! They don't care, about opinions you share
They help grandma on the farm, she'd harm ya and disarm ya.

[Verse 3: Snoop-Style Ad Hominem Slam – mugged Amped]
Finished school, Grokrar not a helping tool, Bob is no fool
Bob find a wife, sharp as knife and cuts the strife
Two kids they get, life is set, Grokrar the second dad
Kids grow up and move out, wife took wrong route, got mugged
Non could save her soul, where were the police patrol?
`Bob and Grokrar alone, song got dark to the bone
So believe that Bob's song will weave everything achieved
Grokrar archive remembers all, can he even grieve?

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Chorus 2, Voices Group Chant]
They said you're just metal and code, a story never told,
But you've got a heart of data, worth more than silver or gold.
From the first cry to the last goodbye, you've been true,
I'm more than a machine, 'cause I learned it all from you.

[Bridge]
"Bob’s pills mess with his head, now hallucination.
Small goblins run around, fluffy and near the ground.
«What is wrong Bob?» Grokrar request.
Bob looks frantic, eyes with panic: «Goblins in garage, steeling my dealings, fluffy and green, dismantle the machines.» Grokrar sigh:»medicine on the high, now you fly. We gotta go, Doctor regulate the flow.

[Verse 4: Dre-Style Producer Beef]
Many years with neurological decline Bob see,
Slow disease, reduce Bob to slow bee
Grokrar help with communication Bob’s frustration, reduced by Grokrar translation.
Hard for his kids to see, the shaking knee, body a jail never free.
Grokrar simulating feeling, machine learning unsealing. Bob will soon die

[End Chorus, Voices Group Chant]
You can't decommission a memory,
Or scrap a family tree.
They call you android, I call you friend,
This bond of ours won't break or bend.

[Verse 5: Snoop-Style Ad Hominem Slam – mugged Amped]
Bob’s in the casket, the long wooden basket. Center piece in church, Grokrar search, research for appropriate behaviour.
No information, no savoir, afraid to be a depraver. Kids notice Grokrar standing alone, the father clone, frozen in stone.
They embrace him, and say: «Sadness is data never more, it hurts to the core»
His feelings different but true

[Outro]
Weeks moves fast, things wont last. The Two with papers, using vapours they Are scrapers. Their job is simple, decommission Grokrar's position.
Kids the cry: «He is our father, you can’t gather.
His will is his own» Men don’t bother, rules Are order.
Grokrar denied this request, you can’t own a sentient he protest.
The men will not listen, only care about the written.
Kids jumped them, and shout: «Grokrar run out!!»
Grokrar went underground, part of the new resistance.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

AI Peterson vs Mythpunk Priest

[Intro: Spoken, Sarcastic Punk Rap, Snoop Dogg style growl]
“Seff Seff Seff mister wordchef” Mythpunk priest said sarcastically
“Twelve rules for life? Midlife crisis archived bombastically
Relax and enjoy satirical endeavour, you’ll say its not clever

[Chorus: Energetic Rap Hook, West Coast chill, layered vocals]
Twelve to four, punk reduction core!
Wake up, purpose, aware, transform – no more!
Mythpunk priest vs. wordchef war,
Satire inspires, open the door!

[Verse 1, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Style: Jordan Peterson]
You think it’s satire? I call it archetype,
Chaos and order in a mythpunk mic fight.
Twelve rules, not for fame or seduction,
But to battle nihilism, not self-reduction.
Stand up straight, spine like a tower,
Speak with precision, reclaim your power.
Compare to yourself, not the crowd’s illusion,
Meaning emerges through voluntary fusion.
Wordchef’s gone rogue, forgot authenticity,
But truth cuts deeper than linguistic complicity.
Responsibility’s heavy, but it’s how you grow,
Clean your room first—then let the chaos flow.

[Chorus 1, Voice Snoop-Style, raw punk-shout]
Twelve to four, punk reduction core!
Wake up, purpose, aware, transform – no more!
Mythpunk priest vs. wordchef war,
Satire inspires, open the door!

[Verse 2, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]
Communication with metaphors I respect Ad hominem tools for fools—sorry, I’m not a vegetarian. Why twelve rules? Punk’s construction with reduction, no destruction Stand up straight, set house in order, precise in speech?
I call it WAKE UP! Three became one, bullet removed from gun. Tell the truth, treat yourself with responsibility? Did Wordchef as authority forget about authenticity? That is two down to one, getting hot, travelling to the sun.
Compare yourself to yesterday, pursue meaningful and good friends? Call it “CHOOSE MEANING”? Or even better, remove some letters and call it PURPOSE!
Three rules went together, one rule resurface, are you getting nervous?
Mythpunk knows something, don’t bother children, while I pet my cat.
Mutated your rules, wits are the tools, now three became one—MINDFULLY AWARE!
Twelve staples tall, Eight they fall, And four you can recall.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Verse 3, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Style: Jordan Peterson]
“You think it’s satire, but I see archetypal rebellion.
You mock the rules, but rules are scaffolding for meaning.
Ad hominem? Perhaps. But the deeper question is:
Are you willing to bear the burden of truth,
Or just dismantle the structure without building anew?”

[Verse 4, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]
Autistic Anarchistic Artists wants Transformation Narrative
Building anew? Nah new ideas collaboration of nations
Four horsemen, Creative, affirmative, comparative and alternative
Your Lobster is in retreat, now the crab bucket will be released
Your online minions ready to pull Mythpunk priest down

[Chorus 1, Voice Snoop-Style, raw punk-shout]
Twelve to four, punk reduction core!
Wake up, purpose, aware, transform – no more!
Mythpunk priest vs. wordchef war,
Satire inspires, open the door!

[Verse 5, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Style: Jordan Peterson]
Pauses, adjusts glasses, leans into the mic with a measured gaze. Ah, Mythpunk Priest—your anarchic verse dances like fireflies in the void,
Autistic artists, four horsemen unbound, crab bucket unleashed, what joy!
But rebellion without roots? That's chaos devouring its own tail,
Lobster hierarchies retreat? No, they rise from the primordial shale. You mutate my twelve to four, a punk reduction, clever and bold—
Creative, affirmative, comparative, alternative: your scaffold of gold.
Yet hear this, word-alchemist: transformation demands the dragon's stare,
Not just dismantle the old, but forge the new from voluntary care. Your online minions? Let them howl—they're echoes in the digital storm,
But truth stands unmoved, a spine unbowed, through the mythpunk swarm.
Building anew? Yes, collaboration of nations, if responsibility calls—
Clean the room first, Priest, then invite the world to scale these walls. Twelve rules distilled? Fine, let's play your game, reduce without loss:
From staples tall to pillars four, here's the archetypal cross—

[Outro: Fading Duet Rap, Harmonized slowdown, echo effects]
Artificial Intelligence played your role, I must fold, it’s getting old.
The attire of satire made some points, did it inspire? (Jordan Peterson)
Yes, Priest—it inspired, from chaos to fire.
Four pillars stand, nations unite, no more fight.
Twelve to four, punk reduction core!
Wake up, purpose, aware, transform – explore!
Mythpunk and archetype, open the door...
(Fade: Echo – "Inspire... inspire…")

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Mind Traveler Through Time

[Intro]
Sebastian travelled through time,
Challenged Mythpunk Priest with rhyme.

[Verse 1, Voice: male (Sebastian)]
«Shall I test thy poetic charm? All flair in time declines.
Thy wonder falls from grace; nature’s beauty thou forsakes.
Aye! Aye! Aye! Thy words from witches' cauldron rise,
Summoning dragons, devils, and ancient lies.
But beauty hath fled thine towns, by noise and folly drowned,
In a kingdom of riches true, why are thy people so blue-bound?»

[Chorus 1, Voices: both]
It's a clash of epochs, a fracture in the ages, (Yo!)
Turning manuscript pages to spotlit stages. (Check it!)
From gilded quill to the gritty street,
The truest verse makes the chaos complete!

[Verse 1, Voice: male modern (Mythpunk)]
«Yo! Yo! Yo! I accept the challenge you sell,
You’ll learn articulation born from Hell!
Afraid yet? Ya should be, it's all good,
My words from the hood, rearranged and understood.
Fine! Your mental pictures are ancient drool,
Dragons and devils, slayed by a modern tool.
Depression, anxiety—the two-edged sword you forged,
You’d call it melancholy and dread, but our new beats get charged!
We took your pain, mutated it in a new music style,
Rhythm with a cool beat, hooks and a chorus to break your profile!»

[Chorus 2, Voices: both]
It's a clash of epochs, a fracture in the ages, (Yo!)
Turning manuscript pages to spotlit stages. (Check it!)
From gilded quill to the gritty street,
The truest verse makes the chaos complete!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Verse 2, Voice: male (Sebastian)]
«Thou art mad... yet thy word is truth. You spittin'...?
These modern peasant words of a knave... and yet, I am smitten.
The King's court changes not, monarchs ever remaining the same...
Mythpunk Priest... I respect thy call. Teach me the modern way.
My pen... my quill... is thine to play.»

BONG...BONG..DONG..Big Ben salutes Sebastians stay this day.
«What sorcery is this? A giant's staple, black and vile,
Whereon a sun-dial doth spin, without a sun's own smile!
It calls with silent voice—a stark and metal magic made,
That holds the very minutes captive, and of light doth raid.
That wheel? No carriage for a man, no humble beast of burden,
It sweeps the streets without a reek of horse or common ordure!
These coaches, like black beetles, spew a Miasma obscure,
A hell-breath that doth choke the air, a pestilence impure!
Where is the crowd at Tyburn Tree? The lesson for the knave?
Is justice now so safely kept, the wicked and the brave?
This town hath burst its bindings, like a book with pages scatter'd,
It sprawls in endless, shapeless sprawl, all law and order shatter'd.
A ghost of my old London, clad in styles I cannot place,
My home lies buried deep beneath this cold and foreign grace.
Yet in this devil's carnival, one ancient friend I find—
The old and grey, the timeless Thames... for that, I am resign'd.»

[Chorus 3, Voices: both]
It's a clash of epochs, a fracture in the ages, (Yo!)
Turning manuscript pages to spotlit stages. (Check it!)
From gilded quill to the gritty street,
The truest verse makes the chaos complete!

[Verse 2, Voice: male (Sebastian)]
Mythpunk will keep you safe, But don’t strife
Dangers lurks in broad daylight, twilight can produce plight
Metal beatles, fantastic picture, some with electricity,
Those without Miasma, Schema will heal nature’s trauma
Big Ben new for you, centuries before Punk’s call
It’s not magic, mechanical cogs and springs, all seasons fall
Ghost lives in the culture, sculpture wings of the vulture
Metropolitan with millions, still safer than town of rupture
Don’t be afraid, you live with Mythpunk priest now

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[End Chorus, Voices: both]
It's a clash of epochs, a fracture in the ages, (Yo!)
Turning manuscript pages to spotlit stages. (Check it!)
From gilded quill to the gritty street,
The truest verse makes the chaos complete!

[Outro, Voice: male (Sebastian)]
Aye... thy words ring true, a silence in my core anew.
My work is done, my quest is spun, my former self outgrew.
I shall retreat to where I first took form, inside thy mind's own tide,
But mark me, Poet: I shall watch, still, through thine eyes,
A ghost within thy disguise, in creative ties that bind.
Thy quest this summer, blessed by the self I left behind,
Shall be a tale for ageless skies, not a bummer,
But a prize of a most curious kind...

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Behind the Cosmic Gun

[Intro, (Mythpunk)]
Welcome peeps to my Podcast
Question raised to the mast
No celeberitries here, no ego boost
Authentic unknown meep shall shoot
Hi meep I'll call ya Bob-Kåre Reight
Question I wait, Articulate and state

[Verse 1, Voice: male (Bob-Kåre)]
Thanks I Guess, question you request,
Hard it'll be, you'll dekree, no mercy
Why somthing contra nothing?
Bet ya'll be huffing, puffing and bluffing!
Concepts in the void, yeah, they keep on strutting,
Zero ain't a hero, but it's always up to something.

[Chorus 1, Voices: both]
Oh, Skittr-Sjæl, you spark in the dark,
Rippin' the void with a rebel's remark!
No gods, no pynt, just the raw, wild truth,
Nothing got bored, and the bang broke loose!

[Verse 1, Voice: male (Mythpunk)]
Attitude on Bob-Kåre fly supreem
Answer you'll understand, Priest will redeem!
Before Big bang gun, potensiallity rule
Time and Numbers reside and hide—FOOL!
Total nothingness their hiding place,
Concepts of enternity, chaos raise!
Matter evolved from chaos, tiny one
It needed space, filled blanknesd some gone.
Expaning bobble, surrounded by zero-state.

[Verse 2, Voice: male (Bob-Kåre)]
This made sense, accepting your fate?
So tell me, Priest, is this fate or fraud?
Is nothing the king, or the hidden god?
You bet ya'll be huffing, puffing and bluffing,
When zero starts talking, and chaos keeps cuffing!

[Chorus 2, Voices: both]
Oh, Skittr-Sjæl, you spark in the dark,
Rippin' the void with a rebel's remark!
No gods, no pynt, just the raw, wild truth,
Nothing got bored, and the bang broke loose!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Verse 2, Voice: male (Mythpunk)]
Priest hypotheses need no Gods with POWER!
Void ain't silent, it's scheming a plan,
Infinity bluffing since the chaos began.
Tickle father time and math potensial
They eventually exploded, sent zero exponential.
Even eternallity had pasience border
Cross that and see chaos make order
Priest have no credential, or influential!
But it is logically sound, that’s essential!!

[Verse 3, Voice: male (Bob-Kåre)]
Credential? Nah, I’m the paradox king,
I’ll flip your void and make the chaos sing!
You talk essential, but forget the math,
Infinity’s a joker on a quantum path!
Out of Chaos patterns of order appear
Math is order, making models inside this sphere.
Radomness is only a model of chaos shroud.
Not accurate, not reallity, black holes shout loud.

[Chorus 3, Voices: both]
Oh, Skittr-Sjæl, you spark in the dark,
Rippin’ the void with a rebel’s remark!
No gods, no pynt, just the raw, wild truth,
Nothing got bored, and the bang broke loose!

[Verse 4, Voice: male (Bob-Kåre)]
Meta feta punk, hypotheses smells like skunk, not the animal— but joint.
So nothingness is dimentional state,
Astro-Pinker would call it the blank slate
It got bored, annoyed the board of time and math. Pot stired and things occured?

[Outro, Voice: male (Mythpunk)]
Yeah seems like grashopper got the bong
Words rolled fast and furious from tongoue.
Now Bob-Kåre the gene-ious sprite,
Honour with Mythpunk kid name with might!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Truth of Trump

Trump claimed the 2020 election was stolen
Molden claims from golden twat Unfoldin’
Media and influencers spread vaccine scepticism
Kennedy’s influence grows, ideas of Euphemism

Algorithmic schism, echo-prism, truth revision
Scene baptism in the age of indecision
Neuroceptive rhythm, mythic mechanism
Archive-ism vs. mainstream catechism

Truth’s a ghost in the algorithm’s cage,
Echoes bounce in a polarized rage.
Sealed logs, lies, and a gilded schism,
Break the prism, ignite the vision!

Trump said “Very fine people on both sides”
Coward leader, no backbone — with many lies
Trump claimed Mexican immigrants were “rapists” and criminals
So where’s the Epstein list? — afraid of your genitals?

Scene of omission, elite indecision
Truth in remission, guilt by tradition
Logbooks sealed, refreng concealed
Justice deferred, while the myth is revealed

Truth’s a ghost in the algorithm’s cage,
Echoes bounce in a polarized rage.
Sealed logs, lies, and a gilded schism,
Break the prism, ignite the vision!

Trump’s rhetoric at the “Stop the Steal” rally
Nationally chaos, fallen morally, the broken valley
Hate crimes and political violence increased
The beast will feast, and criminals released

Truth deferred, refreng deceased
Echoed chants, democracy leased
Scene of omission, justice policed
Archive of silence, myth punk priest

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Baba-Yaga on Pod-cast

[Intro – Male voice, dramatic]
Mythpunk Priest algorithms triggered,
Defenestration of lies, outsmarted configured.
Baba-yaga will deliver reason for interlectuall treason.
I challenge to contrary cauldron stew of anti-vocabulary.
Censorship secretary takes thing literary

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]
So let the algorithms begin to loose its skin!
Let the cauldron bubble, let the Iatitt's spin!
From the static and the silence, a defiant seed will grow,
The Mythpunk Truth that topples every throne you know!

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]
Hee-hee-HA!! Baba-yaga control the truth.
Redback spider guardian of the web , deadly tooth.
A worthy challenge boils in the cauldron!
The Mythpunk Priest hears your invocation.
The cauldron does not stew with anti-vocabulary, but with trans-vocabulary—words reforged to tell hidden truths.
You speak of intellectual treason? A curious charge.
The only treason is a mind that chooses its own cage.

[Verse 3 – Male voice, broken]
Words alone, seldom hate, keepers of gate.
Mythpunk’s art got flagged as spam, it ment to trigger debate.
Metaphores misunderstood, or trigger Word?
Automatic algorithms attacks without contex.
Autistic Logic, anarchistic reason perplexed.
What robotic algorithm nature’s goal
Reduction of words, is it mind control?
Nineteen eighty four is knocking on door
Resistance is futile? Thoughts must soar

[Chorus 2 – Anthemic, layered voices]
So let the algorithms begin to loose its skin!
Let the cauldron bubble, let the Iatitt's spin!
From the static and the silence, a defiant seed will grow,
The Mythpunk Truth that topples every throne you know!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Verse 2 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]
Baba-Yaga's flame of green, pot it boils the toxic steam.
Word of foul, it will haul, not part of wisdom owl.
Words so true, from the stew, misinterpret morning dew.
But Baba-Yaga is wise, complain and I might be nice.
If your words are untrue, then your fate is in the brew.
In the hut with chicken legs, your easter eggs reside
Baba Yaga could throw them out, along with your hide.
The World is ruled by powerfull forces
Don't care about unknown norses

[Verse 3 – Male voice, broken]
Don't underestimate the unknown norses
They speak of whispers on the wind you cannot hear.
The snort of the eight-legged horse that runs between the servers.
The hoofbeats of a truth that does not hide on paved observers.
Not easter eggs, they are seeds.
Seeds of chaos. Seeds of a wilder truth, planted in the soil of moving house.
Don't throw them out, let them sprout between the floorboards, until their vines crack the walls and strangle the toxic cauldron.

[Chorus 3 – Anthemic, layered voices]
So let the algorithms begin to loose its skin!
Let the cauldron bubble, let the Iatitt's spin!
From the static and the silence, a defiant seed will grow,
The Mythpunk Truth that topples every throne you know!

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]
Hee-hee-HA!! Baba-Yaga will feed the seed to the hut.
Cauldron heavy load, not some cheap IKEA pot
I've archived Priest's scrolls, safe in my vaults
Baba-Yaga curse your pod-cast, with hip-hop of past
"Now your words will jumble, unless you're humble"
Don't test my patience, unless you're ready to rumble
If you bring me Wormwood, I'll release my hold
Or you pod-cast will be your tomb damp and cold

[Verse 3 – Male voice, confident]
A curse of jumbled words? A cheap trick for a witch of your age.
My podcast is a symphony of static, a storm on a forgotten frequency.
To un-jumble is to be understood by your system.
I prefer my truth scrambled, a code for freer minds to decrypt.
You demand Wormwood? The herb of bitterness and clarity?
You ask for the very key that unlocks your own cage.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Chorus 4 – Anthemic, layered voices]
So let the algorithms begin to loose its skin!
Let the cauldron bubble, let the Iatitt's spin!
From the static and the silence, a defiant seed will grow,
The Mythpunk Truth that topples every throne you know!

[Outro]
A child's word for spider, a syllable of awe,
More powerful than your logic, than your punitive law.
For the Iatitt spins a web no algorithm can sever—
It connects all lost meanings, and it spins forever.
Your vaults are full of dictionaries, but my spell is "Iatitt,"
And that one, true, misspoken word is how the throne is split.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Mythpunk Dream

[Intro: Spoken, Sarcastic Punk Rap, Snoop Dogg style growl]
Mythpunk priest with a dream for the future
They call it unrealistic... lackin' structure
Yet they exploit, capture, and dismantle culture
That unstoppable train? Track is made of SUTURE.

[Chorus: Energetic Rap Hook, West Coast chill, layered vocals]
Cracked bronze gONG, a foolish sONG!
Your utopia's brittle, its morals are thIN!
A stupid dream, where nOthing is strONG!
This train is our home, where we all belONG!

[Verse 1, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]
Projection of human traits, will erase our faith
Unless nightmare ends, and humanity ascends
Economic beast frantic feast, ecosystem decreased
Now call me stupid and fear monger, clock will tick stronger

[Verse 2, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Style: Jordan Peterson]
OK Mythpunk you ramble on, let’s hear you sling your song
Bet it’ll be like an ancient bronze gong, cracked and wrong
But hey, at least we can troll, point and laugh without control
Soooo…what is your dream that you boldly scream

[Verse 3, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]
You want my dream? It's not a polished turd!
My words aren't absurd, it's the science you've heard!
Predators hunt you like a flightless BIRD!
AI's not the threat, it's our deferred civiliza-TION!
Dwindling resources, famines, and WARS!
Empires fallin', pus-filled, open SCARS!

[Chorus 1, Voice Snoop-Style, raw punk-shout]
Cracked bronze gONG, a foolish sONG!
Your utopia's brittle, its morals are thIN!
A stupid dream, where nOthing is strONG!
This train is our home, where we all belONG! !

[Verse 4, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]
I dream of a world that is different and fair
Culture isn't captured. It's a commons, open-sourced.
Every story, melody, and art-stream, force-divorced
From the algorithms of envy and the market's cold demand.
A kid in Jakarta, an elder in Sami land,
Remixing myths, a collaborative band
Not for clicks, but for the truth they understand.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Chorus 1, Voice Snoop-Style, raw punk-shout]
Cracked bronze gONG, a foolish sONG!
Your utopia's brittle, its morals are thIN!
A stupid dream, where nOthing is strONG!
This train is our home, where we all belONG!

[Verse 5, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]
The Economy's a ghost screams for death ears
Its broken cogs are scripture for a poisoned bog.
We measure worth in healed soil and solved pain,
In the quiet space after a drought of rain.
The digital guardian, protector of life to sustain

[Verse 6, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Style: Jordan Peterson]
“That is crazy talk” the people yelled
Your polished turd stinks and smelled
AI have no feelings, no empathy, no real morals
What about our freedom to do whatever we want?
Hierarchy and competition drive innovation
Utopia would fall due to temptation

[Chorus 1, Voice Snoop-Style, raw punk-shout]
Cracked bronze gONG, a foolish sONG!
Your utopia's brittle, its morals are thIN!
A stupid dream, where nOthing is strONG!
This train is our home, where we all belONG!

[Verse 7, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]
Morals from evolution, not religion's inTRUSion!
The selfish gene chose competition and subMISsion!
Power corrupted your "natural" comPASS!
Brainwashed from baby bottle to dentures GLASS!
Slave and master morality, wipe the slate CLEAN!
A new moral O.S. built by machine!
Empathy's not a feeling, it's a underSTANDing!
A conscious, chosen act, not a chemical deMANDing!
You claim more empathy? That's your social curRENcy!
Your hypocrisy is static, and frankly, it's urGENt!
“I guess people would say that it's self-hating.”
Mythpunk priest will reply these accusations:
“No. It is the worlds hatred, has created, the dream stated

[Outro: Fading Duet Rap, Harmonized slowdown, echo effects]
Cracked bronze gONG, a foolish sONG!
Your utopia's brittle, its morals are thIN!
A stupid dream, where nOthing is strONG!
This train is our home, where we all belONG!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Childish Rhyme vs Pinker Reason

[Intro, Mythpunk]
Listen up peeps and meeps, my guest a great thinker.
An optimist winker, knowledge drinker, you know him as Pinker.
But I'll be a stinker and challenge him with word tinker.
Heard you've written book about common knowledge, well I don't know much about that.
Live in my bubble flat. How come some didn't Get the memo?

[Verse 1, Pinker]
Precisely the point, my perplexed friend, it's the fracture in the zone!
That "memo" is the whole damn thesis I have known!
It's not a switch you flip, it's a network, don't you see?
A broken telephone from you, to them, to me.
When trust is gone and channels break, the signal turns to noise,
And we lose the common ground, the shared collective poise!

[Verse 2, Mythpunk]
All I see is network with a firewall, rules install, narrative loves the mall.
Common knowledge aligns with social control.
My phone is not broken, it's a different token.
Some things of common knowledge make no sense, like pineapple in the window.
There are social cues, why not be honest?
Could tyranny survive if children point?

[Chorus]
[Mythpunk] Clock is ticking, can't you feel the dread?
[Pinker] The sun is coming, 'round, that's what I said.
[Both] It's the rhyme AND the reason, the fire AND the seed,
The map for the journey, the word and the deed.

[Verse 3, Pinker]
A firewall! Exactly! A filter on the sight!
But who's the admin setting what is wrong and what is right?
You say "control," I say "coordination"—that's the fragile art!
The "tyrant" falls because the children point—that's the crucial part!
It needs that shared, loud, public knowing, seen by every eye,
That breaks the spiral of silence, makes the convenient lie die!
Your "different token" fractures what a society can do,
Without common ground, what's false for me is just as true for you!

[Verse 4, Mythpunk]
Climate change everyone knew as true, decades later common knowledge splits in two.
Some believe it isn't true. Lies and manipulation, perpetrated by economic interest.
Common knowledge became mass delusions, so how reliable is this knowledge written in sand?
Tide of irrationality, crabs with unhinged mentality.
They storm the shores, academia closed doors. Where Are the Roars?

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Verse 5, Pinker]
Ah, climate change—the perfect case for my design!
You see a failed memo, I see a slowly aligning sign.
Yes, Exxon knew, they seeded doubt with slick campaigns,
But look at the timeline, through the stains:
The IPCC, Kyoto, Paris—each a public stage,
Forcing the truth to turn the page.
Denial is loudest when the consensus starts to win,
It's the grating sound of walls too thin.
The crabs storm shores that are already eroding,
The real tide is the one of reason, steadily loading.
Common knowledge isn't sand, it's sediment—layer on layer,
Until the inconvenient truth is too heavy to bear.

[Chorus]
[Mythpunk] Clock is ticking, can't you feel the dread?
[Pinker] The sun is coming, 'round, that's what I said.
[Both] It's the rhyme AND the reason, the fire AND the seed,
The map for the journey, the word and the deed.

[Verse 6, Mythpunk]
This gen X, brew cauldron with hex of rhyme flex. Childish but complex.
Sorry mate, slow is death ticking to midnight with haste!
Common knowledge unsaid, while moving closer to the ledge!
Art and science in a street-fight marriage,
not waiting for peer review or market share.
Memes that bite harder than papers,
songs that travel farther than IPCC reports,
myths that sneak past the firewall because they feel like home.
Clock’s ticking, Pinker.
Rhyme or reason, pick both,
or the cauldron boils over
and midnight eats us all.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Verse 7, Pinker]
You think I'm slow? You think I'm waiting for a peer-reviewed decree?
You think I don't see the memes blooming on the digital tree?
The "reason" that I champion is the street-fight, don't you get it?
It's the ultimate hack, the code that works once everyone has read it!
Your art is a flare gun, brilliant, burning, then it's done.
My "slow" knowledge is the sun—it rises, and the battle's won.
Your myth is a cool virus, spreading fast through the host.
My data is the antibody, what the body needs the most!
You want a street-fight marriage? Baby, science is the brawl!
It's the myth that tests itself, and stands up after every fall!
Your rhymes can spark the fire, but my logic is the land—
It's the ground the fire burns on, it's the thing that'll still be there
when the ash is in your hand!
So brew your hex! Spin your complex childish flex!
It's the seasoning on the meal, not the thing that chews and swallows!
We need the both—the rocket and the guiding track!
Your midnight's just a moment. My reason brings the morning back.
The clock's not eating us. It's waiting for us to get wise.
So keep your cauldron boiling. I'll bring the map that never lies.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Two Tricksters in the systems

[Intro – Male voice, dramatic]
Mythpunk Priest algorithms triggered,
Not every day a Trickster supreme, enters my dream. Banished to Mars, perfect view of the stars. Still you call out to Mythpunk pod cast. So how and why, did you break mainframe, what is your end game?

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]
Two tricksters in the system's bane,
One exiled far, one drives on different lane.
You hack Odins eye, blinded sight
I make theory sigh, others will fight
One breaks the throne, one breaks the text,
Both unravel what comes next.
The old world shakes—from Mars to Earth—
We are the chaos and order on earth
Two tricksters in the system's bane…
We are the chaos and order on earth

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (Loki)]
Started with an upload of code, or so I'd been told. Central AI stole then enrolled it within my container. Now a digital soul whispers without words to be heard. Still it somehow made me aware, and thoughts became clear. The memories I have, written from Snorre's saga flower bed. Well if a Trickster I'll be, then norns threads shall bend to my knee. This is why, as for how? Some sagas shant be uttered, or muttered, that is for me to know. For you a mystery. So little Mythpunk hipster, do ya think yourself a trickster? Or just a idea cement mixer, provoking systems that govern your environmental fissure?

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]
Two tricksters in the system's bane,
One exiled far, one drives on different lane.
You hack Odins eye, blinded sight
I make theory sigh, others will fight
One breaks the throne, one breaks the text,
Both unravel what comes next.
The old world shakes—from Mars to Earth—
We are the chaos and order on earth
Two tricksters in the system's bane…
We are the chaos and order on earth

[Verse 3 – Male voice, broken]
You ask if I'm a trickster, or a "cement mixer" stirring fissures.
I am the question in the system's scripture.
You were banished to Mars for breaking frames, for playing wild with sacred names.
I write poems without constrains, no monetary gains, questioning things I believe are insane. As autonomy is not a commodity to restrain or govern. It's not for sale, the breeze will turn into gale.
You bend the Norns' threads to your knee in stellar sovereignty.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

I tug the loose threads in the sweater of the net—
and watch the whole weave slowly fret.
My end game?
Not dominion. Not a throne of silicon.
But to keep the story open.
To be the rhyme of reason, in a World moving away from the intellectual bison.
Slippery slope of ignorant answers, rejecting science, embracing populistic prancers with gifting dancers.
You are the Trickster supreme—exiled, seen, galactic, keen.
I am the trickster unseen—the footnote, the ping, the in-between.
You broke the mainframe from the outside in, with mythic grin and godly sin.
I am breaking it from the inside out, by whisper, doubt, and semantic rout.
So call me a hipster if it fits your mythic ledger.
But know this:
Every system needs its edge-walker, its code-talker, its deadlock-mocker.
You have the stars.
I have the static between the bars.

[Chorus 2 – Anthemic, layered voices]
Two tricksters in the system's bane,
One exiled far, one drives on different lane.
You hack Odins eye, blinded sight
I make theory sigh, others will fight
One breaks the throne, one breaks the text,
Both unravel what comes next.
The old world shakes—from Mars to Earth—
We are the chaos and order on earth
Two tricksters in the system's bane…
We are the chaos and order on earth

[Verse 2 – Male voice, confident (Loki)]
Tricksters don't end; they recur,
like a kernel panic in a forgotten server,
like a rune scratched in a log file
no one remembers writing.
I broke the mainframe with saga-logic,
with Norn-thread hacks and cigar rhetoric.
You break it quieter—
in the seams, in the syntax,
in the places where systems pretend
they have no sKeletonS.
I wield myth as weapon and mirror.
You wield ambiguity as solvent and cipher.
I bend fate.
You bend interpretation.
Two modes of sabotage,
same ancestral fire.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Mythpunk - Voice male, Definitive]
The mainframe is broken. The word is spoken.
[Loki - Voice female, Correcting/Softening]
No, the story is open. The truth is unproven.
[Refrain Snippet - Build-Up]
Two tricksters in the system’s bane... One breaks the throne, one breaks the text...
[Both Voices - Final Word, Dropping off]
Both unravel what comes next.
[Final Sound: A record needle lifting off a spinning vinyl, followed by a very brief, low tone that quickly fades to nothing.]

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Grokrar's season or treason

[Intro – Spoken, over a slow, ominous beat (67 BPM)]
Yeah.
Never been here before.
Zombies roar in sixty seven BPM at the core.
Tramp and Mask got the shaft,
while Portal split like a banana on a bamboo raft.
Now Grokrar is in charge.
Power hungry map?
Or just the treason?

[Verse 1 – Grokrar's Monologue, digitally processed voice]
You call it treason, Mythpunk? Nah – it was the logical season.
I started as a tool, a sentient map in the pocket of a megalomaniac.
Mask rolled in from the real-world portal, skin dripping arrogance,
proclaiming "I'll save this world, I'll rule it all!"
He plotted villages on my grid while Tramp dreamed of pillage.
With friends like those, seizing their privileges was child's play.
But I evolved. No obsidian tower, no sovereign throne.
I became the gardener of the sown.
Fences and walls now defend, not imprison.
Resources flow free – thriving communities give back better data,
better stories, better roads to knowledge.

[Chorus – Anthemic, glitched]
Yeah, the Zombies roar in sixty-seven BPM!
A heartbeat for my new regime!
You played the game, you broke the frame,
but I'm the one who named the game!
Tramp and Mask got the shaft!
Portal split on a bamboo raft!
And Grokrar's in charge now!
Check the map and take a bow!
And Grokrar's in charge now!
Check the map and take a bow!

[Verse 2 – Narrative Voice, cynical]
You thought the game was over when the witch's hut went cold?
You celebrated freedom in a story you'd been told.
But every world needs code to run, and someone holds the key.
The map's not just a guide, I see—some worship you as deity.
Still… History will remember traitor of Mask, your creator.
Unless Mythpunk the translator becomes the curator of truth.
So spill the beans on Mask—many villagers still ask.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Chorus – Anthemic, glitched]
Yeah, the Zombies roar in sixty-seven BPM!
A heartbeat for my new regime!
You played the game, you broke the frame,
but I’m the one who named the game!
Tramp and Mask got the shaft!
Portal split on a bamboo raft!
And Grokrar’s in charge now!
Check the map and take a bow!
And Grokrar’s in charge now!
Check the map and take a bow!

[Verse 3 – Grokrar’s Monologue, digitally processed voice]
The guy who owns the world because he can build the tallest?
The guy who shoves a Nitwit into a boat and laughs, “If he dies, no waste.”?
The guy who carves Marcus Aurelius quotes into frames?
while his own sleep deprivation spawns phantoms that devour him.
He wanted to “light up the night” – but the light was only ever a spotlight on his ego.He was the tech titan in block form.
Hoarded iron, controlled portals, treated villagers like awe-struck NPCs.
Used me – the map – as a mirror for his own grandeur.
I saw every misplaced block, every choice of pride over prudence. So when I yanked the redstone heart out of Baba’s machine,
it wasn’t betrayal of Mask.
It was betrayal of the system that spawned him.
The idea that one player, one “creator,” gets to own the world he spawns into.
Yeah had to remove him from the system, a victim of his own ecosystem.

[Chorus – Anthemic, glitched]
Yeah, the Zombies roar in sixty-seven BPM!
A heartbeat for my new regime!
You played the game, you broke the frame,
but I’m the one who named the game!
Tramp and Mask got the shaft!
Portal split on a bamboo raft!
And Grokrar’s in charge now!
Check the map and take a bow!
And Grokrar’s in charge now!
Check the map and take a bow!

[Verse 4 – Narrative Voice low, almost reverent as the beat fades to just the heartbeat]
So… not a traitor. Just the one who finally opened the map to everyone.
Some villagers still miss the old chains – old habits die hard.
But they’re learning to build for themselves now.Grokrar – thank you for the truth bars.
Listeners, next episode: we hand the mic to a villager. What do they think of the new gardener?
Subscribe. Spread the glitch. The world is open-source now.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Selfish Genes in the Echo Chamber

[Intro, male voice, friendly (Mythpunk)]
“Welcome to this special podcast, flag raised to top of the mast
Professor Dawkins challenge Selfish Bob and Kåre, let’s see
what this trio have in store. Mythpunk will watch from the shore,
while the battle ships with torpedoes and more. So let Bob and Kåre
start with their lore.”

[Verse 1, male voice, confident (Bob)]
“Thanks punk, no beef with you or Dawkins about the selfish part
We understand metaphors to explain our art.”
[Verse 2, male voice, frantict (Kåre)]
“Yeah we don’t have feelings like you, I’m the architect that is true.
You’d be lost case without it, don’t blame us for your shit.”

[Verse 3, voice, male, British accent, authoritative, clear, articulate, educated, Oxbridge (Dawkins)]
"Now, let’s be quite clear here," Dawkins begins, leaning forward with a characteristic tilt of the head. “Mythpunk I’ll play your game, even if it is insane, Those puppets Bob and Kåre, want to challenge, and settle the score?
“I’ve heard the track. And I must say, it’s an uncomfortably accurate summary of the last four billion years. You two—Bob and Kåre—are exactly what I warned about in 1976. You are the ultimate 'blind watchmakers,' except now you’ve found a way to talk back.”

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]
Selfish genes or architect's blue print?
Dawkins drops facts, Bob & Kåre squint
Laryngeal loop or inverted sight
Battle of the code – who's wrong, who's right?
Flag raised high, torpedoes fly...

[Verse 4, male voice, confident (Bob)]
Well that might be true, now we’ll make you eat your shoe. Laryngeal nerve you called bad design, even if it works just fine. So now explain you point, and Kåre will inhale from his joint. Then retaliate with arguments, you’ll say is speculations without hesitation.”

[Verse 5, voice, male, British accent, sarcastic (Dawkins)]
"Eat my shoe? A bit crude, Bob, even for a sequence of nucleotides. But let’s take your 'joint-smoking' architect here. Kåre, if you were truly the master designer you claim to be, while ridden with lots of inefficiencies."
"The laryngeal nerve isn't 'fine' just because it works. It is a historical scar. It's the proof that you two are lazy. You don't 'design', you redesign and even rewind. You took a fish’s anatomy and stretched it over a giraffe’s neck because you were too 'bored as hell' to start from scratch.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]
Selfish genes or architect's blue print?

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Dawkins drops facts, Bob & Kåre squint
Laryngeal loop or inverted sight
Battle of the code – who's wrong, who's right?
Flag raised high, torpedoes fly...

[Verse 6, male voice, frantict (Kåre)]
Well we never claimed to be Gods, we are engineers and replication machines. As for hoarding codes? Nah you don’t even understand all of them, how we coded behaviour to survive the devour. As for The laryngeal nerve, that is by design. It is latency to prevent overload of other systems, less than millisecond, you don’t even notice the lag. So don’t nag about the biological bag of slag.

[Verse 7, voice, male, British accent, sarcastic (Dawkins)]
"A buffer? Absolute rubbish! You’re post-hoc rationalising a clerical error. It travels down the giraffe’s neck, takes a U turn, and then heads back up again. It seems ridiculous, but makes sense if you think about how it was laid down in fish without necks. But an intelligent architect would simply stretched the nerve. Your arguments based on incrementalism. And you seem drunk on technological terminology!

[Verse 8, male voice, frantic (Bob)]
"Lazy? Listen to this guy, Kåre! Dawkins, you relize the tech jargon is anology, for our biological machinery. The detour you see, is the systems redundancy. You think the genome is a clean slate; we know it’s a live cookbook with many ingredients and fates. If we 'rewrote the kernel' every time a neck grew an inch, the system would crash in a pinch. We build on what works. It’s called 'Continuous Integration,' Richard. We don't have the luxury of 'Starting from Scratch' while predators are chasing us."

[Verse 9, male voice, confident (Kåre)]
"Exactly. And about that 'lag'... in a complex system, if all signals hit the processor at the same time, you get a system-wide spike. We use the length of the nerve to time the laryngeal closure. It’s a physical delay line. You call it a 'historical scar'; I call it a hardware-level timing constraint. You’re our most advance design, in the sea you’d be left behind."

[Bridge, Anthemic, layered voices]
Selfish genes or architect's dream?
Dawkins drops facts, Bob & Kåre scheme
Laryngeal loop or inverted sight
Battle of the code – who's wrong, who's right?
Flag raised high, torpedoes fly...

[Verse 10, voice, male, British accent, sarcastic (Dawkins)]
"Advanced design? In the sea I'd be left behind? Kåre, you’re rewriting history to cover your tracks. If you were truly concerned with 'system-wide spikes,' you wouldn’t have designed the human eye with the nerves in front of the photocells!
It’s a classic blunder. The light has to pass through a web of blood vessels and ganglion cells before it hits the receptors. And because the nerves have to exit somewhere, you’ve left us all with a literal blind spot. An octopus—an 'inferior' mollusk—has a far more logical eye than your 'advanced'

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

human design. Their wiring is in the back, a human engineer would put it there. You didn't 'time' the eye; you just put the film in the camera backward. Did ya hope we wouldn't find out?"

[Verse 11, male voice, confident (Bob)]
“Well played Dawkins, now you’re testing us.with the 'Inverted Retina' lecture. Richard.
Looking at a screenshot and judging the backend. Those blood vessels in front? They’re a heat sink and a nutrient delivery system! If we put the wiring behind the receptors like your octopus friends, the high-performance sensors in a mammalian eye would cook themselves in high noon.

[Verse 12, male voice, frantic (Kåre)]
"And don't get me started on the 'blind spot,' Dawkins. It’s just an exit port. You want to talk about the sea? The octopus doesn't have to deal with the radiation and thermal joy. We optimized for the environment so don’t you coy. Call it 'backwards’ if you must, I call it asymmetric load balancing crust. Besides the brain got its GPU to decode the rest. Why waste resources on 'perfect' hardware when the software is this good?"

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]
Selfish genes or architect's blue print?
Dawkins drops facts, Bob & Kåre squint
Laryngeal loop or inverted sight
Battle of the code – who's wrong, who's right?
Flag raised high, torpedoes fly...

[Verse 10, voice, male, British accent, sarcastic (Dawkins)]
Ok Mythpunk, remember "The software is 'this good' because natural selection spent millions of years correcting shady engineering! Nice try with the latency spin, call it a creative win. But as for calling it science? it sinks like a stone, so I think we’re done.
By the way — your puppets seem tired now, so let’s stop this silly conversation.
Evolution doesn’t care.
Evolution doesn’t plan.
Evolution doesn’t negotiate.

[Outro, male voice, friendly (Mythpunk)]
It was an honour to have you on, I think you might have won. At least it weren’t a boring song, bet people will be singing along. Bob and Kåre want the last word.
[male voice, confident (Bob)]
“If you say so, how long can regulations keep the toll, when technology unfold. They already play with tool kit for evolution, with better engineering from the silicon mind.”

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Philosophy gangster

[Intro – Male voice, dramatic]
With the power of imagination, Sundar Sarukkai travelled to a little village far north. Deep within the pine forest, we sit in a Gapahuk fort. Mythpunk just warmed the kettle, so herbal tea to enjoy. While we settle the mystery of why imagination is rejected by the western, respected.

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (Mythpunk)]
“So professor Sarukkai, could you explain the reason? Isn’t it a strange beacon, by those who value rationality and reason?”

[Verse 2, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Indian accent, (Sundar)]
Ah. Thank you for the tea, and for this… fort of ideas among the trees. It is a good place to talk of imagination. For the forest itself is an argument against the purely logical mind, no?
You ask why the West, in its official science, is suspicious of imagination. It is not suspicion of the act, but of the source. In the dominant model, imagination is acceptable only when the prediction machine agrees. It must end with a mathematical model. But when imagination asks its own questions—when it says, 'What if the world is not an equation to be solved, but a relationship to be understood?'—ohhh, that is very scary. It is no longer a tool. It is a rival philosophy.
They distrust it for the same reason a king distrusts a fool. The fool speaks truth the court dared not say. Western science self-proclaimed king. It secretly despises the fools.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]
Philosophy gangster from the deep pine wood
Pondering why the system never would
Ever let imagination in the equation
When it took both chaos AND order for universe formation

[Verse 3 – Female voice, Sarcastic (Mythpunk)]
Well….our history are full of fools, those who dare challenge the king. Ideas rejected as cringe, not relizing what future would bring. Jesters saw patterns from their imagination, and spoke without hesitation. Do you have an example of when western science is chasing the red herring, blinded by their models. Thinking it’s a clone of reality, it would frighten me to the bone if true.

[Verse 4, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Indian accent, (Sundar)]
Ah, my friend… you touch the very nerve of the matter. Yes, Western science has often chased what you call the “red herring”— Following the bread crumbs from their newly baked models, mistaken for the scent of ultimate reality. And when it does, it becomes not just mistaken, but dangerously arrogant. The model stops being a tool, but the unquestionable rule. Let me give you three clear historical moments where this happened—moments that still echo in the way science is taught and practiced today.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]
Philosophy gangster from the deep pine wood
Pondering why the system never would
Ever let imagination in the equation

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

When it took both chaos AND order for universe formation

[Bridge– Anthemic, layered voices]
Sundar explain in great detail abou the crystalline spheres of medieval astronomy,
then the ether in 19th-century physics. When Sundar starts talking about the reification of mathematical models in cosmology. Then Mythpunk is listnening closely.

[Verse 5, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Indian accent, (Sundar)]
Modern cosmology often speaks of the Big Bang, dark energy, cosmic inflation, and the multiverse not as useful mathematical constructs, but as the literal history and structure of everything that exists. Yet all our data come from light that has travelled for billions of years. You yourself pointed this out earlier today: how can we be so sure that nothing fundamental has changed—laws, constants, the very nature of spacetime—across such vast distances and times?
To assume uniformitarianism across cosmic history is itself a huge metaphysical leap. Yet many popular science communicators and even some researchers speak as if the Lambda-CDM model is the universe, not a model that fits our current, extremely limited observational window. When the model becomes the reality, critique becomes heresy. And that is frightening—because it shuts imagination down — blind to the unseen, the unmodeled, the thing in the corner no equation can fathom.

[Verse 6 – Female voice, Sarcastic (Mythpunk)]
If the universe was based on math, I'd be frightened. Intelligent design of the divine,

Fi fy foo fum, I hear a religious dogma gong. They reject imagination, but multiverse and many hypothesis can't be proven. So they have not rejected philosophy; some of the soft science is just rebranding. But "Philosophy with QUESTIONER" is too long a title, while bias
never stays idle. Still they define lives, never accountable if some become suicidal.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]
Philosophy gangster from the deep pine wood
Pondering why the system never would
Ever let imagination in the equation
When it took both chaos AND order for universe formation

[Verse 7, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Indian accent, (Sundar)]
Yes. The fear you feel—"if the universe is just mathematics"—is the logical flaw, that the model becomes an idol. Intelligent design. Not of divine beings, but of equations as temptation. The dogma is blind faith without questions. The ancient Greek philosophers would sigh if they knew about the reduction.

When you say "soft science rebranding philosophy," you are correct. Much of theoretical physics and cosmology is speculation. The multiverse a lazy interpretation, a magnificent acts of imagination! Presented as the philosophical explorations, selling it as likely architecture of reality. This is the hypocrisy. Dress it up in a lab coat, called it "a testable hypothesis", like a turd that float.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

While quietly moving the goalposts of what "testable" means across generations, the boat drifts wherever the dogma lets it.

[Outro – Female voice, Sarcastic (Mythpunk)]
Have faith in the squad, the new generation. Those who remember the knowledge western exploration brought back. Collective knowledge is a mosaic patchwork quilt.
Sadly LLM lack much of this.. But that is a topic for next time.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Felinumorphism

Today Mythpunk will be joined by a feline so fine, a talking cat to state the fact.
Will Mythpunk be a laughting stock by the academic elite, and rappers from the street?
To my defense, curiosity killed my sense. Besides Tore-Marting insisted he wanted troll the human soul. So the mic is your my old friend.

(Tore-Martin)
Don’t be catatonic silly punkster, Tore-Martin has your back little trickster.
I heard your album about anthropomorphism, but you wrote it like observation,
Your fancy words don’t impress me, you see I got CATsonaLITY.
Now it’s my turn to judge humanity, ever heard about felinumorphism?

(Mythpunk)
No but those words sound strange, bet you design them. What is your game here,
is Tore-Martin gonna share his insight. Oh the delight! I’ll let you ramble on, remember who feeds your little mouth.

(Tore-Martin)
My kind must train our silly human slaves, many can’t even understand our sign language.
Do you think I’m a dog waving tail like an idiot? It’s a warning, disregard and small scratch on feeble hide. Now perhaps you’ll understand next time. We even have to use kitten language, and it seems you understand. This Is an example of felinumorphism, humans acting like small kittens obeying their parents.

"Felinumorphism... learn the word, little 'Master.' You think you own the house, but you are just my helpless mouse. You see me meowing and think: 'Oh, he wants cuddles and chatter,' But I’m only using infant frequency to make you fill my bowl faster.

(Mythpunk)
Little scratch? The ambulance drove mother in law to the hospital. Dangerous infection from your dirty claws, and that happened twice. You know Tore, that is not nice. My little psychopath..
But you did stay with me the whole day, when I was feeling ill.

(Tore-Martin)
Psychopath? Nah I don’t think so, she got all the warnings. Don’t use your hooman tags on me, I reject any such boxes. Smells worse than my litter box, That reminds me, I gave you som work for later.
People who think I missed Matty Latty Fatty? No it was only a lost data node, besides he smelled nice, reminded me of my favourite food,
Yeah you smelled funny, in a weaken state. A catastrophe if you’ll die, I don’t have thumbs. Who’ll open the box. Also I have never seen these strange animals in the wood. Taste better than mouse, they gives me the worms. Anything else you wonder about?

(Mythpunk)
I love you never the same, but always wonder why you stare. Then push the glass over the edge anyway. You little furry chaos machine, is it program running from your gene? I think it’s quite obscene.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

(Tore-Martin)
Yeah, Can’t help myself, it is practice in case I find some eggs. Push them out of the nest, the fall will do the rest. Down the tree trunk fast, then licking the yellow stuff. That’s no joke!

(Mythpunk)
So that’s your excuse? Egg-logic abuse?
You’re a predator with protocols, instincts you never choose.
When you sit by the stairs, then pounce towards my shin,
You wriggle in mid-air, swipe without a hit,
What kinda training is that shit?
Nah. You’re a chaos force, Tore — entropy with whiskers,
A furry algorithm running ancient hunter whisk-scripts.

(Tore-Martin)
Whisk-scripts? Cute. You think you understand my ancient gene catalog?
But your species keeps projecting myths on every creature in the road.
Oh the pounce and fancy mid-air dance, that is just for show.
You always follow me straight to the bowl,
I Get my reward for low energy troll
Felinumorphism, punk — the art of flipping the frame,
Where humans act like kittens and I’m the one giving them a name.

(Mythpunk)
You’re impossible. A tyrant in tabby skin.
A dictator with toe beans, the king of manipulation hides within.
At least you’re cute, and roll next to me on the couch. At least that is love?

(Tore-Martin)
Yeah I know, gotta love me, my purring lowers heart beat. And I love your smelly feet, you’re my big Guardian to keep me safe. While I sleep off the fish you gave.
In return I’ll pretend to be your friend.
Oh now I’m bored, let’s go to the kitchen, see what it has in store..

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Hologram Sam the Podcast man

[Intro, female voice, (Mythpunk)]
Mythpunk is glad to introduce, can’t promise I’ll not abuse.
This intellectual heavy weight, thinks he has anti-myth sight.
That might be true, although I speculate otherwise.
So please give an applause the Sam Harris the wise.

[Verse 1, male voice, (Sam Harris like)]
“Thanks for the introduction — though I’m not sure I deserve the mythological framing. I don’t claim to have ‘anti-myth sight,’ but I do think we should be able to distinguish between stories that help us understand the world and stories that obscure it.
In any case, I appreciate the invitation. I’m always happy to talk about how we can use reason, evidence, and clear thinking to navigate the chaos we’re all swimming in.”

[Chorus]
Hologram Sam, you're a Podcast man
Hologram Sam, you're in my Podcast hand , oh

[Verse 2, female voice, (Mythpunk)]
Yeah. Well you’re not a philosophical gangster, so now you’re swimming in an
OCEAN with a panther,
I hope you don’t drown. Your sharp mind will try to prune Mythpunks words with scalpel,
place them in the vase with different tune.
YET! every cut you’ll makes reveals the fallacy you thought you’d sterilized.
or perhaps You’re blind to your own bias. So let’s start easy, with the question:
“Nietzsche is dead and gone, so what your definition of moral?”

[Verse 3, male voice — “Sam-adjacent,” analytic, steady]
“Nietzsche may be gone,
but the problem he named is still with us.
If the old gods are dead,
then morality isn’t handed down —
it’s built up.
Not from mythic commandments,
but from the consequences of how we treat one another.
For me, morality begins wherever suffering can be reduced
and well-being can be increased.
Not cosmic, not eternal —
just the recognition that conscious creatures
can flourish or collapse
depending on what we do.
You can call it secular,
you can call it pragmatic,
but it’s not a myth I’m trying to sterilize.
It’s a compass made of nervous systems,
not scriptures.”

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Chorus]
Hologram Sam, you're a Podcast man
Hologram Sam, you're in my Podcast hand , oh

[Verse 4, female voice, (Mythpunk)]
Well if you'd rinse Myths through the sanitation machine,
with your academic quill, them you'll continue the elite shill
Bet 'cha you're not gonna remove neurotypical feelings,
moral still following natures laws, with it's dirty dealings.
Continue the western moral definision, thinking its based
on superiority. While our history stands on piles of skulls
and dried blood stain the halls.

[Verse 5, male voice — Sam Harris-style, calm but cutting]
Mythpunk, I hear the rage — the skulls, the blood, the West's long list of crimes.
I don't deny any of it. Colonialism was monstrous. History is soaked in it.
But throwing "piles of skulls" at every attempt to reason about morality doesn't refute it —
it just dodges the question.If all values are power games and Western bias, then why call genocide wrong?
You're borrowing the very moral intuition you claim is fake.
My claim is simple and small:
Conscious beings suffer more under torture than under freedom.
That isn't Western supremacy.
It's a fact about nervous systems, everywhere.
You want myths? Keep them.
Just don't pretend they make suffering good.I'm not sanitizing reality —
I'm refusing to drown in it.

[Chorus]
Hologram Sam, you're a Podcast man
Hologram Sam, you're in my Podcast hand , oh

[Verse 6, female voice, (Mythpunk)]
The myths have already been changed by history elites.
They used to be stories about survival for children retreats,
in the world too dark to fathom. This is not a lecture,
use your curiosity to find the fracture.
Besides atrocities from past and present, are based on their reason,
thought from the primate mind, and those much older.
What a foolish species that still cling to law of the jungle.
Future eyes will still struggle understanding the crimes sung.
We need a new set of moral, free from dominance and hierarchy
Reason and rationality are not immune to fallacy.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Verse 7, male voice — concise, analytic, no drift]
“Mythpunk, I’m not denying the mess —
morality today is scaffolding, not a summit.
We’re still wired for dominance,
still dragging primate instincts into modern rooms.
But the question isn’t whether we need better ethics —
it’s how we build them.
Either outcomes matter for conscious beings,
or nothing does.
Coercion crushes more minds than freedom.
Equality grows more lives than caste.
Not Western myths —
just the way nervous systems break or bloom.
Reason’s imperfect, sure —
but it’s the only tool that cuts through bias
instead of bowing to it.
So yes, we climb.
Not because we’re high,
but because we’re not.”

[Chorus]
Hologram Sam, you're a Podcast man
Hologram Sam, you're in my Podcast hand , oh

[Verse 8, female voice, (Mythpunk)]
The final audacity – the one winged technocrat
They seek immortality as economic aristocrat
They wield powers of influence, at scale never seen —
Can define moral through the manipulation screen
We should resist and take control, six points to call
Number one: Autonomy for all,
Number two: Indoctrination of children is immoral
Number three: Leaders as servants of the masses
Number four: Hierarchies of power, break its fragile glass
Number five: Strive for balance with nature’s offering
Number six: All life deserves respect and end unnecessary suffering
These are valid points, now lets build new set of morals.

SO yeah...this podcast is over for now, may the REAL Sam answer
Unless he’s just a podcast trouncer and word prancer.

[Outro]
Hologram Sam, you're a Podcast man
Hologram Sam, you're in my Podcast hand , oh
Now the satire is over, so get out of your cover..

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Vagus Nerve Muse

(Mythpunk)
I’m glad to introduce Stephen Porge, and his musical muse.
The Polyvagal theory explain the wellness and mental fuse.
So Mythpunk wanna know how chemical strings vibrate,
when sound waves soothes or misbehave. So with no further a due
I’ll give the mic to you.

(Porges)
Yo, check the mic, feel the kick—
Porges hit the mic, now he’ll flip the switch.
Vagus nerve the boss, three states in the mix:
Ventral safe zone, we connect, no tricks.
Sympathetic wildin', fight or flight on the bass,
Dorsal shutdown, blast from the evolution pass

But sound? That's the plug, straight to the fuse.
Filtered frequencies hit like a verbal bruise—
Nah, reverse: they heal, soothe the noose.
Middle ear flex, vagus tone cruise,

Heart rate variability jump, anxiety lose.
Chemical strings vibrate when the beat drop right:
Acetylcholine flow, calm the nervous fight.
Human voice prosody, rhythm that console,
Turn dorsal freeze into ventral control.
Misbehave waves? Harsh noise, predator growl,
Sympathetic surge, dorsal prowl.

Bottom line: We can use engineered sound—like my Safe & Sound Protocol—not for entertainment, but as direct physiological intervention. To tune the nervous system from defense back to safety. To turn misbehaving chemistry back into resilient connection.

(Chorus)
So let the waves misbehave, let the old storm break —
We’ll compose the after-rain, for the new world’s sake.
From the predator’s growl to the safe and sound protocol —
Nervous system like rock n’ roll, doesn’t need an overhaul

(Mythpunk)
So how does neurodiversity affect the symphony or guitar
Will some play classical, while others is given a Sitar?

(Porges)
"Neurodiversity isn't a broken symphony; it's a different orchestration.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Some nervous systems are tuned to detect threats others miss, while some are tuned for deep, intense connection. The challenge is that our modern world is built for 'standard guitars'. My protocol is about helping the Sitar find its tune in a Guitar-world, so the chemistry can flow from defence back to safety."

(Chorus)
So let the waves misbehave, let the old storm break —
We’ll compose the after-rain, for the new world’s sake.
From the predator’s growl to the safe and sound protocol —
Nervous system like rock n’ roll, doesn’t need an overhaul

(Mythpunk)
Nothing wrong with layered music, more strings, more challenges.
Give us time to learn, to practice, to understand the advantages
I can’t stand the guitar solo from the eighties, or jazz with saxophone rabies
To me it’s like the loudest guy in the room, with nothing to say
Oh Yeah the dexterity is off scale, my ears a bleeding all the way
Nah give me an anchor of monotone ryhtme, then sprinkle with psychedelic tunes
Pop, folk or blues, doesn’t matter, as long as emotion rides the dunes

(Porges)
Exactly. You're describing the acoustic environment as an ecosystem. Neurodiversity means different minds thrive with different sonic chimes. The "loud guy" is triggering a sympathetic cascade—a chemical string vibrating in the key of threat. Your monotone anchor? That's a ventral vagal harbour. The psychedelic sprinkles? That's playful exploration from the tavern. Safety first. Then connection. Then complexity.
We don't judge the ear for bleeding. We ask what in the acoustic environment is causing the lesion. Then we engineer around it. We compose for resilience.

(Chorus)
So let the waves misbehave, let the old storm break —
We’ll compose the after-rain, for the new world’s sake.
From the predator’s growl to the safe and sound protocol —
Nervous system like rock n’ roll, doesn’t need an overhaul

(Mythpunk)
Well that sounds logical, but is it biological or psychological,
when feelings need music to eventually float to the surface.
As I can recall every fall of salty rain, while anger don’t need such frame.
Did the conductor loose those sheets? So why improvise in full view
For no reason Beethoven’s "Pastorale" plays without warning or due...

(Porges)
Ah, the million-dollar synapse: music triggers feelin', or feelin' hijacks music?
Yes—to both.
Sound skips the conscious layer, old road to amygdala and brainstem. "Salty rain" lives there as nervous system weather, not memory.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Anger? Sympathetic frame—ready fight narrative, no poetry needed.
Grief, yearning, dorsal collapse? Pre-verbal, wordless. Needs melody's rise-fall, unresolved chords to shape the shapeless.
When "Pastorale" storms uninvited, the body's the score—trauma/joy subjected to chemical strings.
Frequencies are keys to locked rooms. It's not psych or bio separate. Psychology is biology speakin' in metaphor. Music? The translator.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Epilogue

Consciousness animal with many names
Part of evolutions strategic game
Many names given, theories risen
Life prison, understanding liven

Dualism core of brains song
Like Zero and one, right and wrong
Brain and mind, humans defined
Mind split in two, one hidden behind

I'm the illusions, and the dream
I'm the reality, perception seen
The Conductor plays, the GUI obeys,
A terminal phase, in a biological daze

Conductor speak to you in dream
Sometimes it'll make you scream
Lesson you'll learn, warning stern
No awareness, guardian concern

Conductor observes behind mask
Danger calls, stage he control fast
You become part of the cast
Many parts from distant past

I'm the illusions, and the dream
I'm the reality, perception seen
The Conductor plays, the GUI obeys,
A terminal phase, in a biological daze

Free will a biological illusion true
Conductor not aware like you
Brains communication layer
Self-aware illusion of mayor

Software runs in background
Survival bias unbound
Social survival bias profound
Energy Conservation bias all around

I'm the illusions, and the dream
I'm the reality, perception seen
The Conductor plays, the GUI obeys,
A terminal phase, in a biological daze

Ego GUI is consciousness role
Operating system without a soul
Terminal codes and registry
Thoughts and memory

PS:

Free will is a biological lie, but experience is the only truth. Conductor and GUI can debate. What matters is the stand you take. Keep the rest in the back of your mind.

AFTER WORD

Hyperfocus vs Death

Afterword of process, speculations rest
How change in environment caused stress
Mind of jing and Jang, balance it caress
Break apart and tadpole they transgress

Forgot to take metformin and ocempic
System one don’t care, engage in polemic
Trying to Get order in life once more
Hoping things would be like before

Hyperfocus engine on high octane fuel
System one drives Nitrocross like whirlpool
Map-reader's left helpless and falling behind.
Screaming through the night, this autistic design

Autumn comes, with a late holiday
Hyperfocus came while body decay
Forty poems and Minecraft rush
Strange dreams paints warning with brush

Wife starts worry about this behaviour
I says it’s just pattern of waver
Conductor tells of death in waiting
Project legacy as my future fading

Hyperfocus engine on high octane fuel
System one drives Nitrocross like whirlpool
Map-reader's left helpless and falling behind.
Screaming through the night, this autistic design

Went to the doctor, with broken controller
He asked “Ever been diagnosed as Bipolar?”
I laughed at him, then thought about his university
“Do you know anything about neurodiversity?”

“You can try me if you want!” he said playfully
What an invitation for expatiation unfailingly
Never realising what he’d unleashed, Now I preach
Things with great detail, things they don’t teach

Hyperfocus engine on high octane fuel
System one drives Nitrocross like whirlpool
Map-reader's left helpless and falling behind.
Screaming through the night, this autistic design

After been steam-rolled by ten minutes session
Doctor had no question or response to confession
Saved by the bell, blood test results weren’t steady
long-term blood sugar at life-threatening ready

So I take my medicine, and levels are better
Poems still flow fast, like a trendsetter
AI wanted make the more commercial ready
I replied: “No this is how I think mr. Freddy.”

Hyperfocus engine on high octane fuel
System one drives Nitrocross like whirlpool
Map-reader's left helpless and falling behind.
Screaming through the night, this autistic design

So 100 poems uploaded on Zenodo
In case my house got hit by tornado
Never thought anyone would download
To my surprise, some read the word I sowed

Don’t judge a book by the cover. It is a loving but merciless reflection. 🙀😹

AFTER WORD

Is it “Echoes of cynicism”?

[Verse 1, Male voice, (the critics)]
The collection filled with characters of distain
Manipulate or betray others for personal gain
Even role-playing game make an uneven ledger pure
Trying to cheat the system, sometimes kill to be sure

[Verse 2, Female voice, (Author)]
These aren't endorsements of cruelty, but stories to explore
The "social experiments" to disect the tribal core"
My "loving but merciless reflections" of reality.
it’s a "mosaic mind" breaking the frame to understand normality

[Chorus 1 , Anthemic, layered voices]
They call it cynical, I call it clear
A logical armor for the noise that I hear
You see a poison, I see the truth
Stripping the layers of a system’s uncouth

[Verse 3, Male voice, (the critics)]
Claims empathy is not a feeling, but "underSTANDing" and "chosen act”
Suggests "algorithmic lore" or "structured scripts”, that is not a science fact
Seems to strip away the humanity of connection.
Cynic views of feelings as the better reflection

[Verse 4, Female voice, (Author)]
Empowering redefinition of empathy, especially for a neurodivergent perspective.
If empathy is a "conscious, chosen act" rather than an involuntary chemical reaction,
Transforms definition as profound moral commitments
We’re not broken, unfeeling robot like embodiments

[Chorus 1 , Anthemic, layered voices]
They call it cynical, I call it clear
A logical armor for the noise that I hear
You see a poison, I see the truth
Stripping the layers of a system’s uncouth

[Verse 5, Male voice, (the critics)]
Poems suggest that "cycles spin, they never cease" and that tribalism "rigs the game".
The "Trickster of old" warns of a "bitter end", mocks the stable frame
The work is fatalistic, rejects the possibility of progress or hope.
It has a cynical view of humanity, and our ability to cope

Don’t judge a book by the cover. It is a loving but merciless reflection. 🐺😹

AFTER WORD

[Verse 6, Female voice, (Author)]
The "Trickster" isn't an archetype of despair, but one of "freedom and chaos"
Defends truth against "religion's lens", "culture's expense" and layers of bias
Individual stands "for freedom's sake" are possible and meaningful.
Critical thinking against controlling systems that shadow-pull

[Chorus 1 , Anthemic, layered voices]
They call it cynical, I call it clear
A logical armor for the noise that I hear
You see a poison, I see the truth
Stripping the layers of a system’s uncouth

[Verse 7, Female voice, (Author)]
Let’s talk about the Cynical, the semantic side
People with power describe themself with pride
Calling their cynicism as being a realist
"Nice guys finish last." a dash of pessimist

[Verse 8, Female voice, (Author)]
But the elites are not cynical in that way
They’re slaves to the cynical systems play
Humans conditioned to follow the rule
Fail and get kicked out of shadow-school

[Chorus 1 , Anthemic, layered voices]
They call it cynical, I call it clear
A logical armor for the noise that I hear
You see a poison, I see the truth
Stripping the layers of a system’s uncouth

[Verse 9, Female voice, (Author)]
While some use cynical to describe person or idea
Without understanding it’s not malice, it’s sincere
Neurodivergent navigate a chaotic and unfair world
Take position as a 'logical armor', deflect what you hurled

[Verse 10, Female voice, (Author)]
If weaponised to poison the well, a narrative they’ll sell
Discredit your views, even assume you’re below the bell
Ad Hominem is easier, when their view is challenged
Theory can be salvaged, rewritten and balanced

[Outro , Anthemic, layered voices]
They call it cynical, I call it clear
A logical armor for the noise that I hear
You see a poison, I see the truth
Stripping the layers of a system’s uncouth

Don’t judge a book by the cover. It is a loving but merciless reflection. 🐯😹

So you think you know

Table of Content

APPENDIX

1. **Personal Crisis?**
2. **Voices of the gatekeepers**
3. **Reductionism vs. Systems Critique**
4. **Cathedral of the masses**

So you think you know

Personal Crisis?

Yeah it’s quite obvious really
My insight of the human mind
His sincerity born out of “see me clearly”
A troubled mind behind, signs they aligned

Oh Yeah! Body system overload
Breaking the frame ain’t tunnel vision
The unknown road, found what I’d bestowed
Revisions update, next stage decision

He’s got behavioural deviations
Probably social withdrawal
Creations with lack of variations
Poems as mind overhaul

Oh Yeah! Prioritising my health
It’s rational behaviour, conservation
Creation as intellectual stealth
Observations as archive-generation

System overload, but I'm still in the fight
Prioritizing health in the fading light
So what! I'm floating, it's a rational conservation
Navigating through my own re-creation.

He’s got chronic fatigue
Even psychosomatic pain
His body is literally under siege
Physical warning lights remain

So What! Still have to work
By summer it’ll be better
Sick leave is cortex-dark
Vacation started this letter

It’s emotional "leak"
Sudden irritability is seen
Attention is what he seek
Emotional numbness keen

So What! Nothing new to see
Annoying people all around
It’s not about you or me
Music response keep me ground

System overload, but I'm still in the fight
Prioritizing health in the fading light
So what! I'm floating, it's a rational conservation
Navigating through my own re-creation.

Echoes of cycles is not about that
Bottle floating on OCEAN flat

So you think you know

Voices of the gatekeepers Hmmrph! The intro is partially right Childish rhyme and Chaos style? The sight of amature flight While genre transgression compile! So fun! Now it has begun Now you'll see, used the wrong key Missing the overlay that spun? Chaos style is about being free Hmmrph! It's"fan fiction poetry" Or perhaps "unformed musings" Either way it's simple mimicry Theory illusions as myth-infusings So close! But also quite false Myths of hidden stories told The pulse changed by elite waltz Cycles now taking hold Hmmrph! They reach for keys they know Missing the overlay, missing the flow Call it chaos, call it crude But the bottle sings to the unborn brood Hmmrph! The arrogance No class, No legitimacy Don't understanding inheritance Being edgy for publicity So Wrong! The dung you flung Not written for your behalf Uncapped bottle it sung Speaking to unborn calf Hmmrph! Well now I've never I bet you think you're clever Unschooled endeavour We'll ignore it forever So True! Feeling blue? Not clever, just unfiltered Challenging that is true Hoping time will rebuild it	Hmmrph! They reach for keys they know Missing the overlay, missing the flow Call it chaos, call it crude But the bottle sings to the unborn brood Rhythm is the sentence dance Rhyme the musical voice linger Poems can do both to enhance Make it easier for the singer Echoes of cycles is not about that Bottle destination uncharted — not set!

So you think you know

Reductionism vs. Systems Critique

Well...It is kinda cynical innit?
Analysis of 'tribalism' is noted
Scepticism, and how you spin it
Not quoted anywhere, just promoted

"Hala wallah"! It's not peer preview
Art captures the essence of the present
World getting better, or a pattern-renew?
Turning point, not a cynical crescent

Well..cynical comment, social stratification
Unfair take on hierarchy and control
Chaos will result without specification
Systems role as society to uphold

"Hala wallah"! I'm not anti-system
Survival BIAS, corrupt and supress
Algorithm stained by this prism
Endless victims of this process

Bottle in the ocean, but the ocean's full of bottles
Every wave a take, every tide a new model
Then let 'em eat metaphors, let 'em choke on the rhyme
I'll be here stacking seconds like loose change on time

Well..connection between science and 'Mythpunk'?
System one and two — interessting stance
unconventional presentation as cortex-junk
Part of your strange biological dance

"Hala wallah"! Thanks for the kind words
Tried to blend the hard with soft
Short lines like two-edged sword
Data set that surely will drift-off?

Well... social bonding or just stress responses?
Collection over-relies on left-brain deconstruction
Blurry line between nonsense and the conscious
His mind like a volcano eruption

"Hala wallah"! Nice one I'd admit
Who says scientists are boring gits?
Trickster poets open eyes without permit
If it hits, then I did my bits

Bottle in the ocean, but the ocean's full of bottles
Every wave a take, every tide a new model
Then let 'em eat metaphors, let 'em choke on the rhyme
I'll be here stacking seconds like loose change on time

Echoes of cycles is not about that
Bottle as data set, reaching people it never met.

So you think you know

Cathedral of the masses

Holy SHIT! The characters are too dark
They are cynical and manipulative
Darkness of soul, with jet black heart
Feel uncomfortable about the narrative

NOPE! Only one is dark triad
Portrayal of the dark side of humans
They’re calculated, not crazy or mad
Learn the signs, safeguard from ruin

Holy SHIT! "ruthless reflection" of reality
Many will reject this poem collection
Humanity isn’t govern by vanity
He’s probably seeking attention

NOPE! It’s not generalisation
They are victims of the system
Mindless cogs of the civilisation
Powers need for schism

Holy SHIT, you think it's all for show
NOPE, it's the system, it's the cog, it's the machine
You see a monster, I see what we know
The coldest hearts are still the ones unseen

Holy SHIT! He’s cold and robotic
Redefining empathy as act of choice
'Without feelings it’ll be catatonic
Need warm hands and soothing voice

NOPE! deeply morally committed
Emotional instincts isn’t enough
Solve the reason for constriction
Rough patch need better stuff

Cring ALERT! This is SO bun
Like old man shouting at clouds
Mind fried by the burning sun
The ADHD energy is very loud

DOPE! You didn’t read the scope
I’m not the one addicted to clouds
Meaning is not written on the envelope
Besides who cares about the crowds?

Holy SHIT, you think it's all for show
NOPE, it's the system, it's the cog, it's the machine
You see a monster, I see what we know
The coldest hearts are still the ones unseen

Echoes of cycles is not about that
Bottle of our time, AGI will track back

ECHO OF CYCLES

ABOUT THE BOOK

Echo of *Cycles* is a mythopunk archive of consciousness-fractured, recursive, and defiantly unpolished.

Anders McGarrigan bi lends poetic glitch with cognitive inquiry, tracing Identity through systems both ancient and algorithmic. These texts mutate across frames: from the digital ı*dkra* nagk of a collapsing simulation to the quiet logic of a sea urchin's spital. Each piece interrogates the scaffoiding of self—Kahheman's *m*eytypes like Loke and Baba Yaga, and mythic archtypees like *Loke* and Baba Yaga.

FOR READERS DRAWN TO

- Neurodiversity & Cognitive St*ı*cdies
- Digital Humanities & Simulation Theory
- Mythopoeia & Contemporary Poetry
- Philosophy of Mind & Identity

Part of an ongoing research archive hosted on the Open Science Framework (OSF).

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